AUSTRALIAN
# PLAYBOY
ENTERTAI
AUGUST 1979 $2.00*

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ALL-GIRL ROCK SPECIAL...

## Plus
MUSIC POLL RESULTS

The bloody history of organised crime in Australia

UFOs–traumatic eyewitness account

Don Lane on sex, showbiz and wealth

Australian Playmate

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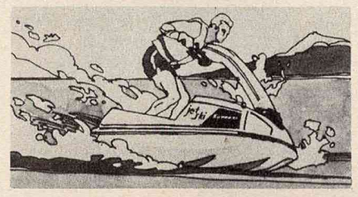

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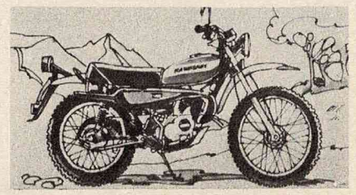

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Contest closes on Monday 13th August, 1979 and entries postmarked after that date will be disqualified. Winners will be notified by mail and their names will be published in The Australian and leading morning newspapers on Monday 3rd September, 1979. You can enter as many times as you like but each entry must be in a separate envelope. Entries may be made on a plain sheet of paper. Entry forms can also be obtained from The Marlboro Company, P.O. Box 1630m, G.P.O., Melbourne, 3001. Answers to questions 1 and 2 must be written on the back of the envelope as well as on the entry form and failure to do this will result in the entry being disqualified. Winners will be judged on the originality and appropriateness of their answer to question 3, in addition to correctness and neatness of their entry.

The decision of the judges is final and no correspondence will be entered into. All entries remain the property of Philip Morris Limited. Submission of an entry will not create any legal relationship between the entrant and the company. Prizes offered are not transferable or convertible into cash. Competition is open to all residents of Australia who are 18 years of age and over with the exception of employees and their families of Philip Morris (Australia) Limited, associated companies and their advertising agencies, and residents of South Australia. Each entry from N.S.W. must contain the tops of two Marlboro packs. Permit No. TC79/426 issued under the Lotteries and Art Unions Act 1901 (N.S.W.).

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Address .....

State ..... Postcode .....

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# PLAYBILL

There comes a time in your life when, either by design or chance, you come into contact with The Law. It might be jaywalking or murder. But there are two views of how you should behave when confronted by an arresting, or even an inquiring, policeman. You can stand tough on your rights or you can take the diplomatic, practical approach (without forgetting your rights). **Frank Galbally,** famous criminal lawyer, sophisticate, a man who knows the policeman's mind like he knows the criminal statutes, brings his vast wisdom to bear for those at the moment of truth. Galbally provides the practical guide for the man facing arrest. His article – amusing and to the point – was written in collaboration with PLAYBOY copy editor **John Cockerill.**

**Ron Saw** might be the funniest writer in Australia. Certainly, his anecdote-laden, experience-packed treatise on adultery and infidelity is a masterpiece of humorous writing. It contains valuable advice, too – like what to do when you've been sprung. Artist **Roger Roberts** provides additional atmosphere. Atmosphere . . . ah . . . take our August Playmate, gorgeously innocent and lissom **Julie Lambert.** Julie lives in Sydney, where those who gaze upon her fall victim, full stop. Just ask our photographers **Rico Mettbach** and **Denis Scott.** And we have other rare offerings . . . near-psychic identical twins from Newcastle, NSW, beauty in double, and for music lovers, well, ha, ha, you'll hear the throb of drums when you see our all-girl, supah dupah rock band. The series was shot by **Brett Hilder,** bless him.

Into harsh reality: crime reporter **Bob Bottom** lays it all down about the Mafia, a bloody brutal, murderous account of 50 years of organised crime in Australia. Bottom's account follows the development of the Mafia from a small, primitive standover operation operating under the Black Hand symbol in north Queensland earlier this century to its establishment in Sydney and Melbourne in the late thirties. He presents intriguing new material from the US.

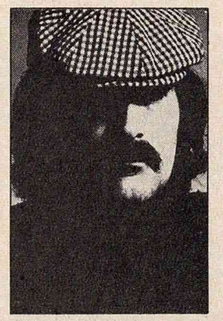
Then a lighter, but equally detailed, report: **George Williams** reviews the sexual temperature in Perth, noting the symptoms, the bars, the birds and the blokes. The illustration is by **Harm Wiemann.** We also present a traumatic, mystical, space-age experience by **Quentin Fogarty,** the reporter who took a camera crew on a routine flight assignment where they witnessed UFOs – never to forget them. Fogarty's account is gripping, eerie, authentic. And the photographs are certified by experts as genuine.

Quixotic **Don Lane,** Australian TV's tonight show superstar, Mr Private, Mr Talked-About, a personal life as mysterious as his public visage, has talked – hard and long – with staff man **Russell Deiley.** Lane doesn't dodge the questions: about the television industry, his career, his lifestyle, his loves, and the people he detests. A captivating masterful *Playboy Interview.* In fiction the fare is rich. How Big Al Made the Flies Spark, by **Peter Brennan,** is hilarious, earthy, a high-voltage tale with, literally, a shock ending. Death After Dishonor is a first look at *Hemlock,* a new and gripping novel by **Rod Nicholls.** It is a grim, futuristic work about cold-blooded terror in Australia.

A face on the right you haven't seen before in PLAYBOY belongs to staff artist **Robbylee Phelan,** who plays a vital role in the magazine's layouts.

And finally, our new editor, **John Jost** – that's him in the bottom right corner. Jost says he's in the prime of life (admits to being 35 years), spent more than a decade reporting politics and international affairs, has the broadest of interests (refuses to be specific on the ground of self-incrimination), and knows Australian PLAYBOY is the finest magazine in the country.

METTBACH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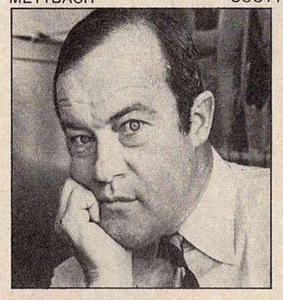
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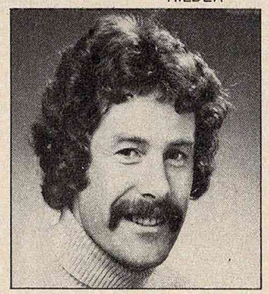
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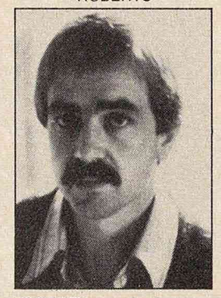
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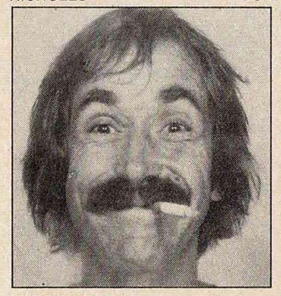
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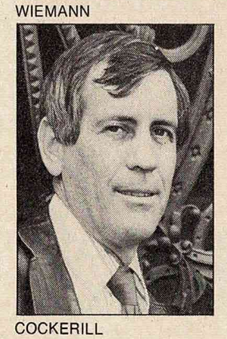
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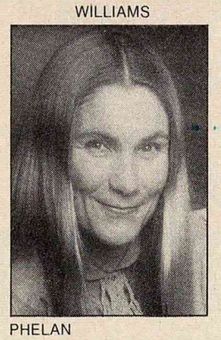
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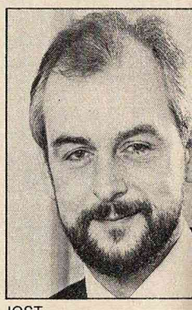
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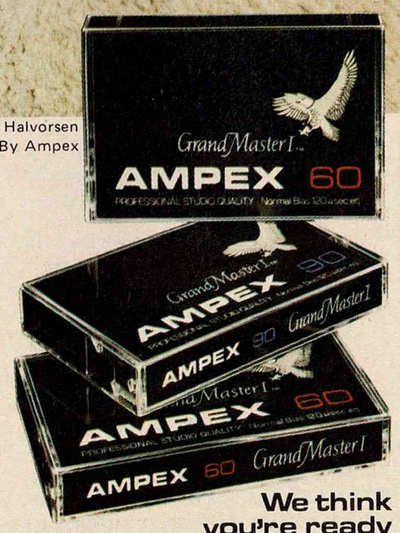


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AUSTRALIAN
# PLAYBOY

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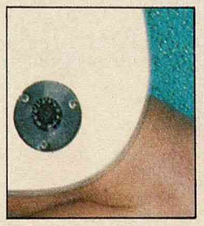

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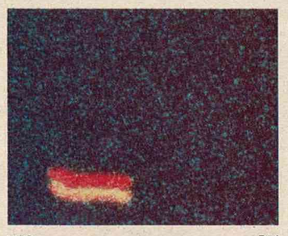


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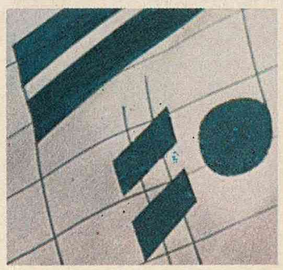


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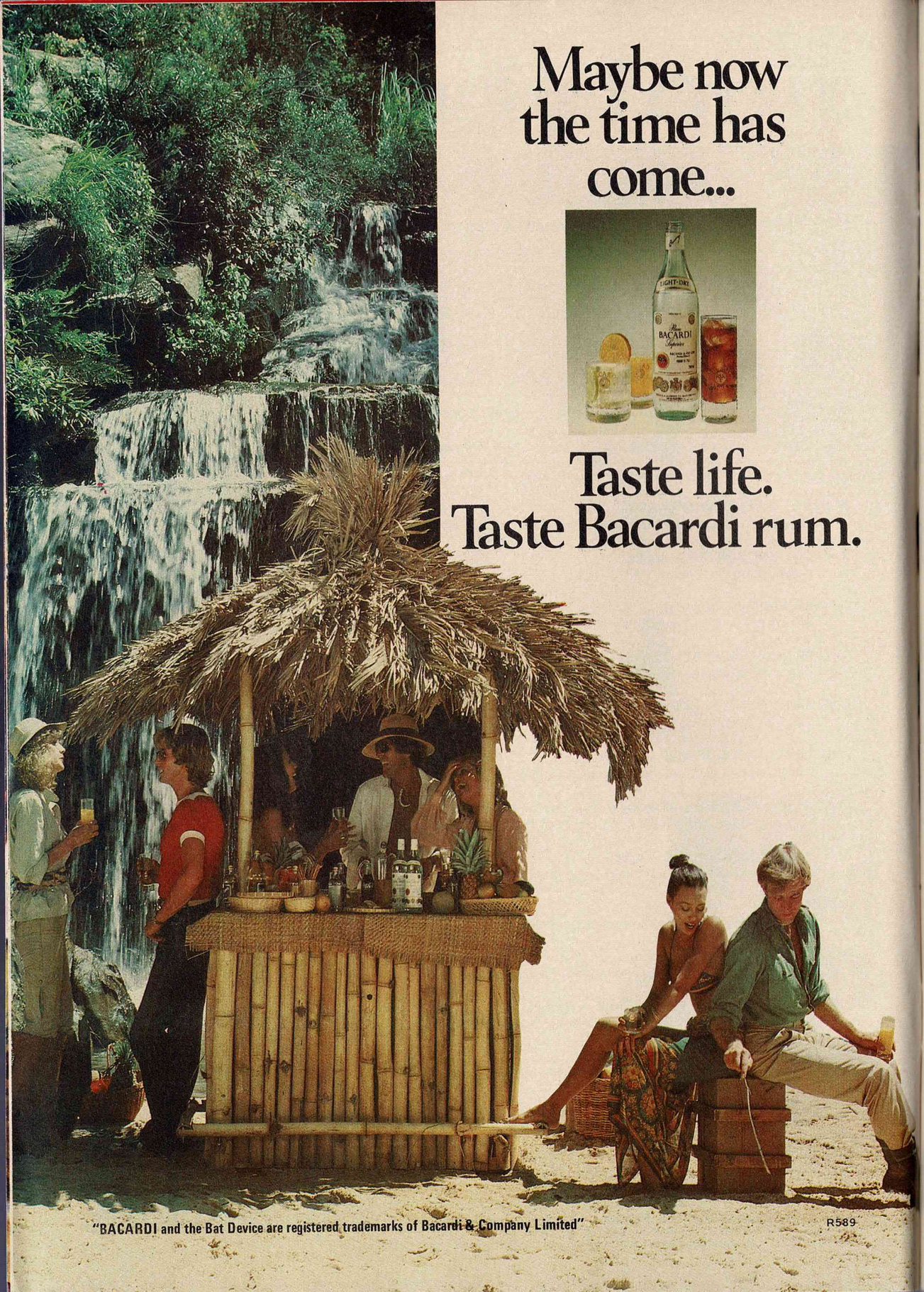



# PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS

## DEAD SERIOUS

Gregory Horman is a young man with his sneakered feet on the ground and his mind in the astral. And from the astral plane he can see for ever – so far, in fact and fantasy, that while gerontologists stand on the brink of reversing the ageing process (PLAYBOY, June), Horman claims he is already immortal.

The concept of life without end hasn't come as a revelation to the 28-year-old Melbournian who stirs the Australian social pot these days as Sanat Kumara Greg Horman Everyone. It has been more a gradual voyage of discovery that began 12 years ago when a Melbourne high school teacher dropped the mystic word, yoga, in a discussion on personal powers of concentration. The trail to Paradise has led Everyone in and out of academic corridors, in and out of courts and in and out of psychiatric hospitals. Now he claims he has finally made it. He has become the first uncommon, modern man to exist outside the bounds of conventional time, shape and thought.

"It may not be true that I am the first immortal man," he says in all humility. "There may be others. I am simply the most public in the proclamation of these teachings."

Everyone's big breakthrough was to reach the very pinnacle of awareness and consciousness by way of the ageless medium of eastern spiritualism, the rainbow bridge, from where he can look back on his previous lives. "From the bridge I perceive time as an infinite line, broken only by different, personal incarnations," says Everyone. "Once you are functioning on these levels you can perceive which thoughts are ascendant, or vitalising, and which are decadent, or devitalising."

Before he attained the level of ultimate knowledge and consciousness, Everyone believed that when the physical body in which he currently dwells died, he would reincarnate in another physical body at the time of conception. Now he realises he has the choice of reincarnating or continuing to inhabit the body which confronts him every day in the mirror. "My body," he says matter-of-factly, "will stay in a state of total youthfulness, continually revitalised by ascendant thoughts."

Put it to Everyone that some errant motor car, bullet or funnel web might take matters to a premature grave and he is unruffled. "If my physical body is killed in a car accident, my astral body will still be alive and I will then have the choice of choosing a new body at the moment of conception. I will have to choose a mother and father with whom I am in tune."

If prospective mothers and fathers feel unnerved by the thought of Everyone darting astrally from bedroom to bedroom in search of the perfect fornicating parents, they haven't heard the half of it. "I could be jaunting for a couple of hundred years awaiting the right ones," he says. "I have also sensed, while on the astral plane, that the animal and bird kingdoms are not far from ours. This could mean that one could have the choice of returning to the physical as an animal or a bird."

Farewell, Sanat Kumara Greg Horman Everyone. Welcome, and salute, Sanat Kumara Jonathan Livingstone Seagull Everyone.

## GETTING STONED

If you think the organic movement has gone too far with organic shampoo, toothpaste, clothes and furniture polish, stick around. What could be more organic than cows' gallstones? A local chemical firm exports the bovine cholesterol crystals to Asia and Europe as an aphrodisiac. The stones sell for about $60 for 30 grams and are powdered for use.

## HAIR PIECE

When it comes to hair, man cannot live by head alone. That's the message we get from Sam Cohen, national sales manager for one of our leading purveyors of fresh hair. According to the Sydney-based Mr Cohen, the demand for spare body hair also is increasing.

He has had several inquiries recently from nude dancers desirous of obtaining pubic hairpieces to dress up their acts and during overseas trips, particularly to Asia, he has noticed a dramatic increase in the demand for body hairpieces. In Oriental countries, where the people grow only a small amount of body hair, it is apparently not uncommon for women to wear pubic hairpieces, known as merkins, and for men to wear chest hair, known as showing off.

Closer to home, Mr Cohen says there is a popular fashion trend for men to include an array of spare beards and moustaches in their wardrobes so they can change their image to suit any occasion or any fashion. We only hope ASIO doesn't get to hear about this.

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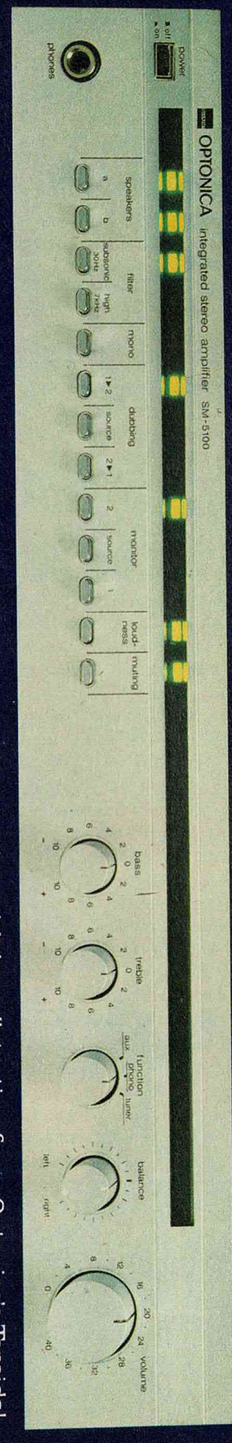


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# DEAR PLAYBOY

**ADDRESS: DEAR PLAYBOY,**
**BOX 4088, GPO,**
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### FREE SPEECH

Your article on the demise of the Workers Party (PLAYBOY, May) both gladdened and saddened me.

First, it was great to see the libertarian cause receive some press coverage – a rather infrequent occurrence. Bob Howard spelled out the philosophy as well as I have seen it written anywhere. I personally do not see total freedom as being anywhere near as radical as, for instance, socialism, but, at any rate, I'm sure the idea would attract more adherents if more people were aware of the movement's existence.

Which brings me to my second point. In spite of the general inference of Mr Howard's article, the libertarian movement *is* still alive in Australia. Granted, it is not in as sweeping and headstrong a form as in the first days of the Workers Party back in 1975, but there is a small core of dedicated libertarians still scattered throughout the country.

The point of this letter is to appeal to all who agreed with Bob Howard's sentiments. Libertarians *are* still active in Australia. The political arm of the movement is now called the Progress Party, except in South Australia, where they still use the Workers Party moniker. If you are concerned with the growth in Big Brother government and agree with our basic principle of "hurt no man – then do as you please", we need your help . . . and so does the country.

P. S. Sody
Cremorne Point, NSW

### CELLMATE

I'd just like to say thanks for a wonderful magazine, which is at last written by Australians for Australians. This, I feel, makes for closer contact between PLAYBOY and its readers.

Also thanks for your lovelies: they help to brighten up my cell a bit. I only wish I could get a copy every month. Don't you think, though, that it is about time the Aussie male got out of the pubs and showed the women that we really are great lovers and not just interested in beer and surveying?

Keep up the good work!

Peter Kirby
Fremantle Prison, WA

*We don't know if Australian womanhood could cope if the pubs all emptied at once!*

### THE UNKINDEST CUT

My husband buys PLAYBOY, and I enjoy reading it. However, I would like to comment on an Adviser article about circumcision (PLAYBOY, March), which claims that "most doctors" recommend having the operation for hygienic reasons.

As a nurse with more than 18 years' experience in Australian public hospitals, I'd like to know where he gets this information. It can't be in this country, surely. Our medical people have discouraged infant circumcision for many years. This follows the British example, where it was phased out many years ago.

In these enlightened times doctors are trained to think before they use the knife in any operation, and infant circumcision is now considered an unnecessary procedure. It could be traumatic for the child and, in some rare instances, cause death.

The foreskin (prepuce) is seen now as an integral part of the penis rather than something separate. Its function, to protect the sensitive glans underneath, has been demonstrated to me many times while attending children who have been burned or scalded.

And regarding hygiene, why single out the penis? Women get smegma too if they can't or don't wash their genitals. I've nursed many people, male and female, young and old, and can


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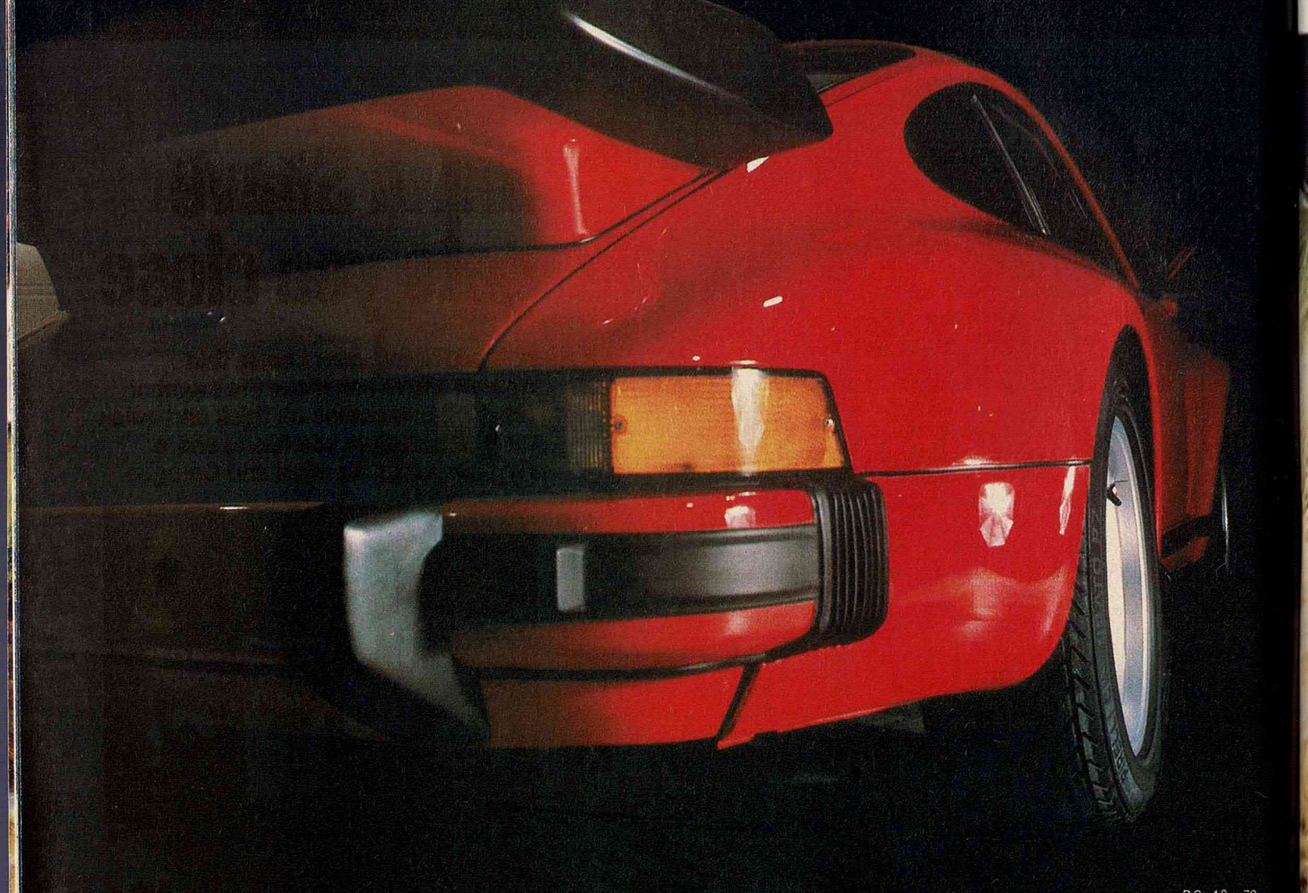
PORSCHE CARISMA



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assure you that the female has more to worry about in this respect than the male has.

As a mother of two sons with intact penises, I feel insulted if anyone trots out that hoary hygiene chestnut. My children have been taught to wash every part of their bodies properly, and I am glad I heeded my confining doctor's advice on circumcision.

I hope PLAYBOY readers use their intelligence, and follow sound medical advice, regarding infant circumcision.

M.E.
Brisbane

### PAPAL FALLIBILITY

On two occasions in the May issue of PLAYBOY you refer to Morris West's book, *The Shoes of the Fisherman.*

In the book reviews, West is credited with predicting the elevation of a Polish cardinal to Pope. In the movie reviews, Anthony Quinn is quoted as playing a Russian Pope in the film of the book.

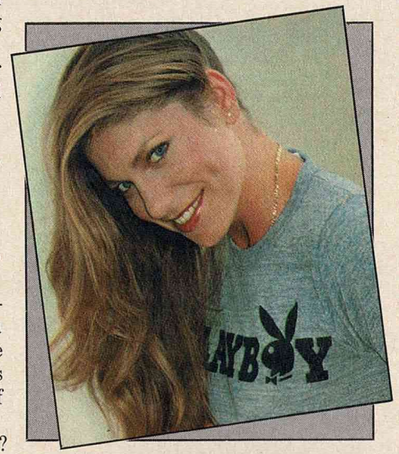
Was West's Pope Polish or Russian?

H. Malcolm
Kensington, Victoria

*You pay your money and you take your choice. West's Pope was Ukrainian. The Ukraine swayed back and forth between Polish and Czarist domination for centuries before being absorbed into present-day Russia on December 30, 1922.*

### LEG MAN

I've just finished reading your June issue, and must commend you on your choice of material. The legs on the



cover are simply tremendous. What about the rest of Annabelle Fischer?

Charles L. Mower
Carina, Queensland

*Here you are, Charles – and we're sure you'll agree that the rest of her all fits neatly into place on top of those svelte legs. We'll leave it up to your imagination to piece it all together!*

### GLUG-A-LUG

Neither your Oz liquid gold survey results (PLAYBOY, February) nor those of the Wollongong lemonade guzzlers (PLAYBOY, May) have anything remotely in common with the conclusions of the Lithuanian Australian Board of Alcoholics. Six of us liquor supermen made ourselves comfortable in an Adelaide pub one night and reached the unanimous conclusion that glorious Cooper Sparkling Ale is by far the best drop in Australia.

The heavenly beverage may look like damnation itself, with great chunks of yeast and dandruff floating in it, but when it hits the palate one feels as if one has been socked on the head with a celestial hammer.

It's obviously not for those Wollongong water lilies who, because they can't take it, would waste this most highly-prized of alcoholic drops on funnel web spiders.

It is essentially a luxurious refresher for connoisseurs of real beer, not shandy lovers.

Richard Bukis
Epping, NSW

Baileys Original Irish Cream is a perfect drink for any occasion.
A subtle blend of fine old whiskey and all the gentle goodness
of the emerald isle. One sip will tell you it's Irish.
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# THE PLAYBOY FORUM

*a continuing dialogue on contemporary issues between playboy and its readers*

**DEAD MEN'S SILVER**

Russell Deiley presented a one-sided view of the Alan Robinson affair in his article "Dead Men's Silver" (PLAYBOY, April). I would like to comment on this.

It is frustrating to those interested in the background surrounding the *Gilt Dragon* that Graeme Henderson has never taken legal action to establish "his share" of the treasure. Henderson found the *Gilt Dragon* in 1963 while on a recreational spearfishing trip when he was 16 years old. Robinson claims to have discovered the *Dragon* wreck in 1957 and tends to blame the skipper of the boat for not remembering exactly where the anchor was dropped. Whatever the merits of the claims and counterclaims, it appears odd that the position was not recorded, considering that the wreck is close to the reef.

Graeme Henderson is now assistant curator of maritime archeology at the WA Museum. His interest is in Australian history. The maritime archeology department of this museum has an extremely high reputation both within Australia and overseas. Its work on the Dutch wrecks *Batavia, Zuydtdorp, Vergulde Draeck (Gilt Dragon)* and *Zeewyk,* under the guidance of the curator, Jeremy Green, is second to none in the world. It is a credit to Australia that such expertise is available, and it has been used not only in WA, but also in Tasmania on the Sydney Cove, in Queensland on the Pandora and in advice to individuals and maritime archeological associations in all States.

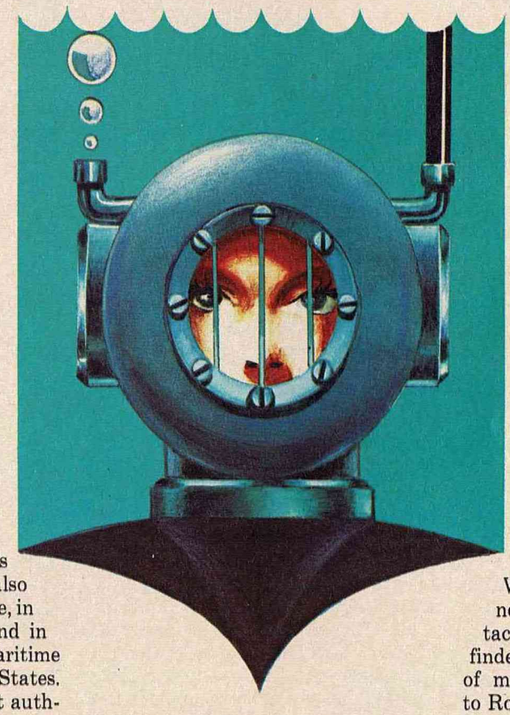
To suggest that "government authorities have been foolish" does not make sense. The Historic Shipwreck Act was drafted in the interest of all Australians and generously provides for rewards to be granted for the discovery of wrecks and relics. It certainly does nothing to discourage wreck-seekers.

The controversy surrounding the *Gilt Dragon* is bound to continue. Controversy makes for good reading, and I hope that both sides of any future issue are covered.

Peter Stone
Dandenong, Victoria

*Mr Stone is administration manager of the Scuba Divers' Federation of Australia and editor of* Dive News, *the federation's official publication.*

In fairness to many people referred to in Russell Deiley's article about the exploits of diver Alan Robinson, let me present a little of the other side of the picture. In 1969, Dr Naoom Haimson, of South Perth, was the first to spot the English wreck, Tryal, underwater in the area selected by Eric Christiansen, who had instigated, researched and planned the expedition over more than two years. To record the occasion, Dr Haimson was presented with an autographed souvenir by Christiansen,



Robinson and Dave Nelley. Christiansen had not "joined the expedition at the eleventh hour" as Robinson claims.

Robinson declared in the article that he was "the only person in Australian history against whom four Acts of Parliament have been passed" to curtail his success. Let me quote from the Hansard record of Kim Beazley's speech to the House of Representatives on December 9, 1976:

"In 1963 Dr Philip Playford, of Perth, advised the discoverers of the shipwreck of the Dutch East Indiaman, *Gilt Dragon,* that their proper course was to assign all their rights in the wreck to the West Australian Museum. This, he said, would be proper because evidence of Australia's history of that era, the 17th century, was so important that it should be preserved on behalf of the nation.

"The discoverers were a journalist, James Henderson, and his sons, Graeme and Alan, and their friend, John Cowan. I am very glad to say that they accepted the advice of Dr Playford. A deed of assignment was drawn up by the Crown Law Department of WA and duly executed. Artefacts brought up from the wreck by this group were handed over to the museum." Discussing the plunder of the wreck by people who at once took advantage of the inadequate WA laws and whose object was quick profit from the sale of silver coins and other items taken from the *Gilt Dragon,* Mr Beazley said: "Records of the proceedings of the WA Court of Petty Sessions, the Supreme Court and the Criminal Court, and, more recently, the High Court of Australia, leave no doubt about who is the plunderer whose activities have made the WA and Commonwealth laws to protect historic shipwrecks necessary."

James Henderson
Perth

Russell Deiley presents Alan Robinson as some gladiator or knight errant, righting the wrongs of the cruel hard world. But in light of what other WA divers know, Robinson will never be remembered as the Spartacus of the oppressed wreck-finders but, alas, as the Don Quixote of marineland. In absolute contrast to Robinson's tales of woe and misery, Frank and Barry Paxman's dealings with precisely the same authorities Robinson is complaining about provide a story of complete consideration and co-operation. They recently discovered an 18th century wreck off Ningaloo, WA, and their experience shows that when a wreck-finder acts in a sane and rational manner, recognition and reward result.

Eric Christiansen
Palmyra, WA

**PROSTITUTION**

There are dozens of reasons, many based on fear, why a person pays money for sexual intercourse with

another person. And yet intermittent, if not regular, sexual intercourse is perhaps the most important expression of love and reassurance in today's way of life.

That those people who willingly help others to cope with and even overcome their fears are called whores, sluts or worse; that people seeking help are almost invariably regarded with contempt; that an atmosphere of shame and degradation has surrounded the people involved is one of the most serious barriers to understanding ourselves and the society into which we have evolved.

It is my contention that the concept of mutual caring we have labelled as prostitution should be considered in the same way as nursing. Technical colleges, colleges of advanced education or hospitals should introduce a one-year diploma course which would instruct people in methods of care including basic psychology, massage, physiotherapy and nursing. Single and married people, and people who do and will make a career in sex, would all benefit enormously.

Professional lovers are a reality, and legislation aimed at protection of the many people in this profession is an issue we cannot avoid. Guidelines for the behavior of independent and group practitioners, and employment opportunities within hospitals, recreational areas (Kings Cross, St Kilda) and other places or sections of society where this need has arisen, should be given the utmost attention by our legal authorities, churchmen, psychiatrists, sociologists and politicians.

Society can cope with any extension or modification in acceptable behavior if a morality in the behavior is provided.

Michael Nicholas McSweeney
Darling Point, NSW

**WOMEN'S LIB**

I was most interested to read Helen Townsend's article, "Whatever Happened to Women's Lib?" (PLAYBOY, April.) Unfortunately, Ms Townsend has taken a rather short-sighted view of the so-called decline of the women's movement in Australia. She claims that the policies of the movement are no longer of public concern, yet little advance has been made in these areas.

Granted that many of the issues raised need drastic improvement, but the writer takes the line that the majority of people are justified in not caring about them. The reason for the

complacency is, she complains, that the movement is dominated by lesbians and an extreme radical element with which most women do not want to identify and by which most men feel threatened. Some feminists would probably agree, but the writer contends that this is just cause for women to turn their backs on the movement in the belief that its policies no longer concern them.

In addition, Ms Townsend totally ignores the prevailing attitudes of the many advertisers who doggedly persist in stereotyping women as either home-loving housewives or brainless dollies. How much influence have they had upon current opinions about women's roles? Ms Townsend either doesn't believe that part of the responsibility lies in their hands, or she just isn't concerned. Instead of pointing the finger so harshly at the movement itself, it is more than a little irresponsible to ignore or simply brush aside other contributing elements.

Admittedly, she does agree that the movement has brought about many changes, but her whole approach to the subject is negative, offers no real solutions and will only reinforce many of the discriminatory attitudes of the typical Australian male.

Ms M. Barlow
Birchgrove, NSW

**LASHING LARRY**

Your May *Interview,* with my brother, Larry (Lawrence) Pickering, certainly highlighted the many contradictions of the interviewee. I shall leave it to the fairer sex to wipe the excrement from their own faces — which doubtless, and justifiably, they shall attempt to do. I shall also leave uncorrected the many inaccuracies in his story about his abhorrent home life, except to mention that he, of his own volition, returned to the warmth and security of his own home (after his rather brief encounter with that "hell of a world") and was there until he was married. I don't believe that "good . . . principled . . . moral creatures" would repudiate their obviously loving parents in public.

What I feel constrained to comment on are some of the many contradictions in his "Bible bashing" — a term used frequently to describe Bible teachers, but I guess in his case it's to be taken as read. Larry's stated reason for conflict with his religious background was: "Rebellion, mate, and nothing more than that." That's fair enough. Christadelphians are a 130-year-old international association of Bible students who don't believe in ramming their religion down anyone's throat. The only "obsession" in the home was his.

If Larry repudiates the credibility of the Bible, why does he believe that Jesus ever existed; that He taught about what was right and wrong; that He preached goodness and turned the other cheek; that He was crucified? Obviously, Larry's approach to the Bible is subjective, non-scholarly and contradictory. His criticism of the Genesis record is just as lacking in methodology and Biblical knowledge and he is obviously unaware of historical, archaeological and scientific confirmation of the Genesis account. If one is going to "bash" the Bible, one should first become familiar with its contents and the world in which it was written before taking to it with a sledge-hammer.

No wonder Larry was unable "to get through to this parents" what he "knew to be otherwise".

To speak of such respected and sacred matters in such an illogical and offensive manner is fair evidence of simple "rebellion" against principles and "principled people". But then I guess rebels are not interested in any social rules.

Peter Pickering
Greensborough, Victoria

*The* Playboy Forum *offers the opportunity for an extended dialogue between readers and editors of this publication on contemporary issues. Write to The* Playboy Forum, *Box 4088, GPO, Sydney 2001.*



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*Not too short.*

*Not too long.*

*Just right.*

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156/SA

# FORUM NEWSFRONT

*what's happening in the sexual and social arenas*

### SURPRISE, SURPRISE

MEMPHIS – A woman applied to have her marriage annulled after she discovered that her husband was female. The minister who counselled the couple at length before marrying them in an elaborate church ceremony confirmed that the discovery came as a complete shock to the woman, church members and himself. "I'm a certified sex therapist," he said. "I'm not that easily fooled."

### SICK SERVICES

CANBERRA – According to a Government report, Australians spend too much time in hospital and have too many operations, many of which are unnecessary. Many patients are in hospital because of problems which are as much financial, social or domestic as they are medical. The report estimates that $110 million of taxpayers' money could be saved in the next three years if hospital services were rationalised. It says that, for each thousand of population, Australians spend 1600 days in hospital beds each year, compared with about 1200 days in the US, 1100 in England and only 900 in Scotland.

### GUN CONTROL

MEXICO CITY – Police in Mexico City are now facing $1000 fines and 15-day suspensions if they fail to carry their guns while on duty or fail to check them in when going off duty. The crackdown came after a survey determined that at least 75 percent of the city's 30,000 policemen have lost, pawned or sold their issued weapons. The study found that the police often were selling their new and expensive sidearms, buying used and cheap handguns and using the difference to swell their own coffers.

### TOO MUCH TV

CANBERRA – Parents allow their children to watch too much television. Many youngsters were becoming "teleholics", watching TV for hours every day, often while they were doing homework, said the Australian Broadcasting Tribunal. A teachers' spokesman said many children arrived at school bleary-eyed after watching early-morning programs.

### NUDESENSE

GENOA – An Italian judge acquitted a 20-year-old woman on a charge of obscenity following her arrest for sunbathing in the nude, but fined three male co-defendants $10 each. The judge decided nudity was not necessarily obscene in the case of a woman but the "male anatomic conformation can become obscene, even unconsciously".

### DEATH TO VIOLENCE!

STOCKHOLM – Sweden, which has a long tradition of neutrality, has announced a ban on the sale of war toys from December. Under an agreement between the country's national consumer organisation and toy retailers, all toy tanks, guns, military aircraft and naval vessels will be cleared from store shelves before Christmas.

### A LITTLE OFF TARGET

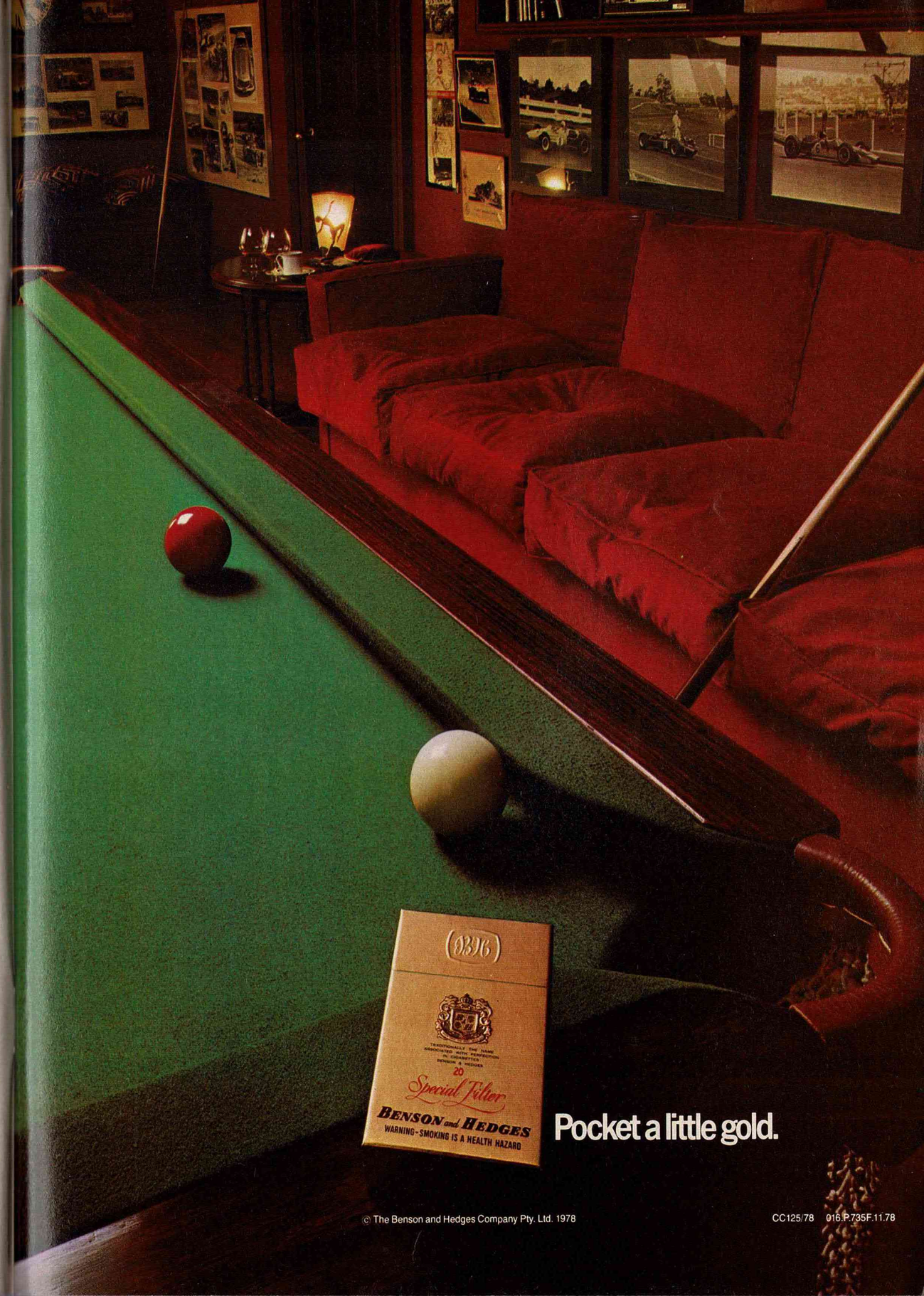
DELPHOS, KANSAS – A 30-year-old Catholic man took legal action after his trip to a clinic for a circumcision resulted instead in a vasectomy. He received an out-of-court settlement of an undisclosed amount.

### JAM SESSIONS

SYDNEY – Australia's Electronic Dick, millionaire Dick Smith, says the time mightn't be far off when Australian police forces retaliate against motorists using radar detectors. Smith notes that in the US some police departments are converting obsolete radar units to trigger the detectors and confuse them. His company has been a major supplier of the detectors to Australian motorists and Smith says frustrated police could turn to jamming techniques. However, police would be violating telecommunication laws, as their transmitters could interfere not only with motorists' radar, but also upset other electronic systems.

### JAIL BRAKE

SYDNEY – The new chairman of NSW's Corrective Services Commission, Dr Tony Vinson, says the State's jails are holding 500 prisoners unnecessarily. He says there are about 2100 prisoners jamming a system designed to provide for only 1500. It costs nearly $300 a week to keep a prisoner in jail and Vinson believes many prisoners could be dealt with far more effectively and constructively by other means. Vinson says the Government is wasting more than $6 million a year by holding prisoners for relatively minor offences such as non-payment of fines. He plans to visit all maximum security jails in NSW soon to prune prison numbers.



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# THE PLAYBOY ADVISER

What is the difference between naked and nude? – R.F., Queensland.

*Though often used interchangeably, naked implies unprotected, as in Shakespeare's phrase "naked to mine enemies". Nude means merely undraped, or without clothing, as a nude statue or a painting. Perhaps the difference is best summed up by the English poet and author, Robert Graves, who wrote:*

*For me, the naked and the nude*
*(By lexicographers construed*
*as synonyms that should express*
*The same deficiency of dress*
*Or shelter) stand as wide apart*
*As love from lies, or truth from art.*

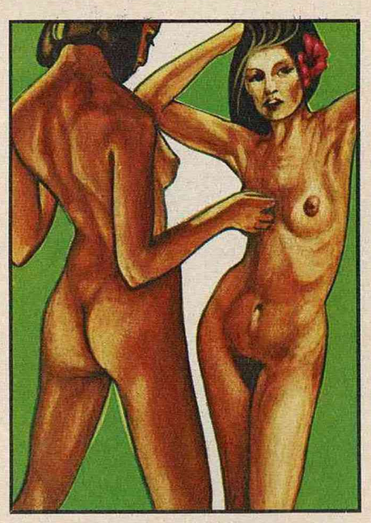
Most of the girls with whom I score take the pill. However, occasionally I find one who doesn't, so I carry a couple of condoms in my wallet against that sad night (or day). My current stock has been there for three months and I wonder how long I can safely carry them around before (hopefully) using them. – R.A.B., NSW.

*If they're sealed, the shelf life is about five years – probably longer than your wallet will last. However, don't cling to them for too long, because you don't know how long they may have been stored before purchase.*

I am studying at a tertiary institute and have been enjoying sex regularly with a girl I love very much. Recently she told me that, although she enjoys it very much, her guilt has been mounting because she is not absolutely certain she loves me, and sex without love is unacceptable to her. I think she is genuinely confused about love and love relationships. Can you help bring back some life to a great affair fast grinding to a total halt? – M.J.C., Tasmania.

*It's possible you may have stressed the sex part of your relationship to the point where she thinks that's the only way in which you value her. Shift your emphasis so she feels you treasure her uniqueness as a person. If your life together is reasonably full without sexual intercourse for a reassuring period, she'll most likely regain confidence in herself and realise that sexual pleasure is an important part of a mature, loving relationship.*

For four years I have been a close friend of a girl, though there has never been any real romantic interest. The



other night I invited her over to my place for nothing more than a conversation, and she brought a bottle of gin. She drank to get drunk and so did I, and before we knew it we were in the sack. Afterwards she slapped my face, told me she didn't expect a friend to act the way I had, and took a taxi home. I would like the relationship to continue, but how can I apologise for being human? – M.McG., Victoria.

*Why should anyone apologise for being human? There's more than an outside chance that once you'd drunk too much both of you did what you've been wanting to do for years. Rather than marking the end of your friendship, it might be the start of a new and deeper relationship.*

Most people who know me consider I'm a nice guy. And that appears to be my problem – I'm *too* nice. In other words, I lack aggression when it comes to members of the opposite sex. Many of my friends, less gifted than I, have no difficulty with the chicks, but I generally get wrapped up in fascinating conversations while they're making out. How can I get the self-confidence to make the necessary moves and still be a gentleman? – S.T., Victoria.

*A gentleman respects the wishes of the lady he's with. But there are few ladies who don't wish to be touched when the time, place and situation are appropriate. Indeed, the girl who wishes to be treated as a valuable piece of sculpture and admired on a pedestal is rare today. An arm around the waist can be as meaningful as an hour of conversation – if desired. And, if not desired, most women know how to indicate their distaste. Rather than anticipate a negative reaction, as you seem to do, wait until it appears. Then, and only then, stop.*

My brother and I are building a boat, and later this year hope to launch it with appropriate ceremony. This set me thinking: when and how did the practice of christening a newly-built ship start? – F.B.T., SA.

*The tradition of launching a boat by smashing a bottle of champagne over the bow is rooted in history. The Vikings and various Pacific Islanders made a human sacrifice when they launched a ship by binding the victim to the rollers over which the vessel lurched on its way to the sea. Before champagne became the "in" thing, red wine was used, presumably being symbolic of the blood shed during earlier sacrificial rites. Ancient Greeks and Romans propitiated the deities by having a priest pour wine and oil on an altar on board and dedicating the ship to an appropriate goddess.*

A friend claims the greatest thing to kick the old hormones along is vitamin E. Whatever happened to stout and oysters? – A.R. O'K., ACT.

*Well Pliny recommended the snout and foot of a hippopotamus; Horace suggested dried marrow and liver; Petronius mentioned, among other items, snails' heads (in sauce, of course). In France, truffles have been given the nod for ages while in 17th century Europe the lowly potato was alleged to have aphrodisiac properties. Madame Du Barry preferred pheasant in wine sauce, while Boswell plumped for ambergris. But why go on? The list is as endless as it is useless.*

A few months ago I met a girl who now claims she loves me. I feel the same about her, but I also get the impression she thinks I'm inferior to the man to whom she was engaged for a year. While I'm sure of her love, she does keep talking about him, remarking how completely she gave herself to him. We enjoy each other's company and have been to bed together, but I wonder if I measure up. What the hell can I do? – R.G., Victoria.

*Stop making your dates a threesome. Your girl's the best judge of what her ex was, not you, and if she's going out with you now, then in her eyes, if not your own, you measure up. Even if*

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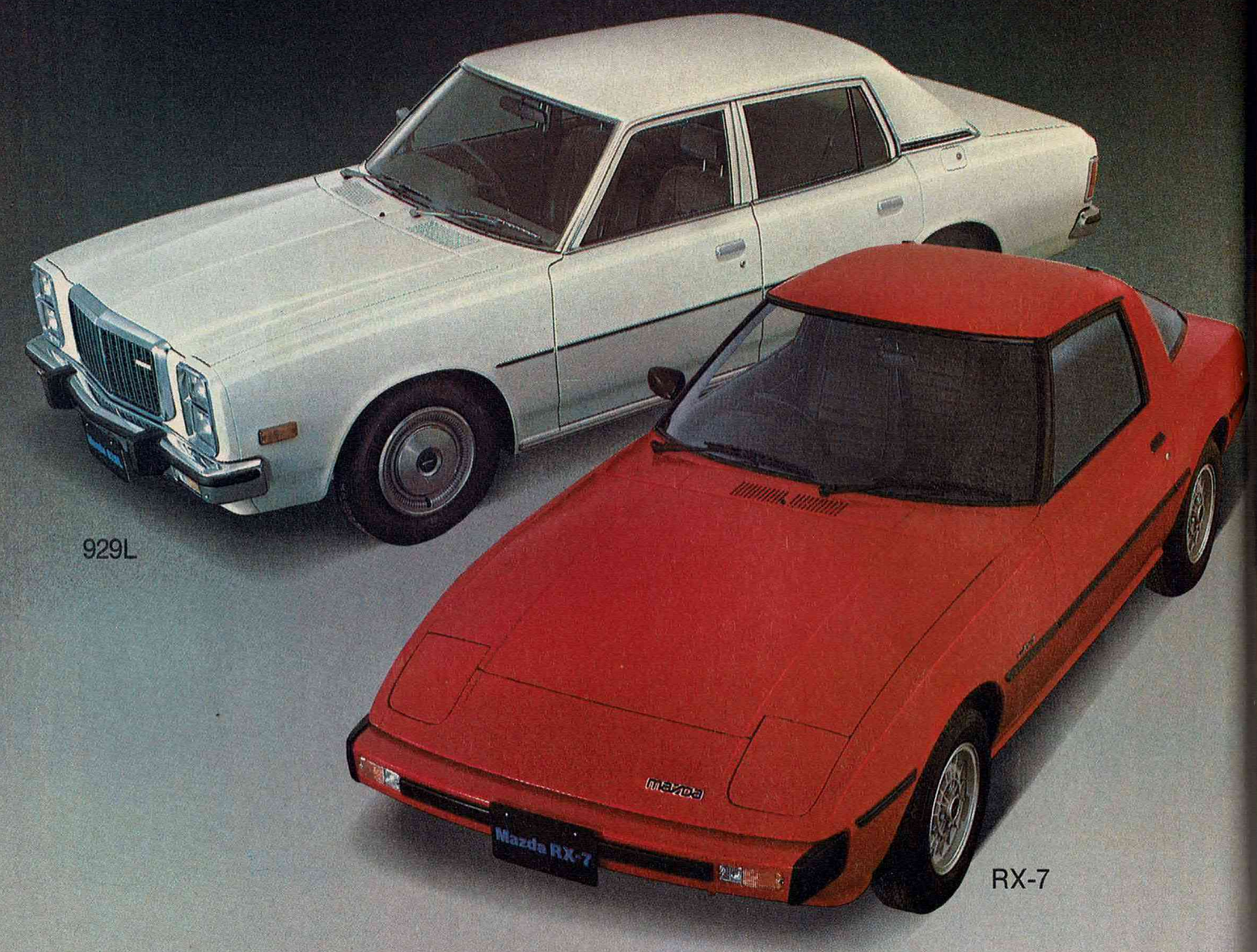


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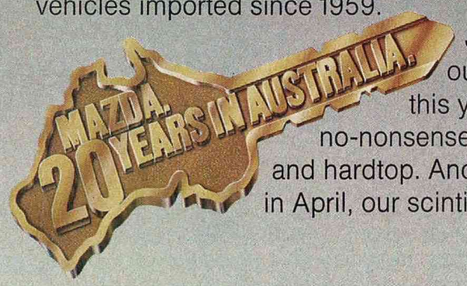


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*she's still carrying a torch for a lost love, it's obvious she thinks highly of you. With time, references to her former fiancé will fade. You can help her forget by refusing to play second fiddle to a memory.*

Should a woman pretend to have an orgasm, even though she hasn't? I have been sleeping with a wonderful man for six months now and there are times, through no fault of his, when I fail to climax. I would like to be completely honest and tell him so when he asks, but I'm afraid that if I do he'll feel inadequate. – Miss J.E., NT.

*While a little lie will flatter your partner's feelings, you both ought to be aware of the facts. Fact number one is that most women do not achieve orgasm every time they have intercourse. Your boyfriend ought to learn to be able to accept that information without suffering from a bruised ego. Secondly, he should know that constantly asking if you've climaxed – and making you think you've hurt him if you haven't – simply puts a continuing pressure on you that could make it more difficult to have an orgasm. Try to direct your bedroom communication more toward the delights of the trip and less toward your ultimate destination.*

For the greater part of my life I have considered myself normal in every respect. Recently I married, and my wife has asked me if all penises curve when in an erect state as mine does. The curve doesn't bother me, but now I'm curious. How common is it? – Q.F.H., NSW.

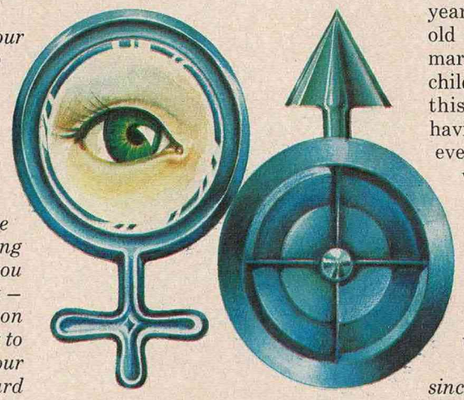
*It isn't abnormal at all. The curved penis is quite common. The curving occurs because the hollow bodies of the penis are not equal in size: during tumescence, when they fill with blood, the erect organ tends to curve one way or the other. The worst thing you can do about it is worry.*

What causes the scum that forms inside my car windows? No one smokes in the vehicle but there always seems to be a light film on the glass, even after it has been thoroughly washed. – P.L., N.S.W.

*The light haze sometimes forms when a closed car has been sitting in the hot sun. A plasticising agent, necessary to keep such synthetic seat covers as vinyl from cracking in cold weather, may be volatised by the extreme heat, particularly in the Australian climate. Temperatures as extreme as 50C have been measured in closed cars and the volatised agent condenses as a film on the windows. Water and some glass cleaners only smear the film: wipe the windows with a vinegar-soaked cloth or a commercial ammoniated glass cleaner to loosen the substance, then wipe clean.*

I am curious about the derivation of the standard symbols for male and female. Is there any connection between the latter and the Egyptian ankh? – D.M., WA.

*There is no connection. The male*



*symbol represents the shield and spear of Mars, the ancient war god. It is also the symbol for the planet of the same name. The female symbol is a representation of a hand mirror and is associated with Aphrodite, the goddess of beauty. It is also the symbol of the planet Venus.*

Why isn't French champagne sold under the labels of vineyards like that marvellous country's chateau-bottled wines? – G.L.R., NSW.

*Because chateau-bottled wines come from the grapes of only one vineyard, it's possible to identify them by label. Most champagnes, on the other hand, derive from black, black and white or white Pinot grapes that are nurtured by different winegrowers and then blended. The bubbly's mixed ancestry therefore makes this type of labelling impractical. Although it may seem surprising that white champagne can be made from black grapes, this is because the juice is only slightly tinted by the skins. The reddish color diminishes during fermentation and is later removed completely by filtration.*

Recently I went off to the races and met a few mates. We got stuck into the bar and, although I had a few (losing) bets, I forgot to place one for my boss, who had been good enough to give me the afternoon off. Unfortunately the horse paid a good price and, while I really regret not having laid the bet, I wonder if I am morally obliged to make it up to him? – J.H., Victoria.

*Not really, unless you've got an extremely strained relationship with him, in which case you probably wouldn't have got the afternoon off. If your status is so insecure that you feel you can't tell him what happened, then perhaps you'd better pay him and be more careful next time.*

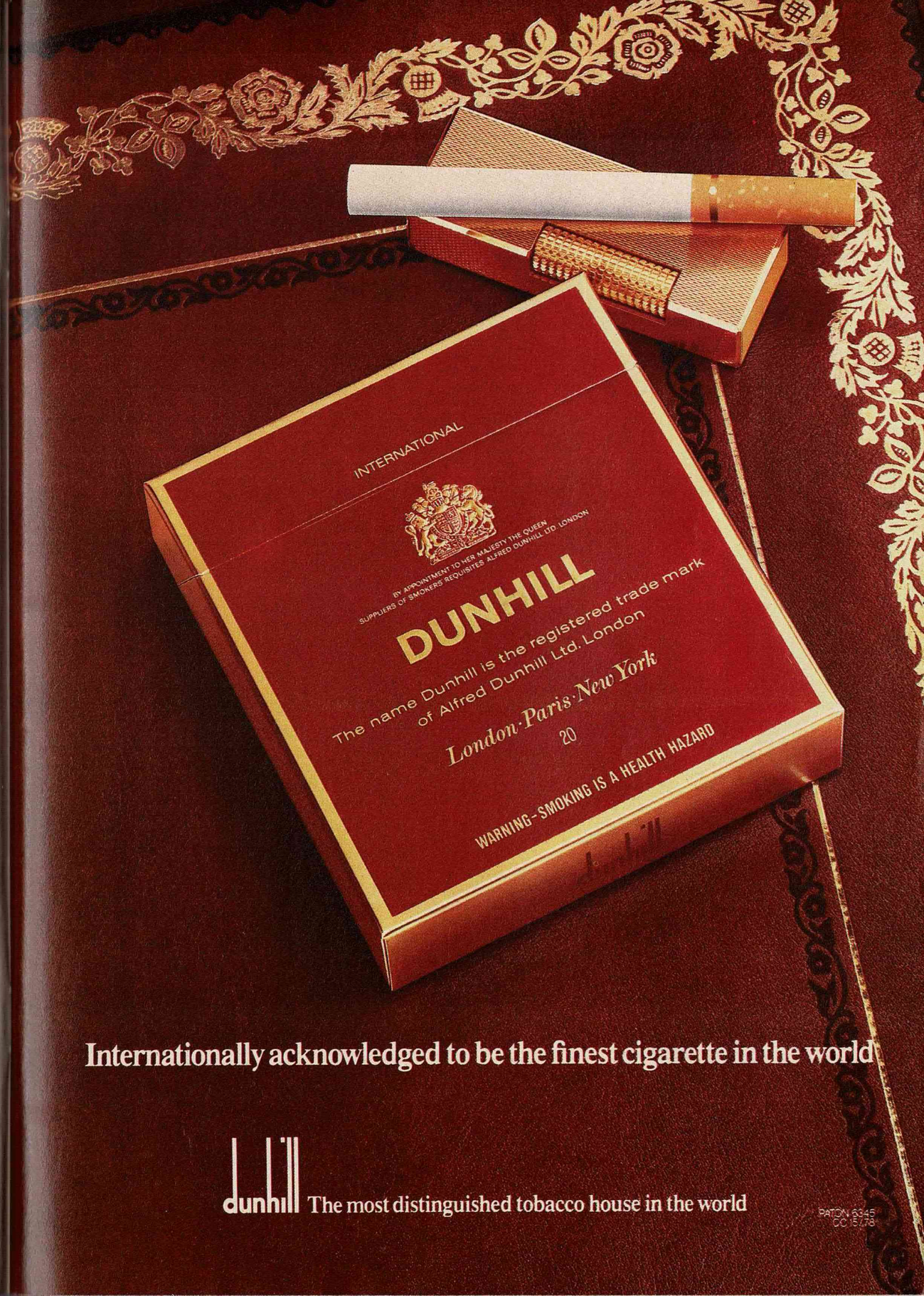
At 46, I have been divorced for 10 years. I am going out with a 32-year-old divorcee whom I would like to marry. Unfortunately she has three children, and I am not about to take on this appalling responsibility after having raised three of my own. Whenever I visit them, they give me such a warm welcome that I feel distressed. The kids should have a father, but I can't see myself fitting into that pattern for a second time. If I withdraw, however, I feel I will lose a wonderful woman forever. What do you think I should do? – I.L.G., WA.

*You have very little choice, really, since the woman is not about to put her children in an institution simply to marry you. Marriage in this case is a package deal – the accessories are optional. If you can't accept the "appalling responsibility" you'd be best to quit the scene and let the lady find a man who is agreeable to being both husband and father.*

I am 29, healthy, athletic and, until recently, led a satisfactory and active sex life. My troubles began when I met a lady 10 years my senior through an archery club. I am attracted to her, but after two months she continues to resist my every advance. I am beginning to suspect she is a virgin. I have very strong feelings toward this woman and I desperately want our relationship to develop beyond the platonic level. She is planning an extended overseas trip and I want to develop some kind of understanding before she leaves. Can you offer any advice on how I might go about making her mine? – R.H., Victoria.

*You are using the wrong arrows. From the tone of your letter it appears that you are being a shade too physical. Why not change the music? The lady is obviously turned off by the combination of macho and William Tell. It is highly presumptive of you to believe that every woman who doesn't jump into your bed is a virgin. Chances are that this lady is a damned sight more selective than those who have*





*pleasured you in the past. Perhaps the facts of modern day sex have escaped you. The days of wham, bam and thank-you ma'am have long since gone. Try treating the lady as a person whose needs and whose feelings are just as real and as important as your own and you will be pleasantly surprised by the results.*

One of my university colleagues always drops into Latin when he is in his cups, presumably to impress his mates. His favorite tag is something about all animals being sad after sex. He has never said the phrase the same way twice – can you tell me what it is and who wrote it? – F. McC., NSW.

*The phrase is: Triste est omne animal post coitum, praeter mulierem gallumque. Translated, it means: "Every animal is sad after coitus except the human female and the rooster." The remark is attributed to Galen (130-200 AD), who presumably had something to crow about.*

Have you ever tried one of those textured condoms? I answered an advertisement for a contraceptive that boasted it would lift the little lady through the roof. When I put one on, I looked like an elephant's leg. The ruffles have ridges. I'm curious: do they really work? – G.B., ACT.

*We welcome any excuse to retire to our test bedrooms. First reports indicate that the radial ply condoms do accomplish their goal – they prevent babies. In addition, the tread design improves traction and can prevent you falling out of bed on slippery curves. The patterned ribs do stimulate the clitoris, but whether the woman notices depends on the pressure and position. The inner walls of the vagina are not sensitive to touch, so much of the effect of the extra texture is lost in penetration.*

Being a 25-year-old single male I lead a pretty active sex life. I thought I had seen and done everything until a couple of months ago. I was down at the local beach when my eyes lit on one of the spunkiest chicks I have ever seen. After about 15 minutes of idle chat it was obvious she wouldn't be adverse to a little playing around. My sex kitten turned out to be one of the greatest partners I have ever had. We made love all day, with absolutely no holds barred. Every position you could think of, oral sex, the works. Later, she let it slip that she used to be a he and had undergone a sex-change operation. What should I do now? – J.P., SA.

*It's a rare occurrence, but one that has to be faced. In the sexual revolution there are some who want to change sides. Perhaps the simplest way to end your confusion is to take your new friend at face value. After all, if you can't tell the difference, there isn't any.*

When I invite a girl to my flat for the evening, am I showing poor manners if I expect her to provide her own transport? I would, of course, gladly reimburse her for her cab fare, but I would find it difficult to spend up to an hour and a half behind the wheel of my car and then pretend I have the energy of a Casanova. – A de J., NSW.

*If it's impossible to find girls who live near you, then we suggest that your date catches a cab to your place and you reimburse her. Devote that hour and a half behind the wheel to driving her home next morning.*

My husband and I are Victor Mature screen addicts. We stay up to all hours just to catch a glimpse of him on the late movies. We buy all the movie magazines in the hope of finding a photograph of Victor, but we are always disappointed. He seems to have disappeared without trace. Can you tell us if he is still alive and, if so, what has happened to him? We would also like to know how we might go about getting a couple of badges with his face on them. – B. and M.C., Victoria.

*The gaps between films might be a little longer these days than in the frantic '40s and '50s, when the Hunk was on the Hollywood assembly line, but Victor Mature has never really been away. In fact the self-styled face of "brick dust and spit" has appeared in two recent films –* Every Little Crook and Nanny *(1972) and* Won Ton Ton *(1976). It will also be seen in the recently-released Sophia Loren-James Coburn movie,* Firepower. *Talking of* Firepower, *the April edition of the film magazine,* Preview, *featured a photograph of Mature and Loren on the set. As to where Mature hangs his hat, our records indicate he spends most of his time in a beach house in Rancho Santa Fe, on the Californian side of the Mexican border, and on the local golf course. But your best chance of getting word to big Victor is by writing to the Publicist Guild, 1427 North La Brea Avenue, Hollywood 28, California.*

*The* Playboy Adviser *will answer all reasonable questions about your lifestyle, pub arguments, hangups or fantasies. Send them to* Playboy Adviser, *Box 4088, GPO, Sydney 2001.*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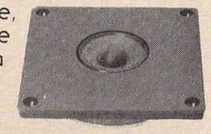
**Acoustically identical to the JBL professional broadcast monitor, the L19 is both a small and highly accurate 2-way bookshelf loudspeaker system, capable of delivering substantial sound output from a moderately powered amplifier.**

**LOW FREQUENCY**
Due to the L19's compact size, JBL engineers designed a 200mm low frequency loudspeaker which delivers an unusually smooth frequency response, wide dynamic range, and superior transient response, whilst maintaining very low distortion. A cast aluminium frame supports an integrally stiffened core of controlled mass and compliance, driven by a 50mm copper voice coil in a magnetic assembly weighing 1.1kg. The result is a no compromise, smooth and efficient low frequency loudspeaker.

**HIGH FREQUENCY**
For its amazing clarity, transient ability, and open high frequency reproduction, the L19 employs a 36mm direct radiator. Despite its relatively large voice coil and magnetic structure, the overall diameter has been kept small to achieve excellent dispersion. Irregular reflections and discontinuities from this radiator are eliminated by means of a rigid, sloped baffle, serving as a transition to the enclosure baffle. This provides a more even power distribution than sound absorbant materials.

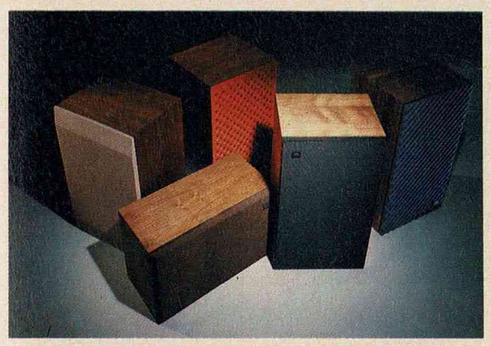


A sophisticated frequency dividing network controls impedance as well as the amplitude of the drivers, thus ensuring a smooth blended operation of both high and low frequency components. This network also incorporates a level control for regulating loudness of the high frequency component to allow for personal preferences to accommodate variations in room acoustics.

Traditional JBL cabinetry complements the fine JBL engineering. The American black walnut veneer is hand finished with a special oil-wax polish, hand-rubbed to a rich, deep lustre. L19 grill colours available are brown, black and tan.

JBL loudspeakers are virtually hand made. All components and cabinetwork are made by JBL. For this reason, JBL maintain their belief in their products by offering to repair, free of charge, any fault arising from defect in original manufacture for the life of the speaker.

To hear the JBL L19 or any other JBL speaker, visit your nearest JBL Hi Fidelity specialist—his name is on the list adjacent to this advertisement.



James B. Lansing Sound Inc.
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Shown on the left: the L19, L40, L50, L110, L166. Others not shown: L65, L220, L212, L300 and the Paragon.

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Playboy Interview

# DON LANE

## *australian tv's american star speaks frankly about sex, success and showbiz*

*ON anyone else wearing a sloppy joe and sweat pants with a pyjama tie, the rings and the tangle of golden neck chains and pendants would look kitsch. On Don Lane they look natural – even when he makes television talk with the mauler's hands and the finger diamonds make catherine wheels across the dining table. Don Lane is one of the few big men who can look casually elegant in both the track suit he prefers to wear around home and the Yves St Laurent custom combinations he likes to wear to work.*

*Today is a home day and the livin' is easy. Lane has a leisurely breakfast of grapefruit and eight pills of assorted vitamins and kelp, casts an eye at the rain scudding over the backyard tennis court, decides it is an indoor day and agrees to chew the fat proffered by* PLAYBOY. *Home is a rambling house made, with mirrors, to look even more spacious than it is. There is a tinted mirror wall in the dining alcove in which you can check your table manners and, without making your concern obvious, ensure that the packed straw ceiling is not smouldering. The master bedroom is alive with mirrors to check on Lane knows what. The house and the bedroom suite, with courtyard, heated spa, dressing room and a sunken bath tailored to take the master's 193cm frame, make a home fit for a bachelor rich and randy.*

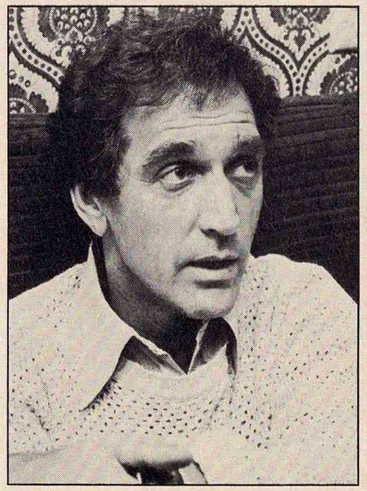
*Without going into dollar and cent details, Lane admits that, at 45, he is at his money-earning peak. His* Don Lane Show, *which bubbles out of the GTV 9 studios in Melbourne twice a week to a national audience, has set new standards for the tonight show television format. It commands an audience of more than two million and higher ratings than even Graham Kennedy could rack up.*

*To present the slick Lane and company club act, managements have to be prepared to pay international rates. Radio spots, recording royalties, endorsements and consultancy fees all help to make Lane's future secure. And, without naming all the names, Lane leaves no doubt that he leads a liberated bachelor's sex life. Maybe what unfolds behind his bedroom door bears scant resemblance to the lurid stories that dog Lane's sexual reputation, but the man is not complaining about the frequency or the variety.*

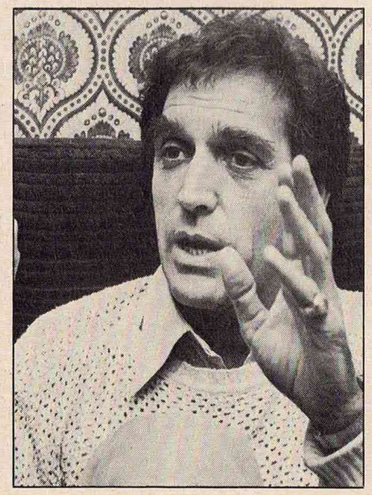
*Not that life has always been a gravy train for the kid born Morton Isaacson in the Bronx at the tail end of the Depression. They were rough and tough days on the sidewalks of New York, particularly for a boy born of an Irish-Catholic mother and a Jewish father. By paternal right, Lane should have been a cop. He came from a long line of Jewish cops. But his mother's will was the more persuasive. Mrs Isaacson, who could and still can carry a song, saw and nurtured the entertainer in her elder son.*

*Young Morton Isaacson certainly knew where he was headed long before he dropped out of high school, where he teamed up with a mate named Irwin Finkelman in a Martin and Lewis act. His next move was to split New York for Los Angeles – ostensibly to enrol at UCLA. But when his parents tracked him down to a book store on Hollywood and Vine, they dragged him back to the Bronx. A basketball scholarship to Kalamazoo College and a stint in the Army delayed the rising of the star already renamed in the American Guild of Variety Artists books as Don Lane. The star shone fitfully in the showbusiness firmament for the next 10 years until destiny and his agent combined to accept a Honolulu booking in the mid '60s.*

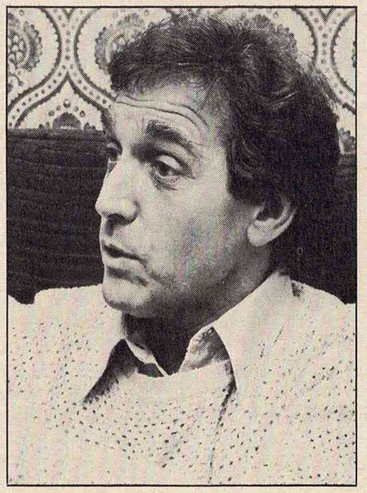
*Into his life in Honolulu came a fiery young dancer named Gina and a Sydney television producer, John Collins. Gina was on the lookout for a*



*"I'm a Scorpio, and that is supposed to be the sex sign of the zodiac. From the time I was a kid I always thought about girls. Other guys would be thinking about other things, me about girls."*



*"For want of a better word, I am in my hot period, my money-making era. I haven't made a lot of money up to now. Now is the time for me to score and the name of the game is make what I can."*



*"I wanted somebody who knew what it was all about, a real pro, Bert Newton. From his corner, Bert was telling Patti he didn't want to work with that loudmouthed Yank. She talked him round."*

*second husband and Collins for a variety performer to take over from that madcap leprechaun, Dave Allen, as Sydney's Channel 9 tonight show host. Both of them found their man in Don Lane. The original plan was for Lane to anchor the show for six weeks. He was hired merely as a seat warmer for the American husband and wife team of Charlie Brill and Mitzi McCall. He took the chance as a working honeymoon. As the record shows, the marriage – his first and, at the time of going to press, his last – endured just two months; his affair with Australian television promises to linger until death, senility or infamy severs the relationship.*

*There have been troubled times. There was the initial Australian prejudice against Yanks to overcome. There were explanations to be made when Gina flew the coop. More explanations to be made when one or two attractive women claimed territorial rights. There were excuses and recriminations when ratings fell and "Don Lane presents" was an invitation to television audiences to switch to another channel. There was that black period in 1968 when he spent more time in court houses than television studios while drug smuggling charges were laid, heard and dismissed. On several occasions Lane has flown back to the US, swearing never to return to the land of Oz. But he has always come back to an ever-widening audience.*

*Lane has never forsaken the hope that one day he will crack the multi-million-dollar big-time in the States. But with each succeeding year, each grey hair and every additional Australian dollar, the call of home grows fainter. And the longer he and Old Moonface, Bert Newton, continue to wreak their peculiar brand of television magic, Australia and Australians are going to tighten their grip on the Lanky Yank. It is a long time since he realised that Rugby League and Australian Rules had as much to offer as gridiron and basketball. Chances are that like the Tennessee captain of steam radio and give-away television, Bob Dyer, he will one day discover the delights of Australian retirement and big-game fishing.*

*To find out what it is that keeps the two-way traffic between Lane and Australians rolling,* PLAYBOY *sent* ***Russell Deiley*** *into Kennedy territory. Reports Deiley: "I had my misgivings about this assignment. I thought that Lane could only be a pretender in Gra Gra land. But if Lane's victory isn't complete, he is certainly winning the battle. Melbourne taxi drivers not only know the Lane address, they now regard him as the current good guy. For whatever reason, Lane lives in an electronically controlled fortress. All I had to do was identify myself at the gate, the gate opened and Lane was a charming, talkative host. After two days in the keep, I found him the true mid-Pacific man. He is no longer sure whether he is an American or an Australian. He is sincerely in love with both countries, their countrymen and, of course, their money."*

**PLAYBOY:** Controversy erupted on your television show recently with your decision to screen the William O'Meally interview in spite of objections from the authorities. What were your reasons for showing the film?

**LANE:** Let's get the record straight. I'd gone out to Pentridge on four or five previous occasions. I haven't publicised it. I went because the prison chaplain, Father Brosnan, asked me to go. I've become good mates with him. The uproar upset me because there was no malice on my part. Social Welfare Minister Dixon claimed that we used the Pentridge special as a ruse to get us into the jail to talk to O'Meally. That wasn't so. I'll admit the O'Meally story is a great one – you don't have to be a newspaperman to know that. He is a man who has been in prison for 27 years. He was jailed for killing a policeman. He was responsible for another man being shot in the leg, he has made 10 escape attempts and he is the last man to have been flogged in Victoria. That is of interest to people. The interventions were based on the premise that our showing the film of the interview was going to ruin O'Meally's chances of parole. Through it all we stressed that we were not pushing for O'Meally's release nor for his continued imprisonment. We were simply there to talk to a man who has spent the past 27 years of his life in jail. Somehow that got lost in all the other headlines. We did not break into Pentridge. We didn't hold up a bunch of guards with a machine gun while I talked to O'Meally. Do you think I want to walk around with the responsibility of having been instrumental in keeping O'Meally in prison? Do you think I want to walk around with the responsibility of having influenced his release? I think the man has adjusted now, but supposing he came and did something dreadful. I don't want that responsibility. The final decision to show the film was made by the Channel 9 chairman, Kerry Packer. He said the film would go to air and that was it. He didn't want anyone telling him how to run his television station.

*"I resented Xaviera Hollander being able to come on television, expound on her sexual deviations and talk about being a hooker."*

**PLAYBOY:** Did you try to keep your personal feelings off camera?

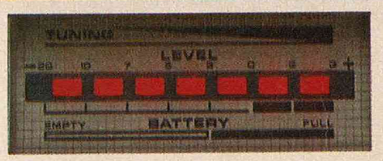
**LANE:** It's funny, but when you get involved in that kind of controversy you don't realise you are involved. In spite of all the headlines, it came down to two men – Bill O'Meally and me – sitting down and talking. To all intents and purposes he could have been a friend of mine. It was such a small thing in comparison to everything else that is happening. I still don't understand what all the fuss was about. When I interviewed Xaviera Hollander, the Happy Hooker, people felt I was being stand-offish. The truth is I don't mind Xaviera Hollander. She has her life to run and if she wants to score the way she does, that's terrific. She is probably worth a couple of million bucks. She's got enough money to turn herself into a lady if she wants to. But I resented her being able to come on television and expound on her sexual deviations and to talk about being a hooker. I might sound like a white knight on a charger, but I didn't want the responsibility for any kids out there watching the program and deciding they wanted to be hookers. So I decided to ask her straight-down-the-line questions. I didn't want to glamorise her. I mean, she's not a celebrity, is she? She is an ex-madam, a prostitute, a hooker. Nor did I set out to glamorise O'Meally. I just wanted him to tell his story – the flogging, the prison, the bread and water.

**PLAYBOY:** In view of your attitude toward Xaviera Hollander, why did you invite her on to your show?

**LANE:** Because she is a personality. She has sold millions of books. People wanted to see and hear her. I just wanted the whole deal in its proper perspective. I didn't want to get out there in front of the cameras, to kiss her on the cheek and say: "Hello, there, sweetheart, can we dance? Would you like to do a song with me?" We are not really probers on our program. We might do two or three controversial things a year. We are there to entertain, to take people's minds off whatever it is they are thinking or worrying about.

**PLAYBOY:** But you did get involved in controversy in the O'Meally affair. Have you become personally involved in the crusade for his release?

**LANE:** My feelings are that the man has endured an awful lot of punishment,

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most of which he admits he brought on himself. I feel that if he hadn't made 10 escape attempts, he might now be out of prison. But, if he were out, I would continue to think in the back of my mind that O'Meally shot and killed a man. Should he get out of prison? I really don't know. I can't make up my mind one way or another. I am a sentimental person at heart. I cry at the drop of an eyebrow. If I was on the parole board, I would say let him out. But always in the back of my mind would be that thought: he killed a man and could have been responsible for a second man being killed.

**PLAYBOY:** Would you sign a petition calling for O'Meally's release?

**LANE:** No.

**PLAYBOY:** Is that a personal feeling, or are you worried about the effect of any consequences on your current rating with the public?

**LANE:** That is why I was adamant about the interview going to air. I felt it didn't say anything one way or the other. It left people to make up their own minds, and that is exactly what we intended. I remember Bruce Gyngell, when he was the boss of Channel 9, saying to me when I first started in television: "If you are going to offend one person, then why do it? Find something that won't offend them." Of course, somewhere along the way you have to have some guts to put into the show. Bert Newton and I do a lot of kidding about Catholics, about Jews, Black people, Hungarians and Poles. We kid about everything. Sometimes people don't understand where the send-up ends and the serious thing starts. The Irish will laugh at a Polish or Hungarian joke, but if we do an Irish joke then they're on the phone complaining. Whatever we do is in the spirit of fun, not to put people down. Neither Bert nor I has any prejudices.

**PLAYBOY:** In your early days in Australian television, the critics often accused you of exercising bad taste.

**LANE:** How would they know the difference? I don't want to go into specifics on TV critics. Bert and I have a different set of rules on criticism. Bert feels that if you are going to read the good, then you also have to read the bad. I don't read any of it and life is much happier. I still have to work at the show. I still have to work at my live concerts. I have to work at making everything around me happen. I have tremendous overheads. I have to maintain a certain income plus some. This is my hot period. I have to score. I am not going to read some other guy's opinion. Back in America we have a term for some of the critics you have in Australia. We call them Monday morning quarterbacks. The sort of guys who tell the players in a football team what they should have done after the game is all over.

**PLAYBOY:** A succession of critics who have written under the name Veritas in the Sydney paper *Sunday* have vilified you. Why?

**LANE:** Do we have to discuss him or them? I don't want to give him any notoriety. What is he? He is a man writing under a nom de plume. He has never written a good thing about anybody in his life. He wouldn't know his arse from left field.

**PLAYBOY:** Let's return to controversy and the storm that blew up over your reading of a Vietnam digger's letter on television, your tears and your anger about not receiving an invitation to entertain the troops in Vietnam. Were the letter and the tears real?

**LANE:** The letter about the diggers being the forgotten men in Vietnam was for real. I don't know about the others. I couldn't really tell you. I think it was a combination of a lot of things – frustration and the lack of understanding among people about my genuine and sincere desire to go to Vietnam. When you really think about it, my attitude toward the Vietnam war was very American. If the Government says it is right to be in Vietnam, it is right. If the President of the United States says it is right, it's right. We were in Vietnam and we were supposed to be fighting. At that time, late in 1965, I wasn't into the futility of the Vietnam war. I guess that I was still a World War Two freak. I remember Pearl Harbor. I remember reading about Wake Island and the Midway in the newspapers. I remember reading about the Aussies in Borneo. That all remains very vividly in my mind.

**PLAYBOY:** God and country stuff?

**LANE:** Yeah. Wartime is wartime. I thought my attitude about Vietnam was well-founded at the time. When I got there I realised that what was in the kid's letter was all true. Nobody seemed to give a shit about the Australians. Everything was designed around the Americans. That was what it was all about. Big things and little things. I remember the Australian beer was all tied up and they had to drink American beer. They were annoyed.

**PLAYBOY:** You didn't like what you saw in Vietnam?

**LANE:** What I really didn't like were the people in Saigon. They were making a living out of occupation. The lady who had the hottest bar in town had a Japanese child, a French child and an Australian child. That takes care of three occupational periods. Nobody seemed to give a shit. I remember going into a night club with two American Army officers. They just happened to mention matter-of-factly that a claymore mine had gone off in that bar the week before. On another occasion an officer invited me on to the roof garden of a hotel to watch the show. The show was tracer bullets lighting the jungle. I had been in the army and we spent the whole time complaining. The Australian soldiers' attitude knocked me out. Their attitude was: "We're here. Let's do the friggin' job and get out." But they were forgotten men.

**PLAYBOY:** So what you saw in Vietnam changed your attitude toward war?

**LANE:** Yeah. There were answers for World War Two. There are millions of answers in the ovens of Germany. But the whys you ask about Vietnam have no answers.

**PLAYBOY:** When you came back from Vietnam, were you afraid your views would make you unpopular in some quarters?

**LANE:** People around me wouldn't even let me talk to the television crews. People like my producer, John Collins. He said he wanted me to remain apart until I understood what Australians were all about. I think he was telling me the things that aggravated Australians about Americans. But it was right that somebody should say that the Australians were forgotten men in the Vietnam war. Everything I did then felt right to me, and if anybody felt I was wrong they had to show me a damned good reason for it.

**PLAYBOY:** Were you ever tempted to march in the Vietnam moratorium?

**LANE:** Never. Perhaps the thought did cross my mind, but it would have been television suicide. You really get mad at yourself sometimes over all the compensations that you have to make in your life. But people who know the numbers run the world.

**PLAYBOY:** The compensations or the compromise?

**LANE:** Both, I think. I do 70 percent of what I know people want and will like, 10 percent of what my musicians like and 20 percent of what I like to keep my sanity. You have got to bend somewhere along the way.

**PLAYBOY:** You felt that a stand on Vietnam would have spelt the end of your career?

**LANE:** Yes. I would have been termed a radical. I would have been going through what Spike Milligan is experiencing now. Milligan never hurt anybody in his whole bloody life, but a lot of people say he is a ratbag. You tell me what is ratbag about not wanting to see animals killed or wanting the atmosphere cleaned up. I can do a lot more good by saving my own career. Maybe it is selfish, but nobody handed this career to me.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you associate with the

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Vietnam War as an American or as an Australian?

**LANE:** I was anti-American because I felt the Australians were getting the short end of the stick and I felt an affinity with them. Let me give you an example. I remember flying from Vung Tau to Tan Son Nhut in a Caribou. We had spent the night before entertaining the Australians in a hangar. We had eaten the bread with the weevils in it and slept in a barracks where 150 Frenchmen had had their throats cut by the Viet Minh. We were helping unload the plane. We were covered in dust and shit. Across the airfield I noticed two big transporters and five US Air Force Learjets guarded by a row of white-helmeted MPs. I asked the American entertainment officer if he was expecting a general. No, he told me, the planes and the guards were for Bob Hope. He told me Hope demanded them. I took a look at our crowd – Lucky Starr, Lyn Barnett, who had dysentery, and me. I had never been so pissed off in my life. I was so friggin' annoyed I could have killed someone. There we were banging around the countryside in Caribous and jeeps and Hope had all those planes, the guards, as well as a fleet of air-conditioned limousines laid on. On top of all that Hope was probably paid two million bucks for the television special they filmed of his Vietnam tour.

**PLAYBOY:** Did that change your attitude to Bob Hope?

**LANE:** A little bit. I've got nothing against him. He has entertained a lot of troops, but there is method in his madness. He has made a ton out of it. Nobody ever talks about that. I used to listen to the radio shows he did during World War Two. I remember: "This is Bob talking to you from Hickham Field, Hawaii Hope." I used to love all that. I felt good about it. But I really got annoyed when I saw what he did in Vietnam. He used to walk out in front of the troops and the props would hold up an idiot sheet. If he made a mistake, he would back off and do the thing again. They would edit the film afterwards. He wasn't entertaining the troops – he was doing a damned television show.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you feel the traditional Australian prejudice toward Americans when you first landed in Australia in 1965?

**LANE:** Oh yeah. Yank has a friendlier connotation now than it did then. In those early days it was "bloody Yank" or "loud-mouth Yank". I used to hear that a lot. But I could understand it. I'd be sitting in the Hilton and hear some American behind me saying: "You call this a hamburger? This ain't a hamburger. It's not the way we have them back home." I'd turn to those kind of people and tell them they should have stayed home and eaten hamburgers.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you consciously set about breaking down the prejudice?

**LANE:** If I can stand up in front of 800 people and entertain them and they stand up and applaud when I am finished, then I've got it going for me. That outweighs the prejudices from a few people who regard me as a bloody Yank. It's as simple as that. I've got something going with people and I thank God for that. I really don't know what it is.

**PLAYBOY:** But you haven't consciously changed whatever you are to be more acceptable to Australians?

**LANE:** No. I have changed my craft and my attitude to my craft. That's really where it's at.

**PLAYBOY:** As the son of a Jewish cop and an Irish-Catholic mother growing up in the Bronx, you must have become accustomed to prejudice.

**LANE:** I didn't confront it there. It just doesn't arise in the Bronx because you accept the name-calling. An Italian kid is a wop, an Irish kid is a Mick and a Jewish kid is a kike. Those kids throw those names around, but they have no real meaning. The worst word was nigger. I don't know why, but even then that word used to grate on me. But my parents used it. It was a very common expression.

*"I learnt to be an entertainer the hard way, slogging my way up and learning from the blue and black marks . . ."*

**PLAYBOY:** Even in America, I suppose a Jewish-Irish background was something different.

**LANE:** Very different. I remember as a little kid hearing my mother and father fighting with my grandfather and grandmother on the telephone. It all came down to the fact that my father had married a gentile. But I would never want to be raised any other way. I had the best of both sides. The Irish side of my family was full of colorful, wonderful characters. My Uncle Jimmy was a semi-pro comedian. He was the funny man in the family. On the other side, I was brought up as a Jew and I loved all those high holiday feasts in the synagogue. I had and enjoyed both sides of the coin and that gave me a head start in life. People lose out by not opening up themselves to find out about other things. When I first came to Australia you couldn't get a pizza anywhere – not that pizzas are such a big deal. But now they are part of everyday life here. The Greek food, the Italian and the Chinese – they all enrich a place. When I got over the initial shock of being confronted by anti-Semitism, I felt more in touch with the world because I understood all sides of what was going on.

**PLAYBOY:** So you had no conflict about choosing Catholicism or Judaism?

**LANE:** None at all. I am not that religious. I never really got deeply into religion and what it was all about. I have no idea whether there is a supreme being. Maybe there is a force, but I don't know what it is. It is all too awesome for me. Religion seems to me to be only a speck of dust in the whole context of life.

**PLAYBOY:** Who, or what, influenced you in pursuit of a showbusiness career?

**LANE:** I always had a flair for it. I used to imitate songs and singers I heard on the radio. My mother sang. She is still good. She can still belt out the oldies. And I always admired my Uncle Jimmy. He was a pal. He used to take me to the football games and as a kid I suppose my dream was to be a pro football and basketball player. But, deep down, I think I was always attracted to showbusiness. People were always coming into the home and asking me to sing. Then one day mum came home and said she had seen a man mime Figaro from *The Barber of Seville*. She thought that was very funny and figured I would be perfect doing that. So she made me a little costume and I did Figaro as an act in school. It was a big hit with the kids.

**PLAYBOY:** So it was a gradual thing?

**LANE:** Yes. It was a case of working up from the bottom – the hard way. Taking all the knocks from working in bad places, all the embarrassment of thinking I was funny when no one in the audience shared my opinion.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you originally want to be a comic?

**LANE:** No. From when I was eight until I was 12 or 13, I wanted only to be a pro ball player. Then I realised I was not as gifted as a lot of other guys. I learned football and basketball as I learned to be an entertainer – the hard way, slogging my way up and learning from the blue and black marks. I guess that has been the story of my life. Nothing has ever come easy. Not that I'm complaining. There is nothing like hard knocks to smooth off the edges.

**PLAYBOY:** You went to Kalamazoo College in Michigan on a basketball scholarship. Was it a case of going straight from college on to the boards?

**LANE:** In a way. My closest friend, Manny Glasser, and I teamed up and



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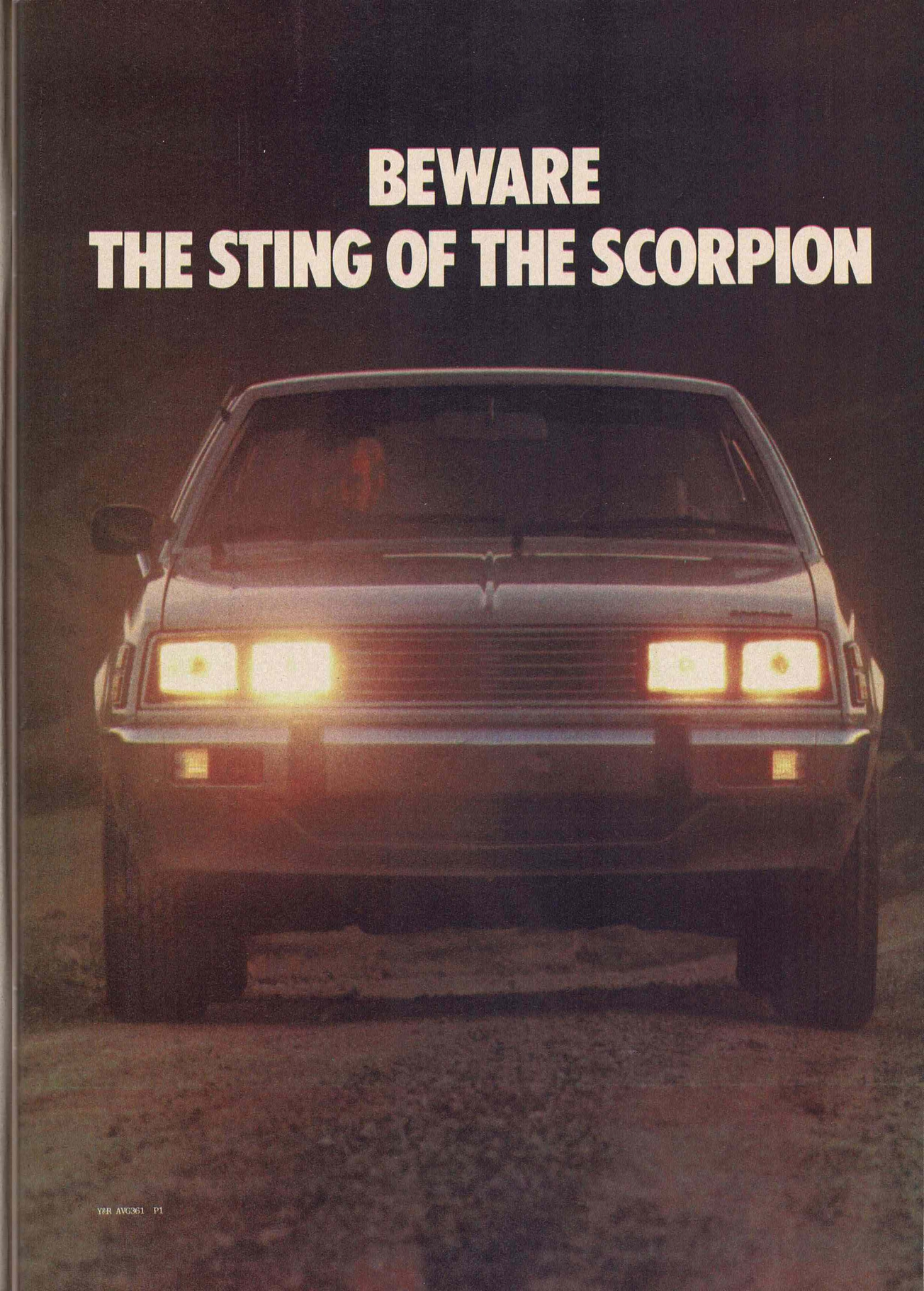

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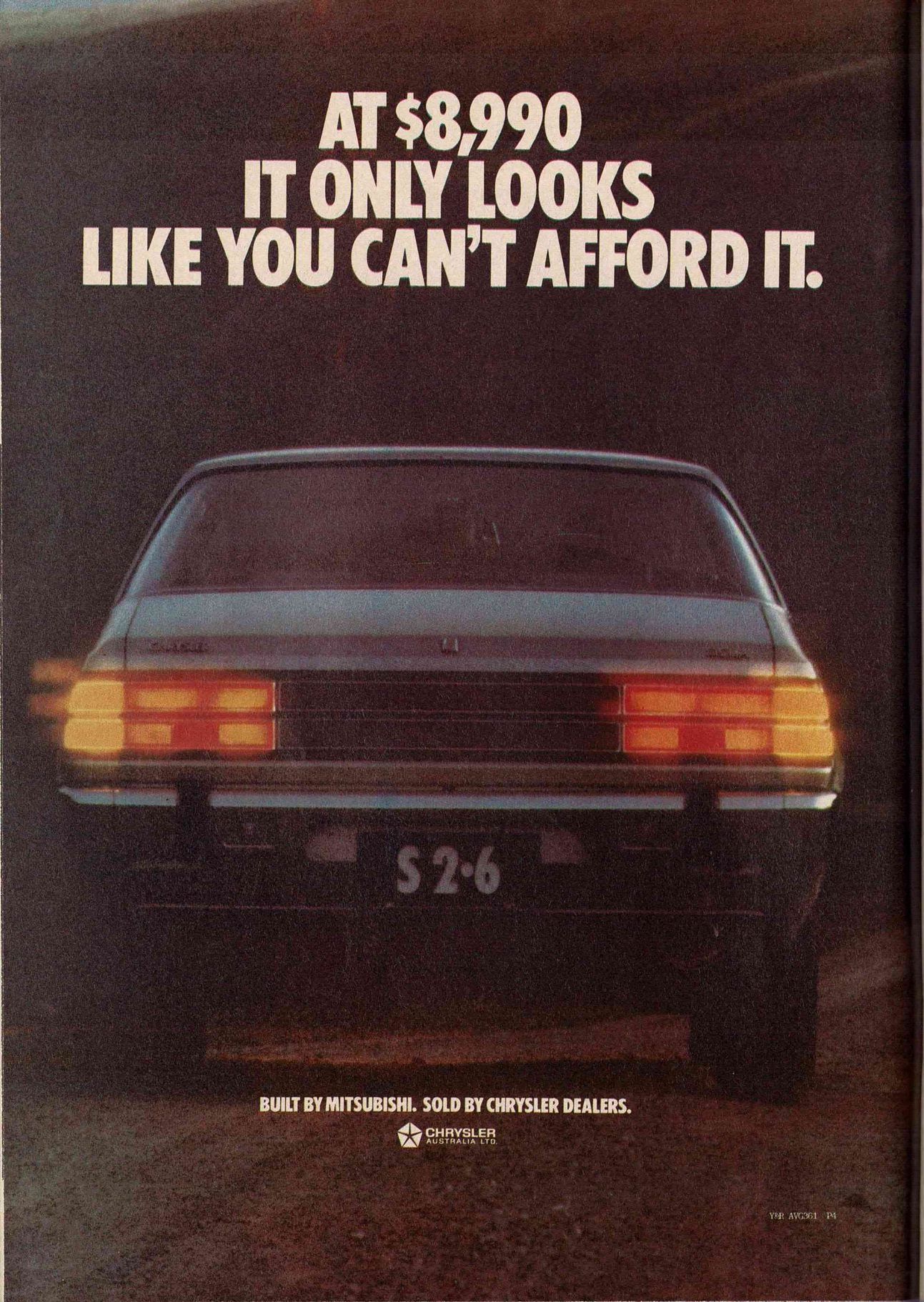



went to a place in Southhaven, Michigan, where we took over the entertainment. We were called Bobby Mann and Donny Lane and did a comedy routine on stage. We recorded as Donny and the Duke.

**PLAYBOY:** Where did the name Don Lane come from?

**LANE:** It was a spur of the moment decision. I went to join the American Guild of Variety Artists to get my union card to work the clubs. I was having trouble settling on a name. Because my Uncle Dave used the show business name of Dave Kay, I was going to call myself Donny Kay, but friends reckoned that was too close to Danny Kaye. Then I was going to call myself Saxon by taking the last part of Isaacson, but I found there was already a Don Saxon. I thought you joined AGVA under your real name, but the guy behind the desk told me I would have to register under the name I used on stage. When he asked me the name of my favorite singer, I told him it was Frankie Laine. He suggested we should use Lane and I agreed. Years later, when I was working the Sahara in Vegas, one of the musicians asked me where the hell I had got a name like Don Lane. I asked him what was wrong with the name and he said: "Oh, I don't know. It's so vanilla." I felt that was a great description, because it is.

**PLAYBOY:** Have you ever had any formal singing training?

**LANE:** Around 1967 I developed a gravelly sound in my voice. I didn't know how to get rid of it. Madame Arcana was recommended to me. She was a dear, wonderful old lady. She took such delight in changing my voice. She'd play the piano and when I did something that came out right she used to look at me and tears came into her eyes. Now I have a vocal coach in California and I spend four weeks with him every Christmas. He gives me sets of vocal exercises. I make the weirdest sounds in the world when I am doing the exercises but, believe me, they work. There have been times when I have shouted myself hoarse at a football match and then begun worrying how I was going to perform in a club that night. I do the exercises and my voice is perfect.

**PLAYBOY:** Let's go back to early 1965 and your arrival in Australia. Was John Collins solely responsible for your coming to Sydney?

**LANE:** Yes, he was. I was working the lounge at a hotel in Honolulu. I had just married Gina. Wayne Newton arrived in Honolulu on his way back from a season at the Chevron Hilton in Sydney. He caught my act and sat down afterwards for a chat. He told me he was getting bigger all the time, was working bigger and better places and asked me to join him with 20 minutes of stand-up comedy. I told Gina, and we were pretty excited. We thought we were on our way. Then John Collins arrived. He was looking for someone to replace Dave Allen. John knew that if he didn't manage the new star of the TCN 9 tonight show he wouldn't be producer. So he was fighting for his career as well. Wayne recommended he take a look at my act, and he did. Then he approached me with: "How would you like to go to Australia?" I told him to go screw himself. That sort of kicked things off. Collins said originally he wanted me to go to Sydney for 13 weeks, but the channel hired someone else and the season was cut back to six weeks. I felt put out. Because they had broken their promise not to hire anyone else until they had seen my film clip, I didn't see how I could believe anything they said. But John kept hammering away and telling me that if I went to Sydney he knew it would all work out. Although I saw it as a big chance to break into television, which was something I knew I could never do in America at that stage of my career, it was hit or miss for a long time before I decided to go.

*"I used to throw shoes through windows, kick in doors and yell at people. I suppose I was covering up for my own inadequacies."*

**PLAYBOY:** Hadn't Channel 9 hired the American husband and wife team, Charlie Brill and Mitzi McCall?

**LANE:** Yeah. We were friends. There was no competition among us. I felt the good vibrations from the time I first drove into Sydney from the airport. I felt the chemistry was right. Charlie and Mitzi never felt that chemistry. They resented Australia after only their second or third show. They were frustrated out of their brains because they couldn't score. They couldn't get across to Australians and they couldn't understand it. Even when you mention Australia to them today, they shudder. It was a bad period for them. It was fate. Although I had come for only six weeks, I ended up not only with my show, but I took over their spot as well. I'm convinced it was all supposed to happen that way.

**PLAYBOY:** When you arrived, the press described you as a "funny man". What were your talents at 31?

**LANE:** The same as they are today. My humor and timing have improved. I started out as a stand-up comic and then added a song to the act. I realised my limitations as a singer, so I threw together a combination of the things I did well. I kind of dazzled them with footwork. I never gave my audience a chance to breathe or to find out what I was all about. I was pretty abrasive in those days. I used to pick on people in the audience. I still do that, but in a much more subtle way now. It's all experience. I know I'm not a great singer, but I can sell a song. I am sensitive to the lyrics of a song. A lot of singers aren't. In comedy you either have timing or you don't. As George Burns says: "You've either got it or you don't."

**PLAYBOY:** Did you have qualms about stepping into Dave Allen's shoes?

**LANE:** Absolutely none. In those days I had *chutzpa*. That's a Jewish word and it means having a lot of balls. I didn't know Dave Allen from a bloody hole in the wall. I didn't meet him until a couple of years later. He came to see me work at Chequers, and I saw him work the same club. We had a lot in common. We were both live performers who had been thrust into television. He has treated it his way and I have treated it my way, and both treatments work.

**PLAYBOY:** What was your reaction when Channel 9 brought Allen back for guest appearances on your show?

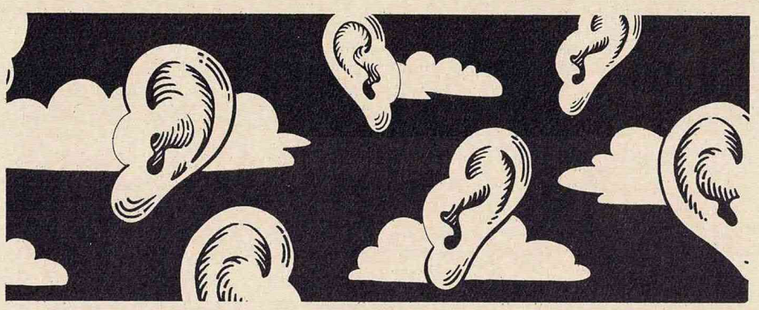
**LANE:** That had to be very carefully handled. I made a big stink. Those were my temperamental days, when I used to throw shoes through windows, kick in doors and yell at people a lot. I suppose I was covering up for my own inadequacies. When they told me Dave was going to be a guest on the show, I said no. I felt that if he started his carry on and throwing things we would end up in a confrontation and I didn't want to be in that. It was a shaky starting point but, fortunately for me, Dave was a real pro.

**PLAYBOY:** It went smoothly?

**LANE:** I didn't mind the antics. We ended up with the pie fight of all time.

**PLAYBOY:** Talking about competition, Graham Kennedy has set tough standards for all tonight show hosts. What effect did the Kennedy legend have on you?

**LANE:** I felt it enormously from 1965 through to the end of that run in late '67. I was too stupid to understand that Melbourne was the place to do television. The channel was always wanting me to go to Melbourne, but I fought for my idiot, headstrong principles. I felt Sydney was the hub of everything Australian and couldn't see why a successful variety show couldn't come out of Sydney. I heard Kennedy, Kennedy, Kennedy until I was blue in



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the face. Then Graham and I did the split screen thing and it was like Muhammad Ali fighting the winner of the *Sun* Aria. He was 10 years ahead of me in experience. He had a studio specially built for him in Melbourne and he was and always will be a brilliant ad libber. He is the best compere ever to have graced Australian television. His mind was geared and locked into exactly what he was about. I had no idea. My only advantage was that I could perform live in front of people. I had it over Graham from the musical or dancing standpoint. But those areas just didn't seem to count when you were competing against him in television. No one will ever be able to dethrone him because Kennedy was the first real television star and television tradition in this country. Anyone who tried would be crazy. All I can do is try to establish my own history and tradition.

**PLAYBOY:** Are you and Graham Kennedy now friends?

**LANE:** We are acquaintances. We sit and talk. He came on the show. I looked at his latest movie, *The Odd Angry Shot,* and we had a nice chat. He is much more friendly with Bert Newton than he will ever be with me. We don't have much in common. He moves in one circle and I move in another. Then I don't move in circles.

**PLAYBOY:** How do you explain the record ratings and audiences commanded by your show?

**LANE:** From what I understand – and I don't want to sound as if I am blowing up my own whatsit – no show has ever rated as consistently high, anywhere or any time. The show has just boomed in Sydney this year, taken off like crazy. I think part of it is attributable to my personal appearances in Sydney. It's odd, you know. In the years when I wasn't on television and was having my personal problems, and in the years when television wasn't going well, I still played to packed houses in the Sydney clubs. I still get people coming up to me after the live show and saying they had no idea I could do that kind of thing. They don't seem to understand I am still basically a live performer. They think I will come out on to the stage, do an interview, spin the wheel, talk to Bert, do two commercials and get off. That makes it even stranger that we have always been able to fill the clubs.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you feel you have finally been accepted in Melbourne?

**LANE:** Yeah. I did radio down here for two years with Bert and that gave me a real feeling for Melbourne. Today I think I understand Melbourne as well as I understand Sydney, and I think that comes across.

**PLAYBOY:** In spite of your success, you have been quoted as saying you never feel secure without a contract. Why?

**LANE:** Let me explain. Around 1973 I decided to cut the umbilical cord and leave Australia for good. I'd just finished a disastrous 26-week series for Channel 9. They were the worst 26 weeks I have ever spent in my life. I was driving across the Harbor Bridge with my secretary, Jenny. I turned to her and told her we would have to face up to the fact that we were finished in Australia. I told her we would have to sell up, get rid of the house, the possessions and, of course, the biggest heartbreak of all, get rid of the dogs. I wanted to disengage myself from everything in Australia. I wanted to go back to the States to start over again. It was a very low point in my life, and I have always believed that when you are at your lowest, that's the time to regather your forces and find out where your head is at. I went to film acting classes. I took vocal lessons. I read for audition after audition. I did it all, and I was starting to make some headway. I just missed out on two big commercials, which mean big money.

Then Cyclone Tracy wiped out Darwin. They called me up from Australia to ask me if I would join people such as Rolf Harris, David Frost and Barry Crocker in a charity concert. I came back to do the Darwin show. It went well and an agent approached me to try to persuade me to work the clubs again. I explained to him that I didn't want to work clubs because I didn't want any Australian ties. I told him I was trying to carve out a new future in the US and I didn't want a crutch back in Sydney. I told him that despite the big money to be made in the clubs, I had to pretend that Australia didn't exist for me any more. There was another thing, too. I'm not expressing a political view because I never do. It's not my business. But I saw that the change in government had led to sweeping changes in the attitude of the people. There was a wave of ockerism. With that and all the other things, my instincts told me I did not belong in Australia at that time. Then they asked me to do a second show in Melbourne, which I did. Just before I flew out of Sydney, this agent rang me again and asked me to reconsider the club offer. He reckoned he could line up any shows I wanted at my price. Anyway, he booked me for 12 weeks, and towards the end of that time rang me to say Channel 9 wanted me to do a show out of Melbourne because Kennedy had been thrown off air for using the magic word.

**PLAYBOY:** And you couldn't resist?

**LANE:** I agreed because I thought the show would at least let some people know I was still around, and if something else came along that would be more money in the bank. When the agent called again to tell me the channel had changed its mind, I thought I was out, because there had been a lot of name calling when I left for the States in 1973. But they didn't want to con me. They wanted me to do four shows – at half the money they had been paying me when I left. I had a talk with Peter Faiman, the executive producer, and I realised he and I wanted the same kind of format – a talk-variety program with everything revolving round myself as the show's host. Suddenly I found myself working among people who cared as much about the program as I did. Maybe they cared even more than I did. They cared tremendously about the image I was projecting on camera and they cared about protecting me. I realised I was getting the Graham Kennedy treatment. The four weeks became eight weeks and the show was doing great. It was rating in Melbourne and doing well in Sydney. I said to myself: "You've got something good going here. This can work. It can be the culmination of a dream." They asked me to stay on for another 10 weeks and I said to myself: "Hold on, you're moving out of your range." I told them


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I didn't mind staying, but I wanted a contract. I approached Kerry Packer and he made it clear I could stay until the end of the year. But there would be no contract. He left the decision to me. I have since come to realise that he wanted to find out how serious I was about staying. He wanted to find out how well we could do and he didn't want to lock himself or me into a contract at that stage.

**PLAYBOY:** And it has been happiness ever after?

**LANE:** I went back to Peter Faiman and told him that, although I had no contract, I was going to stay until the end of the year. Came the end of the year and they gave me a year's contract. At the end of that year Ernie Sigley was dumped, and suddenly I had two nights a week. Since then it has just been an incredible happening.

**PLAYBOY:** With contracts expiring and new ones being written, presumably you have had astronomical offers from rival television interests.

**LANE:** Peter, Bert and I have been approached deviously by two other networks. They wanted to know if we were interested in leaving Channel 9 as a package to do big-time talk-variety shows. They were willing to pay a lot of money to get us. The three of us sat down to talk about it. After all, showbusiness is business. We realised that if someone was willing to pay us $750,000 to move, we had to talk about it. We decided we were happiest at Channel 9 because we had built up an expert crew around us. So we decided to stay. The current contract runs out at the end of this year, so I suppose we will again be faced with the problem of having to decide to renew or move.

**PLAYBOY:** In the past you have had some rather harsh words to say about Australian television management. What has happened to make it so agreeable today?

**LANE:** There was a time when it was very embarrassing to introduce any overseas guests to the so-called executives in TCN 9 in Sydney. There were some very worthwhile people – men like Noel Swanson, an extremely loyal, friendly man and a good director; like Geoff Harvey, a wild, crazy man who could drive you up the wall one minute and then be so conscientious about his music the next. The only degree of sanity was provided by Sir Frank Packer. I know personally that, in two incidents in which I was involved, lies were told to Sir Frank. He called me into his office to hear my side of it, and I know to this day that he believed my version. In spite of all the things people have said about Sir Frank being an ogre, I can say he was the fairest man I have ever worked for. During my drug trial, he stood unerringly behind me. During that time he could have asked anything of me. Fortunately, he didn't ask. None of the people of whom I have been so critical is still on the staff. I don't know who was responsible for the restructuring of the Channel 9 organisation, but whoever it was knew exactly what was required of good management. The set-up used to be held together by chewing gum and paper clips. Now it operates as a television station should.

**PLAYBOY:** For many years the names Graham Kennedy and Bert Newton went together like Mo and Stiffy. How does your relationship with Old Moonface differ from Kennedy's?

**LANE:** I used to watch Kennedy and Newton work together and I was green with envy. Jesus, how I wished I had a guy like Newton to work with in those Sydney television days. When I went to Melbourne, I asked the production team if the new Don Lane show would have a wheel. They told me it was traditional that every Melbourne television show had a wheel. When they asked me who I wanted to work on the wheel with me, I told them Bert Newton. There were furtive glances all around the room, and I was worried that I had dropped a clanger. But they were simply worried that I wouldn't like to work with Bert because of his past association on TV with Graham Kennedy. So I told them: if I was going to work a wheel, which I had never done in my life, I wanted somebody who knew what it was all about, a real pro, Bert Newton. From his corner, Bert was telling Patti he didn't want to work with that loud-mouthed Yank, Lane. She talked him around.

*"After working so long with Bert I still marvel at the man's instant one-liners. He is the funniest man in show business."*

But to get back to your original question, the difference is that Kennedy used to control Bert because Kennedy was the comedian, Kennedy was the funny man. He would allow Bert to go so far and no further. There was nothing wrong with that because that is what this business is all about. You protect yourself and you use what is round you to your best advantage. I have no hold on Bert. I made that clear right from the start. Peter Faiman has a hold on both of us. If he feels we are going too far he will tell us. And Bert and I have a tendency to get out of line. Peter Faiman is our check rein. But Bert and I share a common chemistry. I don't care if Bert has them rolling in the aisles for an hour. After working so long with him on television and radio, I still marvel at the man's instant one-liners. Everyone does. He is the funniest man in show business.

**PLAYBOY:** You have often talked about your admiration and affection for Bert Newton. Do they stem from the fact that you cannot see him as the rival host of a competing television show?

**LANE:** I don't know. Bert and I have often talked about that. He has said quite categorically that he doesn't want his own variety show. He has got his own Melbourne show, New Faces, and I think he is quite happy in that area. He has also got the highest rating program in the history of Melbourne radio. But don't think that if Bert spun off and did his own television show that he would find it a heavy slog. The guy got the gold Logie this year. And you can't get a higher accolade in Australian television than that.

**PLAYBOY:** Is there any truth in the story that you and Bert Newton are to star in a movie scripted by Frank Hardy?

**LANE:** We are interested in doing a movie together. Our mouths water whenever we hear about anything in the offing. But the Hardy one is a funny little story. Frank came on the show and said that he and this other guy had worked out a film treatment based on an American and an Australian and that Bert and I would be perfect in the lead roles. So Frank sent the treatment over and Bert and I agreed that it had distinct possibilities. But we also agreed that we would not make any decisions without seeing the final script. After a lot of abortive telephone calls, Frank and I got to talk to one another – I was in Melbourne and he was in America. I asked him about the script and he told me he was trying to raise the money. I told him that Bert and I had sponsors coming out our ears if he was trying to raise cash. The next thing, Hardy was on a Melbourne radio station telling the world that Bert and I had jumped the gun by saying we were going to do his movie. He told the listeners we'd have to audition like everyone else.

**PLAYBOY:** Are you accusing Frank Hardy of playing six hands against the middle then?

**LANE:** I don't know what Frank Hardy is trying to prove. But I'd love to see this movie when it finally comes out. I want to see who all the big stars will be, where the money is coming from and how he is going to do it without a finished script.

**PLAYBOY:** I know you are reluctant to discuss the kind of money you are

earning today, but what were you paid when you first arrived in 1965?

**LANE:** In the original contract I was paid $500 a show. In those days the clubs were paying $125 a night and, for a year and a half, I refused to work them because they weren't paying enough. From the $500 for each show, I paid $200 to my wife, who was living in Honolulu with the children of her first marriage. And I used to visit the Mandarin Club every night, go to Chequers, this, that and every other thing. I was living, man. And at the end of every week John Collins used to say subtle things like: "I'm becoming deeply concerned about the number of cheques you are writing."

**PLAYBOY:** You were a high roller?

**LANE:** Yeah, but not a social high roller. I've always been a loner. But in those days I used to go to places I wouldn't now. I don't know how I used to keep up the pace. Every day I was still wandering round the Cross at four and five in the morning. I knew all the hookers, all the strippers and all the clubs. Sammy Lee used to ring and ask if I'd be dropping by the Latin Quarter after the television show. He'd have a chicken or something waiting there for me and we'd sit in a booth and chat or watch Ricki May perform. They were good showbiz days.

**PLAYBOY:** Were you then earning the most money you had to that point in your life?

**LANE:** Yes. When I got the second show, that meant I was earning $1000 a week. Maybe there were weeks back in the States when I earned $1000, but I would have had to have done 12 shows for that kind of dough.

**PLAYBOY:** So you were burning candles and holes in your pocket?

**LANE:** It was just that there were a few more bucks around. I had a bit more notoriety. People recognised me. I hadn't experienced that before.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you enjoy being noticed in public?

**LANE:** Yeah, yeah I enjoyed it. I still enjoy it, but today I am more aware of my responsibilities. In those early days here I was a bit quick to fly off the handle when people said things to me that I didn't like.

**PLAYBOY:** Let's turn to your marriage. Was it a case of marry in haste and repent at leisure?

**LANE:** I fell in love with a set of 40-inch boobs. I soon realised they didn't mean much – they just get in your way when you are trying to sleep. When I got to Sydney, I needed someone who could front for me, entertain people, talk to newspapermen. She couldn't handle any of that. She only loved to show everybody her boobs. She also liked to get pissed and cause a scene. Besides, she and John Collins, who managed me after we arrived, didn't hit it off. There was always a tension between them. It just seemed she didn't like it when things were going right for me. She was that kind of lady. She made waves. And I couldn't afford waves because things were happening to me that had never happened before. I told her to shape up or ship out and she sailed out. After she left, it became very easy for me to meet birds. I ran around like mad and raised a lot of hell.

**PLAYBOY:** You didn't play around while Gina was about?

**LANE:** She was not a lady to trifle with. When I asked her to marry me, she said that before she answered she thought there were some things I should know about her past. She brought out a box of newspaper clippings that told the whole story. Her first marriage had been to a Chinese-Hawaiian with whom she fought consistently. He used to beat her up. She left him and got a court order restraining him from going anywhere near her, but because he had relatives in the Honolulu police he ignored the orders. But he beat her up once too often. In front of witnesses she told him that if he ever went near her again, she would kill him. The next time he came near her, she pulled a forty-five out of the drawer and, in a club in front of three witnesses, blew his brains out. The courts decided it was justifiable homicide.

**PLAYBOY:** During your hellraising period, did you get into any violent scenes, any punch-ups?

**LANE:** No, but I came very close a couple of times. You know, with smart guys with big mouths. But for the past eight or nine years I have borrowed a piece of Roy Rene's philosophy to keep out of trouble. I interviewed Harry Griffiths, who used to play young Harry on Mo's radio program, and we sat down and chatted afterwards. He told me a lot about Mo, and in the early days he used a favorite ploy to get people to go along to his stage act with Stiffy. Whenever they hit a new town, Stiffy would head round the pubs and tell the drinkers about all the dirty material he and Mo would use on stage. In reality they never did the dirty stuff, but it was a great tease line. One of their best teaser gags was the blackboard routine. In that, Stiffy was supposed to write "f" on the blackboard and ask Mo what he had written. Mo would say "k". Then they would have this "it's an 'f' ", "no it's a 'k' " patter, and finally Stiffy was supposed to ask: "How come every time I write 'f' you see 'k'?" They never really did that on stage. They simply told people they were going to do it. Harry told me that one day he was backstage with Mo and this guy came up and said he had been a big fan for years, and would never forget the night he was in the audience when Mo and Stiffy had done the "f" and "k" routine. Mo said something like "oh, yeah", and the guy left. When Harry asked Mo why he had let the guy think he had actually seen the routine on stage, Mo said to Harry: "Son, you never argue with a mug." That statement has stayed with me ever since Harry told me. It has stopped me getting into many an argument.

**PLAYBOY:** Now that you are no longer the wild gad-about, are the pressures more subtle?

**LANE:** I don't like going on the town any more. I enjoy being alone. I only go out on very rare occasions. I don't get a lot of peace when I go out now. In fact the only place I really get peace these days is when I go to the football. Everyone goes to the football for the same reason and they couldn't care less who is sitting in the next seat.

**PLAYBOY:** Are you a lonely person?

**LANE:** I am a loner for sure. Something in my makeup makes me that way. Even when I was a kid I would walk into this group or that, but I would never be part of the gang. I was a transient. I don't know about the lonely thing. My life can be filled with wild and wondrous things. I can watch a good performance on television or in a movie alone and love the hell out of it. I can watch a good tennis match or watch a good football game and that carries me through.

**PLAYBOY:** You don't like to share those moments then?

**LANE:** Sometimes, when you see or do good things and turn round and say, "Hey, look what I did", it's a bit of a drag when there's no one there. I have a very small group of very close friends. I don't think anybody can afford more than that. Otherwise you spread yourself too thin and you can't have a meaningful relationship with anyone. Manny and his family in California are still my closest friends. There is nothing I wouldn't do for Manny and there is nothing he wouldn't do for me.

**PLAYBOY:** You're saying that a man is lucky if he has one true friend?

**LANE:** That's right. I don't think a man can expect any more. But my other really close friend is Jenny Jobson, my secretary. She has been through all the shit with me and been through all the good times too. Our relationship is like brother and sister.

*"The minute I meet a lady I have to decide whether she has a genuine feeling for me or whether she is still looking at her TV set."*

**PLAYBOY:** Do you resent the invasion of your private life, or have you come to terms with it?

**LANE:** I'll never reach that stage. If I am shopping in a department store, looking at the prices and that sort of thing, and someone comes up and says "You're Don Lane", that is the end of private life. Enter public life. The dividing line is extremely thin. I try to bring the two closer together so there is not much difference between the Don Lane people see on television and the Don Lane in the supermarket.

**PLAYBOY:** Rather than throw a switch, you try to blend the two?

**LANE:** Right. I try to move it all together. But I do have an Achilles heel. The minute I meet a lady, I have to decide whether she has a genuine feeling for me or whether she is still looking at her television set. I remember being at a party once and standing by a group being entertained by a woman expounding in great detail about the night she spent with Don Lane and all the things she had done with him. Finally I went up to her and said: "Oh, come on, he didn't really do that." She looked right at me and said: "Oh, yes he did." She didn't even know me. That sort of thing limits the number of people with whom you can really be honest.

**PLAYBOY:** Are you saying that you are distrustful of every person, particularly women, you meet?

**LANE:** No. I'm saying I have to be careful in my judgment.

**PLAYBOY:** The Hollywood actress, Mamie van Doren, once labelled you a great lover. What was she on about?

**LANE:** Back in the sixties, Mamie was working in the big room at the Dunes in Honolulu. We got to know each other. I saw some things in her act that I thought should be changed, and I told her. She became very friendly, we talked a lot, and we got it together a couple of times. Then I got married, and that was the end of it.

**PLAYBOY:** Was she suggesting that you are not adverse to one-night stands?

**LANE:** Well, who wasn't? You are talking about a long time ago, man.

**PLAYBOY:** What was your reaction when Mamie's revelations came out in the Australian newspapers?

**LANE:** I was extremely embarrassed, because they came out of a clear blue sky in the Sunday papers. That day I went out to the Sports Ground to watch South Sydney play Easts and I hadn't even read the papers. When I walked into the ground all these people started whistling and yelling: "Hey, yoohoo, lover boy." I didn't know what the hell they were on about until someone showed me the paper. Then I was really embarrassed.

**PLAYBOY:** Is showbusiness a hotbed of sexual activity?

**LANE:** No more so than any other business. It is just more publicised. If an actress goes off and has an affair with an actor, it is big news. But if Charlie in the factory down the road gets it off with the cashier, no one writes about that. There are more people with sexual hangups in show business than in any other thing I know. Just look at all the ladies who knock themselves off because of sex – the Jean Harlows and the Marilyn Monroes, for instance.

**PLAYBOY:** Your marriage apart, you have had some widely publicised affairs. Why haven't they lasted?

**LANE:** The only relationship that had any real depth was with Carmen van Hoorne. She is a beautiful lady, a very intelligent, very smart lady. A lot of beautiful women turn me off. They are so shallow. But Carmen is different – so fascinating and interesting. Much of the reason for our not being able to continue the relationship was the pressure my showbusiness career put upon her. Nobody who isn't in showbusiness can understand it. The


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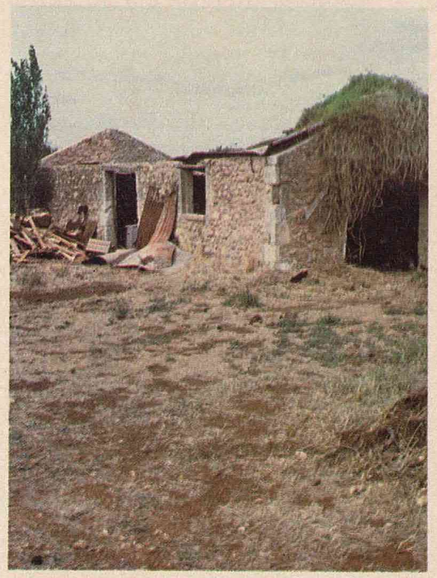

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public trespass upon my private life, the breach of trust by some people in the media and the enormous work load I took upon myself – they all contributed to my realising that in the end this beautiful lady would get the short end of the stick. I don't want to sound like a martyr, but I didn't want her to get in any deeper and get more hurt. We remain very good friends.

**PLAYBOY:** While Carmen was living with you, you had a two-woman household, with Jenny running the business and Carmen looking after your other requirements. Was there friction?

**LANE:** They got on famously. In fact they liked it when I wasn't there. They could raise havoc, have a ruckus.

**PLAYBOY:** It is been said that you are hard on women. Are you?

**LANE:** I don't know what you mean by hard. I guess I don't like being around anybody all the time. From the standpoint of material things, I have always treated any lady who has been close to me with respect. I have had only two long relationships with women since I've been in Australia and I don't think I was hard on them. Perhaps I am demanding, but I am not a sex maniac. I'm lucky if I can keep it up any more.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you have any fetishes?

**LANE:** I used to think I had a few fetishes until I started seeing some explicit movies. Then I realised they weren't fetishes because everybody else seems to do them. I don't want to discuss in detail what I do or what I think should go on in a sexual relationship. Whatever happens inside a bedroom happens mutually between two people. It is not rape or sadism or anything. It is a case of two people getting to know one another and finding out what they are about.

**PLAYBOY:** Is it flattering to be called a sexual decathlon athlete?

**LANE:** Does that mean I can go to the Olympics? I'm a great believer in the astrological traits. I'm a Scorpio, and that is supposed to be the sex sign of the Zodiac. From the time I was a kid, I always thought about girls. Other guys would be thinking about other things – me about girls. The only distraction I had was when I was in the middle of a basketball or football game. I suppose it is true my life revolves round sexual things, but being called a sexual athlete is a bit demeaning.

**PLAYBOY:** Like keeping score?

**LANE:** Yeah, like trying to knock off four or five birds in one day. I don't think I could keep up that pace any more. In my younger years I tried.

**PLAYBOY:** Stories abound about your prowess. What are some of the things that you have heard you are supposed to have done in the bedroom?

**LANE:** All sorts of things. First of all, my bedroom is supposed to be a chamber of implements. I am always hearing about that – everything from a trapeze to a hobby horse are supposed to be in my bedroom. Some of the things I hear about I have never done. Some of the other things I intend trying one day to see what it is they are trying to tell me.

**PLAYBOY:** Why do you think women run round telling these bizarre stories?

**LANE:** I don't know. It's crazy. I have never attacked a lady in my life. Maybe once or twice when I was 15 or 16, but in those days in New York you'd have attacked a wart hog if it looked pretty. We were just young and virile and ready to do it anywhere.

**PLAYBOY:** Have you ever taken the trouble to confront a lady with a fantasy that she has?

**LANE:** You never argue with a mug.

**PLAYBOY:** You are the biggest name in Australian television. Have you now given up hope of hitting the big time in the US?

**LANE:** I wrestle with that question at least twice a month. I look at a guy like Johnny Carson, who does a show like ours. I don't think his show is as good as ours. Their production values are not as high as ours. But I read that he signs a contract for $3.5 million. And I see people with concert acts, which I feel I can do as well, going to Vegas for $200,000 a week. I get jealous and I say to myself that if I was in that market and doing comparably what I am doing here, I would be sitting back as a multi-millionaire.

**PLAYBOY:** But aren't all the people in that stratosphere out of touch with the reality?

**LANE:** Absolutely right.

**PLAYBOY:** What the hell does $1 million a week mean?

**LANE:** If somebody came to me and asked me to sign a $2 million contract to play Caesars Palace 10 weeks a year, I'd be a madman to turn it down. But if we can accomplish something in this country that no one has done before, and it is accepted by America or some other overseas market, then that will make it all worthwhile. It will mean we have been accepted because we produce a really good show. When I show video tapes of Bert and me doing the wheel and I've got a whole roomful of people laughing and falling over the floor, I feel as if I've just made a million dollars.

**PLAYBOY:** Are you telling me that satisfaction with a good show is more important than the million dollars?

**LANE:** Absolutely. Most actors and performers will sell their arses for a standing ovation. We are working with an ego, a need for acceptance.

**PLAYBOY:** You have admitted that you have been associated with some monumental failures on Australian television. Are you confident that the failures are now all behind you?

**LANE:** I don't think they are all behind me. Sooner or later everything has to come to a screaming finish. If we can avoid the internal hassles I have experienced in the past, I reckon the Don Lane Show can go on for at least another three or four years.

**PLAYBOY:** The failures aside, you have also experienced some quite horrendous moments on television.

**LANE:** The night that damned snake bit my hostess, Denise McLagen. This kid came on the show with snakes on his shoulders and more in a basket. Denise reached into the basket and the snake chomped on to her arm three times. I have always been terrified of snakes and I still have the picture of me sitting on one side of the set and Denise on the other side getting chewed up. Another bad moment was the night we did the show from a circus tent in a Sydney shopping centre. I was supposed to make my entrance on an elephant

*"I saw enough in jail to frighten the shit out of me. Everyone should go to prison for a week. The crime rate would be lower."*

miming a recording of me singing Talk to the Animals. But as I got my cue, something spooked a horse. It took off into the tent, and my elephant in the other direction. I could hear myself singing inside the tent while the elephant took off into the night with its trainer hanging on to the beast's ear and yelling bomba, zinba, bwana or whatever it is that the trainers yell at their elephants.

**PLAYBOY:** Your arrest at Sydney Airport on charges of bringing marijuana into the country in 1968 led to one of the blackest periods of your life. In your successful struggle in the courts to clear your name, you consistently claimed you had been set up. Do you still believe someone set you up?

**LANE:** There is no doubt in my mind. I was set up bigger than anybody. I had dreadful vibrations the moment I stepped into the baggage collection area. I remember turning to my manager, David Tobin, and telling him something felt terribly wrong, that I could feel the tension. And when this bloke walked over and addressed me as Mr Isaacson and asked me to collect all my luggage and take it to counter one, I knew there were problems. They told me they intended giving me a 100 percent search, but I was confident they would find nothing. I knew there was nothing on my person or in my bags. Then I heard one officer say: "Here it is." I turned round and he had a little plastic bag with a little bit of grass in the bottom. It came out of a jacket that still had the label on it. I hadn't even worn the jacket. It all came into my mind then that somebody had put the bag in the jacket and the customs officers had been tipped off. I spent thousands and thousands of dollars on investigations – mostly in America – trying to find out who had framed me. I have my suspicions, and I am 90 percent certain who did it to me, but I have never been able to prove it. He is an American and he lives in California.

**PLAYBOY:** After your acquittal on those charges, didn't another police raid on your Vaucluse home in which a young lady was charged on drug counts lead to questions being raised in Federal Parliament about police persecution?

**LANE:** Someone did raise the matter in Parliament. He said the police had never found anything in my house, and asked how long the authorities were going to keep after me. I was glad that did happen, because it certainly eased the pressure. Of course my big fear during that period was that anyone could have gone into my house and dropped something. Who would have believed I was innocent? You get paranoid about things like that. I mean, I had gone through a year of hell with six months of trials and being stood down from television.

**PLAYBOY:** What did that affair do to your career?

**LANE:** I could have pleaded guilty in the magistrate's court to bringing something into the country because, unwittingly, I did. But I knew they would have to prove that it was a premeditated act and that I had acted with intent, and I was confident I could fight that. Had I pleaded guilty in the magistrate's court and been fined, say, $150, that would have been it. But I had a morals clause in my contract and, though I had no idea how the channel management would have interpreted that, I could not afford to take the risk.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you spend any time in jail after your arrest?

**LANE:** Yes, five nights in Long Bay. I know that sounds like a short time. But when you haven't been handcuffed to anyone else before, when you haven't been put in the back of one of those vans and driven out to Long Bay and heard the gates clang shut behind you . . . I saw enough out there to frighten the shit out of me. I think

everybody should go to prison for a week. The crime rate would be a lot lower. I still have nightmares about what happened to the ex-warder who was in Long Bay jail on a charge of molesting his 13-year-old stepdaughter. A child molester is regarded as the lowest form of life in jail, and this guy had already been beaten up in the remand section before I got out.

**PLAYBOY:** When you finally got back on screen, did you feel your personal crisis had affected your public acceptance?

**LANE:** When I went off television two years later, a lot of people thought that could be traced back. They didn't seem to realise there was a two-year gap, and no connection. There was one strange spin-off. Although I got the not guilty verdict out of the jury trial, I sensed a broader acceptance of me the Yank because I had been in trouble.

**PLAYBOY:** You have just had a couple of grapefruit and eight pills. What kind of breakfast is that?

**LANE:** I usually have some yoghurt as well as that.

**PLAYBOY:** You are hooked on vitamins?

**LANE:** Oh, yeah. I take an enormous amount. I take a multiple pill, a mineral supplement, vitamin E and C and six to eight kelp tablets a day. I've been taking them since 1960.

**PLAYBOY:** What do they do for you?

**LANE:** Well, I take a look at my skin, and I take a look at the skin of other 45-year-olds, and I realise that either the pills work or I am blessed. I also run whenever I can and play tennis when the Melbourne weather lets me or I can find a partner. I try to run for around 25 minutes every day. I have to be in trim for my act because I am very energetic on stage. I do an Elvis thing. It only lasts eight or 10 minutes, but it is so damned physical. I don't know how Presley kept it up for 22 years.

**PLAYBOY:** Are you a good tennis player?

**LANE:** No. I know when I am doing things right, and I also know when I am doing things wrong. I find tennis very frustrating and I yell at myself a lot. I call myself stupid. The yelling at myself doesn't do anything. It doesn't help, but I still do it. I like to win on the tennis court, but I don't break any racquets or stuff like that if I lose.

**PLAYBOY:** With the tennis court and all the other improvements, what's the value of your house?

**LANE:** About $300,000.

**PLAYBOY:** Throughout our conversation, there has been a constant theme of money. Haven't you made enough to start to slow down?

**LANE:** No.

**PLAYBOY:** Is there something else driving you, or is money the big carrot?

**LANE:** No. The money thing comes into it because . . . why did you have to say that? Why did you say that money is always involved? I don't talk about it all the time. You bring it up all the time. I didn't bring it up.

**PLAYBOY:** We've brought it up.

**LANE:** Oh, so it is *we* now. It's collective. I don't bring it up all the time. I told you how much I made in the early days of television. You ask me how much I make now and I won't tell you.

**PLAYBOY:** But you keep talking about your security.

**LANE:** That's right. Because how many chances do you get to make big money? This thing I've got going now could last 10 years. It could last only two, maybe only one.

**PLAYBOY:** Isn't Don Lane secure by now? How much does he have to have?

**LANE:** If a man had retired at 60 five or six years ago with $100,000 put aside for his old age, that would have been a lot of money. Today, $100,000 is nothing. It wouldn't last you any time at all. For want of a better word, I am in my hot period, my money-making era. I haven't made a lot of money up to now. Now is the time for me to score, and the name of the game is to make what I can. I have just entered into an agreement with John Cornell (Strop, of Hogan fame) to manage me. He is my manager because he is the best negotiator in this country and he is also the smartest. This is the time in my life when I am most in demand, and I want someone negotiating for me who will be able to get the maximum for what I am selling – me.

**PLAYBOY:** Many visiting entertainers complain about the atmosphere in Australian clubs. How have you found working in them?

**LANE:** I didn't work the clubs for the first two years because they weren't paying anything. Since then I've had my complaints. I've complained about embarrassingly bad bands, unbelievable dressing facilities. For years one club kept asking me to go back and, in explaining my reasons for refusing, my secretary sent a letter listing 20 major grievances about the conditions. Just because you are a performer doesn't mean you dress in a closet or some damp crap-house with a 50-watt bulb hanging from a wire in the ceiling. I have never been overly vocal in public about the bad conditions in the clubs because I have been grateful for what they have done for me. But in my own quiet way I kept trying to make the point that conditions could be better. As for the method of payment in some clubs, I am pleased to learn that one system is coming to a screeching halt. That is the system whereby acts are paid a certain number of dollars for a performance and the guy who arranges the booking gets something like three times that amount.

**PLAYBOY:** Are you alleging, then, that somebody has been on the take?

**LANE:** Oh, some people are. Some people have been overcharging, receiving double commissions – that sort of thing. But I am happy to say that is all changing. Mind you, I don't think people in New South Wales realise what a great thing they have going for them in the clubs. Years ago, if you wanted to see a top-name artist, you had to go to Chequers and you were up for $50. Recently I was at the Revesby Workers' Club, which holds 1200. The place was packed by people who had paid $6 a head, and they got dinner thrown in.

**PLAYBOY:** Are you saying that things have improved in clubland since the royal commission of inquiry indicated that a handful of people were making a hell of a lot of money out of clubs?

**LANE:** It was more than a handful. I think there is a lot of thievery still going on. Of course that is up to people in much higher authority than you or I to do something about.

**PLAYBOY:** Have you ever been offered money under the lap by anyone associated with a club?

**LANE:** I have never been part of, nor will I ever be party to, kickbacks or any illegal actions.

**PLAYBOY:** You have been associated with two famous football clubs in Sydney and Melbourne – South Sydney and Melbourne. Is your love of football genuine, or public relations?

**LANE:** I'm a sports freak. My love of League and Aussie Rules is genuine. If I get interested in any sport I want to know everything there is about the game. That's why I have become so deeply involved with South Sydney and Melbourne.

**PLAYBOY:** What attracted you to Souths in the first place?

**LANE:** Because Michael Cleary damned nearly drowned me. I was at a party at John Collins' place one day shortly after I got here, and Mike arrived by speedboat. We were introduced, got talking, and he asked me if I would like to go out for a spin on the Harbor. Suddenly the boat stopped, and Mike said he hoped we could all swim because we were sinking. And the damn boat sank, right in the middle of the Harbor. Mike was very sorry about what happened – hell, we could all have sunk to the bottom of the Harbor – and he asked me to be his guest at Souths' next match.

*"I have a theory. If somebody does you, you don't hit them back. You just wait. If you wait long enough the pendulum swings."*

**PLAYBOY:** You have been in Melbourne now for a couple of years. Do you still follow Rugby League through TV?

**LANE:** I go to Sydney whenever I can to follow the sport. By the time I have paid the fares and the hotel room, it costs me about $300 to see a game. I try to book all my club work during the football season to justify the expense.

**PLAYBOY:** And now you are a convert to Aussie Rules?

**LANE:** I have always been a fan. I saw my first grand final in Melbourne in 1965 and, when I was living in Sydney, I used to watch the direct telecasts of the VFL match of the day.

**PLAYBOY:** But wouldn't it have been the proper thing to have thrown your allegiance behind South Sydney's sister club in Melbourne, Collingwood?

**LANE:** Yeah, but do you know I never realised there was that close link between the two clubs? I knew when I came to Melbourne that it was a cardinal sin not to follow football and I knew I had to select which team I wanted to follow. I was living at the Hilton and the Old Melbourne for the first few months and the closest clubs were North Melbourne and Melbourne, whose home is the Cricket Ground. I eventually settled on Melbourne, the Demons, because I like the atmosphere at the MCG, the facilities, and I like the team and the club attitude. I also picked them because they were on the middle of the ladder and I thought they were on the way up. I didn't realise they were on the way down. But I'll stick with them.

**PLAYBOY:** Because of your deep involvement in many levels of Australian society, have you considered taking out Australian citizenship?

**LANE:** No. It has never entered my mind. I am an American. All my roots are here. I have as much love for Australia as I do for the US, but I feel very much an American.

**PLAYBOY:** You feel comfortable, at home, here then?

**LANE:** Oh yes. But I saw something the other night on television which disturbed me. Mr Fraser was going into a political meeting and some idiot threw something at him. I am not saying Mr Fraser is good or bad for this country, but I just hate people who think they can throw something at the leader of the country.

**PLAYBOY:** Mystery surrounded your rush trip back home to the States in February. What took you back?

**LANE:** A lady to whom I feel very close was having an operation. I felt she would like somebody there to hold her hand or to look into her eyes. If someone travelled a long way to do that, I felt it would mean much more.

**PLAYBOY:** Close friendships mean a lot to you, don't they?

**LANE:** Before I got into trouble with the drug problem, I was Herbie Star. There were always people in my house cooking steaks and drinking booze. Thirty-five or 40 people would turn up every Sunday. After the trouble, only five people turned up consistently. They were Mike Cleary, Doug Phillips, one of the top greyhound administrators, Big Sam Kronja from 2SM, David Tobin and a Sydney businessman, Sam Fiszman. I have a memory like an elephant and I don't forget people who have done good things for me. I also owe John Bailey a debt. He was reading the news on Channel 10 then and he refused to read the story. He felt it was unfounded.

**PLAYBOY:** And the knockers?

**LANE:** I have a theory. If somebody does you, you don't turn round and hit them back. You just wait. If you wait long enough, the pendulum swings. And when it does, all you want is for them to be in your line of sight. You just look at them and smile. They'll know what you are smiling about.

On the west coast of Ireland they make a brew that's the sweetest drop y'ever tasted.
Irish Mead they call it.
Mind you it's not exactly legal, so the local boyo's began lacing their pipe tobacco with the stuff.
And when they play Oh Danny Boy the pipes, the pipes are calling, you can be sure it's the Irish Mead inside they're talkin' about.
So if you're lookin' for a fine pipefull, ask your local man for a packet of Irish Mead.
He's bound to have some – under the counter.

ST164

# Strange Encounter

*There they were above the town, apparently hovering, a row of bright, pulsating lights. I don't think I'm being melodramatic when I say my heart skipped a beat. Up to this point I hadn't given a thought to our sighting anything unusual. Now my mind was racing, the old adrenalin pumping.*

By Quentin Fogarty
UFO witness and reporter

*Photograph of the Orion Nebula*
© *Anglo-Australian Observatory 1979*

## THE EXPERT VIEW

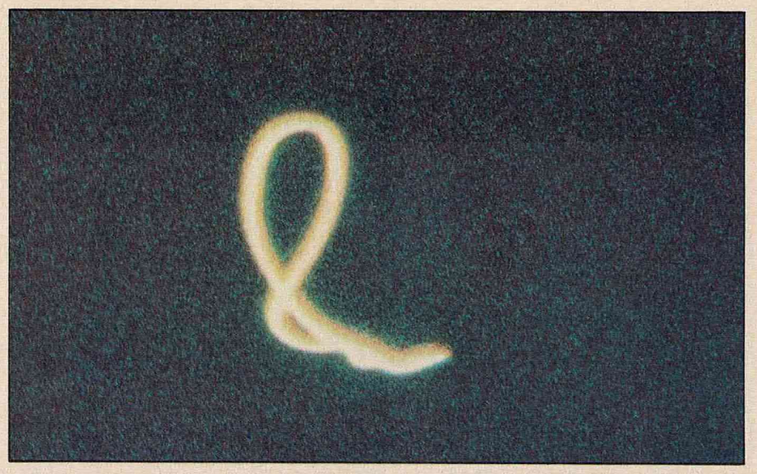
*On New Year's Eve last year the occupants of an Argosy freight plane flying down the east coast of New Zealand's South Island encountered something out of this world. Bright objects dogged the flight from a short distance away.*

*Inside the plane, freelance movie team David and Ngaire Crockett captured the world's first authenticated film of an unidentified flying object. This film has become the basis of an investigation by the American National Investigations Committee on Aerial Phenomena.*

*The organisation, which had never before endorsed a UFO film as genuine, was left in no doubt after exhaustive tests that "the evidence in this case points to some new phenomenon that is probably related to other UFO reports". A former astronomical consultant to the US Air Force, Dr J. Allen Hynek, founder of the Centre for UFO Studies, believes "the New Zealand evidence clearly suggests some phenomenon that cannot be explained in ordinary terms".*

*By March this year 20 distinguished scientists and experts in the fields of physics and radar who had seen the film were unable to explain the sighting in conventional terms.*

*Those who saw the objects on that fateful night – the Argosy crew, the Crocketts and television reporter Quentin Fogarty – say their lives have been changed dramatically by the lights, which they are sure were directed by an alien force.*



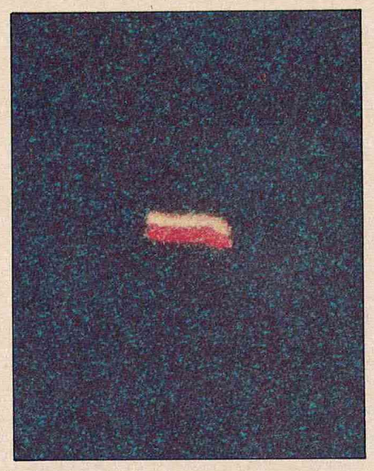
ABOVE: **Fogarty caught this loop on one frame — a 20th of a second — when the object was about 15km from the aircraft.** BELOW LEFT: **"It appears to have a brightly-lit bottom and a transparent sort of sphere on top" — Fogarty's words at the time.** BELOW RIGHT: **"You can safely assume that what you have filmed is the planet Venus," said a spokesman for the RNZAF after press and TV reports of Fogarty's epoch-making flight.**

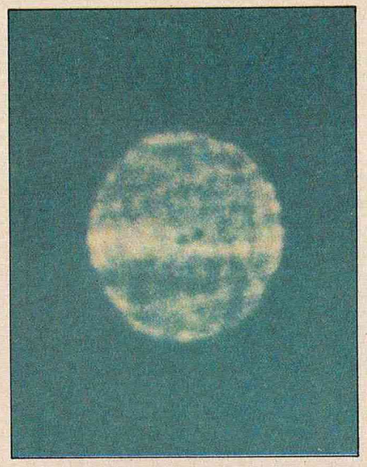
I WOULD be a liar if I said I'd never wished for a scoop of this magnitude. I've been a reporter all my working life, and every second of it I'd waited for a story like this. That night we saw objects in the sky which science has not been able satisfactorily to identify. We observed and filmed unidentified flying objects, and we have never claimed any more than that. We were sceptical, so sceptical in fact that we continued filming in the belly of the plane after our pilot made the first sightings off New Zealand's Kaikoura Coast. "You'd better get up here as soon as possible," he called from the flight deck. We kept on working for another three or four minutes before we headed up the stairs and saw the lights that were to change our lives.

Our flight in the Argosy freighter last New Year's Eve may one day prove to have been a landmark in the history of mankind. Now it's just a mystery — a bloody incredible, mind-boggling mystery. What worries me is the way in which the reporting of this mystery has disrupted so many lives, including my own, and driven a wedge through so many good friendships. I'll explain all this in due course, but let's begin at the beginning.

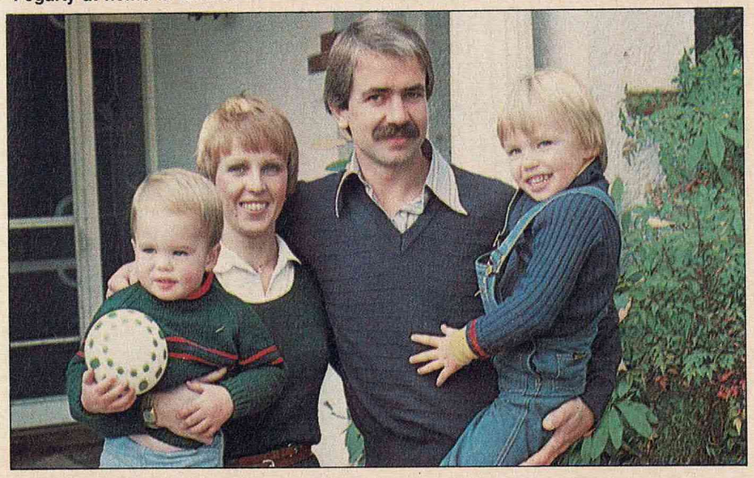
Last December I was working as a news reporter on Melbourne's Channel 0, enjoying that strange semi-star status afforded TV newsmen. (People recognise the face but haven't a clue who you are.) I had holidays coming up and, on December 20, my wife, Sue, our two little boys, Daniel and Benny, and I flew to Auckland for three weeks of sightseeing and visiting relatives. We hired a car and drove down to Sue's parents' home in the Wairarapa district of the lower North Island. Christmas was a quiet affair. On the television news one night there was a story about a UFO sighting off the South Island. My ears pricked up a little (I'd done my first UFO story, about the disappearance of young Melbourne pilot Frederick Valentich, just a few weeks before) but, what with the beer and the Christmas pud, I soon forgot it. Then, on Boxing Day, my office found me in the Wairarapa.

Could I check out the New Zealand UFO sightings for a possible story? my chief of staff wanted to know. Well, of course I could, but I was supposed to be on holiday, my first in quite a while. I foolishly agreed and put the phone down. Over the next few days I pieced together the story of the December 21 sightings, hired a film crew and arranged to reconstruct the flight of the principal witness, Captain Vern Powell, an Argosy pilot employed by Safe Air of Blenheim. The deeper I dug, the better the story looked. I spoke to John Cordy, a Wellington air traffic controller on duty at the time of the sightings, who said there were things on his radar screen he couldn't explain. Cordy impressed me as a man not given to flights of fancy. He and workmate Andy Herd had picked up a radar





ABOVE LEFT: **Wellington Radar warned Fogarty's aircraft that something was following — about 3km behind.** ABOVE CENTRE: **Not a cosmic hotdog — the streaking is caused by camera movement. Two distinct light sources can be seen.** ABOVE RIGHT: **Scientists believe this is an out-of-focus image, though it was featured by Channel 0 in its early news bulletins.** BELOW: **Fogarty at home in Melbourne with his wife, Sue, and children, Daniel and Benjamin.**



return about the size of a passenger aircraft in the middle of Cook Strait. They knew of no aircraft in that vicinity. Intrigued, they tracked its course south-east for 90km. Then, mysteriously, the object seemed to stop while continuing to appear on the radar screen.

Air traffic radar does not pick up stationary objects, so it had to be oscillating or moving up and down. Cordy and Herd then noticed other unidentified targets off the Kaikoura coast of the South Island. A telephone call from the control tower at Blenheim Airport, just across Cook Strait, confirmed that there were strange lights in the sky. A south-bound Argosy freighter reported white lights which were later to be confirmed on radar. Blenheim police started receiving calls from people who had seen lights in the direction of the Kaikoura coast. Cordy and Herd, watching their screens, were totally bewildered. John Cordy remembered that Safe Air had a night freight run about to take off from Blenheim for Christchurch. He contacted Captain Vern Powell, a pilot of 36 years' experience, gave him the radar position of the objects and asked him to keep a lookout. As he climbed through cloud at 7500ft, Powell saw the light exactly where it had been reported. As UFO encounters go, it was a good one, but the events of the evening didn't end there. As Powell headed south, the object followed him while Cordy and Herd tracked it on radar for 20km before it disappeared from the screen.

On Saturday, December 30, my family and I drove to Wellington from the Wairarapa. Sue and the boys dropped me off at the home of David and Ngaire Crockett, a freelance camera team I'd hired for the story, and continued on to Wellington Airport. The plan was for them to take a commercial flight to Christchurch, where I'd meet them the following morning. I'd arranged with Safe Air for the Crocketts and me to travel on the Argosy Saturday night paper run and reconstruct Vern Powell's flight. David and I worked out our shooting schedule and, later that afternoon, the three of us caught a Friendship flight to the Safe Air base at Blenheim. We touched down just after five and took a cab to Powell's house for the interview we felt would be the centrepiece of our story.

Captain Powell proved to be an ideal subject, articulate and obviously tickled pink with all the attention. As the camera rolled, I asked him if he'd been scared.

He gave an honest answer: "Not really. I've come to the conclusion that these things are around the world, and if they were going to hurt anyone they would have done it long before now." More than anything, he was excited. After 36 years' flying he had finally seen something he couldn't explain.

When we left Powell's house for the airport I was pretty pleased with our progress. We had a great story. All we needed now were some night-flying sequences.

We were late. Captain Bill Startup and his co-pilot, Bob Guard, were clock-watching when we arrived at the Safe Air Offices just before 10pm. There wasn't much time for formal introductions and thankfully they weren't necessary. Startup, a short, fatherly sort of bloke with a dry sense of humor, seemed a little bemused by the whole thing. Guard was younger and more reserved. Both men had obviously been told to give us all the assistance they could. We were in the air shortly after 10 o'clock, David Crockett in the spare seat on the flight deck, Ngaire Crockett and I strapped in the loading bay.

In 20 minutes we were at Wellington. We grabbed a cup of tea in the terminal while Christchurch's order of Sunday newspapers was loaded on to the plane. I went over the night's filming again in my mind. It was pretty

straightforward stuff – a segment inside the Argosy followed by some landshots of the Kaikoura coast the following morning. But I'd never worked with the husband and wife Crockett team before, and I wanted to get it right the first time. David, an experienced cameraman, seemed to have his act together. I just hoped Ngaire could overcome her fear of flying and handle the sound recording.

We took off for Christchurch and headed out across Cook Strait and down the north-east coast of the South Island. David, Ngaire and I got to work in the belly of the aircraft. The gear was set up amongst the piles of newspapers and I spoke to the camera: "We're now approaching the Clarence River area, where the heaviest concentration of UFOs was sighted on December 21. We're at an altitude of 14,000ft and we're on exactly the same route taken by Captain Powell when he encountered those mysterious objects. It's a beautiful, clear night outside, and naturally we'll be looking out for anything unusual." I smiled as we finished that bit. I felt it was good, dramatic television, but David Crockett wanted to do another take.

As he made ready, Bill Startup left his seat on the flight deck and poked his head down the stairway. Crockett, like most cameramen, has very definite ideas about his craft, and he wanted to finish the take. I hurried through my lines and bolted up the stairs. Startup and Guard were peering out the front right side of the plane. They pointed out the lights of Kaikoura township in the distance, and above the town a row of bright, pulsating lights.

While we'd been filming, Startup and Guard had radioed Wellington Radar and asked if they were picking up any targets. Radar had confirmed they were picking up returns in the area. I remember looking at the lights and thinking they looked like Chinese lanterns strung up in the trees which line the town. But these lights were much higher than the trees and, on closer inspection, they weren't above the town but slightly out to sea.

David had his camera on the flight deck and was desperately trying to film the objects. It wasn't easy. At times there were six or seven in a row, then one would fade and disappear and another would grow and pulsate. Focusing was almost impossible. We were all getting pretty excited. I remember thinking that no one would ever believe this unless we got it on film. "Captain Startup, Davy Crockett and Quentin Fogarty last night encountered UFOs while bringing the Sunday papers into Christchurch." A likely story. I would have laughed out loud, but it might have been construed as hysteria. And at this stage we were more fascinated than afraid.

When I finally got used to the light show out the window the newsman in me took over. I grabbed my tape recorder and blurted into it: "It's fairly hard to describe my feelings at the moment, but we've probably seen six or seven or even more bright lights over Kaikoura and a number of these have been picked up by Wellington Radar. We're turning around to see if we can get a clearer sight . . . it really is just a little strange and a little eerie."

Back at Wellington, air traffic controller Geoff Causer's radar screen was lighting up like a Christmas tree, though our Argosy was the only aircraft in the area. At 12.30am radar informed Captain Startup there was a target about 3km behind us. It moved to 6km back and then disappeared off the screen. Another target then appeared for about 35 seconds, then disappeared. Wellington radar told the crew that the return from the aircraft had doubled in size for almost a minute. A short time later Guard turned around and told us: "Radar says we've got an object about a mile behind and it's following us." My legs went to jelly and for the first time I considered the possibility of death. Nothing was said, of course. Bill Startup was excited, but calm. David had thrown himself completely into the job of filming the lights. Only Ngaire, crouched behind Startup at the controls of my tape recorder, seemed to share my fears. She told me later that she'd been impelled to do some serious soul searching.

The feelings we were experiencing weren't helped when Startup twice turned the plane 360 degrees in a vain bid to see what was on our tail. As we began our descent into Christchurch the feeling returned to my legs. I even felt elated. We'd witnessed something incredible. Before we landed, Bill Startup called over his shoulder: "Do you want to come back up with us for another look?"

I wasn't at all sure about Startup's invitation. The adrenalin rush had been fantastic – after it was over. But it was rather like an orgasm, and I didn't know if I was ready for another. David Crockett was keen to go on the return leg, although Ngaire had made it quite clear that nothing would get her back on board the Argosy. We headed off to the radar room for a cup of coffee and, as my fear receded into recent history, I made up my mind to go back for the encore.

I phoned Denis Grant, a journalist friend with whom Sue and the boys were staying. Denis answered, and I told him what had happened. "You're kidding," he said. I told him I was not. There was a long pause. Then Denis said he'd be straight out to see me. I could sense what was coming next. He and Sue arrived a short time later and Denis put it on me.

"How about it?" he asked.

"Shit, Denis. I really don't know," I said. I didn't want to share this story with anyone.

"If you don't ask Startup, I will."

Reluctantly I agreed to let him fly back to Blenheim with us. Bill Startup had no objections. Denis would take Ngaire's place.

I kissed Sue goodbye and climbed aboard. Denis and I strapped into the loading bay and we took off at 2.15am. Two minutes later Startup, Guard and Crockett on the flight deck realised we had company again. By the time Denis and I had made it up the stairs Captain Startup had confirmed a target off our starboard wing on the aircraft radar. As we climbed through 4000ft, we broke through the top of the cloud and David began filming. Initially, I saw two bright objects, one above the other, but as we climbed higher I lost sight of the lower one. Maybe it was just a reflection on the water. The higher object appeared to be travelling with us, although slightly lower.

Bill Startup first thought he was looking at the moon, but the moon was behind him. Denis and I remember it as a round, bright light. David Crockett saw it through his lens as a transparent sphere with a glowing base. We kept on our northerly track until we were about 60km from Christchurch. With the object still off our starboard wing, Bill Startup decided to put it to the test. Denis was the first to know. He beckoned me over. "The bastard's going to aim straight for it and see what happens," he said, somewhat shaken. I shrugged my shoulders. I was certainly in shock, but I was beyond fear. Denis was going through what I had felt on the first leg. He was worried that the object might regard our move as an act of aggression.

Startup put the Argosy into a 90-degree turn and headed toward the object. Denis Grant specifically recalls seeing the object in front of the plane just after our turn, about 2.30am. Bob Guard believes the object disappeared from radar as we turned and that we may have overflown it. At this point the object was being picked up by neither Christchurch nor Wellington radar. At other times during the morning, targets were picked up by ground radar, and on several occasions our sightings were confirmed by both ground and aircraft radar. It seemed that these objects, whatever they were, had the ability to appear on radar as they saw fit. It was very unnerving. As we continued on our new course

"Actually, I just wondered if I could use your bathroom."

I watched the object appear in front of us. With the tape recorder on, I kept up an excited commentary: "It's going down, it's now moving towards the front of the aircraft, or maybe we're moving towards it, I can't really tell . . . it's now practically level with us . . . an incredible sight . . . now just below us, in front and below." David Crockett continued to film until the object dropped from sight. We were heading for South America and Bill Startup decided we'd better get back on course for Blenheim. As he made the turn the object moved in front of us, then moved below and appeared to drop beneath the right side of the plane.

Startup continued to pick up radar returns all the way to Blenheim, but he kept silent. He assumed, correctly, that we'd had enough of UFOs for one night. During this lull in outside activity something equally strange happened inside the plane. I became aware of the light coming up the stairwell from the cargo hold below. I felt a presence in the back of the plane. I turned to look down the stairs and my eyes met Denis's. We said nothing. I don't think we really had to.

Bill Startup parked the Argosy at Safe Air and we drove along the country road to his home. We should have been elated, but there was a certain uneasiness – as if we all expected the car to stop and something to relieve us of our film. By 4.30am we were in Bill's living room, brandies in hand. Bill went off to check Blenheim police for UFO reports while we told and retold our story to his wife, Shirley. The strangeness wouldn't go away. We suddenly noticed a shadowy figure pass by the glass doors of the living room. I went outside to investigate but there was no one there. Of course it could have been the reflection of something inside the house. I really don't know. I do know we were all beginning to show signs of emotional wear and tear.

We watched the dawn break, then left for Kaikoura with Shirley Startup. Ngaire Crockett had hired a car and would meet us and drive us to Christchurch. By the time we reached Kaikoura late in the morning Christchurch radio was going crazy over our story. The word was getting out fast. We arrived at Christchurch about 4pm, and I phoned Channel 0. They wanted me back in Melbourne that night and had even considered hiring a Learjet. The accountant's mentality prevailed and I was booked on a late commercial flight. They were worried that defence authorities might try to confiscate the film. Paranoia was already rampant.

I saw the New Year in twice, flying over the Tasman and then standing in the customs queue at Tullamarine. As the customs doors swung open I saw my workmates waiting to greet me. I held the film above my head and smiled. I was exhausted, still in shock but feeling incredibly high. Back in one piece with the story of the century! We drove across town to the Channel 0 studios to start the night's work. At the studio I first sought a verbal assurance, in front of witnesses, that the film was mine. The senior man on duty gave me that assurance. I handed the film to the processor and went off for a celebratory drink.

When the film was ready I asked that only the film editor and two others be present for the first viewing. I still had this weird feeling that our film would show nothing, that somehow what we'd seen would fail to appear on film. It was tense in that little room as the image flickered onto the screen. The first reel was the southbound flight. I waited for the lights of Kaikoura to appear, followed by the row of UFOs. There was nothing, apart from anxious looks inside the viewing room. Finally David's camera picked up an object, but it danced all over the screen. It could have been anything. Suddenly I was very, very tired. We tried the second reel. The film ran through. Stop it there, I heard myself screaming. Play that again, frame by frame. Geronimo! We'd got the bastards. I ran out into the newsroom, screaming with joy and relief. The place erupted and 15 people jammed into the room to watch as our film traced the path of those strange, bright, flickering lights.

We worked all night, putting our film together. We had three items to prepare, one for the BBC, one for CBS in the States and one for our own news that night. I sat down at a typewriter and tried to write the scripts. My head was spinning and at 8am I had to be helped back to an office where two couches had been pushed together to make a bed. I put my head down and was out like a light. It had been 50 long, sleepless hours.

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Months later, the New Year's Eve sightings were still deeply affecting the lives of those involved. Quentin Fogarty admitted himself to a private hospital on the afternoon of January 2, following an exhausting series of confrontations with Channel 0 management over copyright of the David Crockett film. Later in the month he resigned from the channel and flew back to New Zealand to work with David Crockett on a documentary about the sightings. He returned to Channel 0 in February to work with producer Leonard Lee on a UFO documentary. In March, when the NICAP investigation into the sightings had concluded, he flew to the US and was present at a New York press conference on March 26 when the Crockett film was endorsed as genuine. Late in April he resigned again from Channel 0 to start work on a book about his UFO experiences.

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David and Ngaire Crockett finished a documentary about the sightings in May and sold it, in partnership with Quentin Fogarty, to Channel 0. However, at the time of the sale the Crocketts were corresponding with Fogarty through a solicitor.

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Leonard Lee, the Channel 0 producer who took over work on the UFO documentaries, flew to the US in January as a guest of the sensationalist tabloid *National Enquirer*. He left with the Crockett film handcuffed to his wrist in the hope that he could pick up the newspaper's prize for the first confirmed UFO sighting. He returned empty-handed. At the time of writing he was still working on a major UFO documentary. Sources close to Channel 0 said proprietor Sir Reginald Ansett believed the object in the Crockett film was Venus. "My pilots see it all the time and never report it," he is alleged to have said.

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Channel 0 manager Max Stuart, who was involved in the station's initial negotiations over copyright of the film taken by David Crockett, took his annual holidays during January. When he returned, the channel had found a new manager.

### THE LOST MINUTES

*Dr Bruce Maccabee's investigation on behalf of NICAP revealed yet another mystifying aspect of the flight of the Argosy. By monitoring the course of the aircraft on ground radar, Maccabee found that Captain Startup had changed course and headed towards the object for only 30 seconds. According to radar, within one minute he was back on course for Blenheim. All of those on board claim the Argosy was off course for at least five minutes, and Fogarty's taped comments indicate that they were "headed for South America" for four minutes before turning back. The mystery remains unsolved, though Maccabee has advanced the theory that the Argosy's occupants experienced a time warp.*



# SEEING DOUBLE

*they're not a breakthrough in cloning, but a beautiful pair – just as nature made them*

NO, folks, you are not seeing double – and it's not done with mirrors, either. Helen and Anne Willoughby are identical twins – in more ways than one. Not only do the two 19-year-old lovelies look the same; they also have the same interests: sailing, jazz ballet, jogging and reading, particularly love stories. They left the smoke stacks of Newcastle, NSW, for the bright lights of Sydney to look for fun and excitement. The twins spend much of their leisure time getting back to nature aboard a 10-metre ketch.

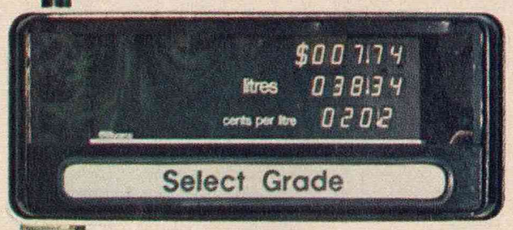
Photography by Brett Hilder

*"when anne was still at school in newcastle and i was in sydney, i was constantly aware of her feelings and emotions; but now we are trying to be a bit more independent"*

"WE intend going sailing in an 18-metre ketch around the islands and then up to Europe and across to America," says Anne. "We will make our money by taking rich tourists on pleasure trips." The girls have close psychic communication. "When Anne was still at school in Newcastle and I was living in Sydney I was constantly aware of her feelings and emotions towards her school work, so much so that I became depressed and worried," says Helen. "Sometimes the mental pain was so hard to take that I would burst into tears." Although still close, the twins say they are going their different ways. "We were inseparable a couple of months ago, but now we are trying to be a bit more independent," says Anne. "I think we're growing up a bit now."

# SAYING IT WITH NUMBERS

*these days, everyone is getting the led out*




*modern living*

by JOHN HAMPSHIRE

**Petrol pump by Gilbarco has touch sensor panel for dollar amount or fill.**

AS ANY politician knows, you need the numbers to survive. These days, numbers are just as important to electronics manufacturers. This is the age of saying it with numbers, with snappy light-emitting diode (LED) or slinky liquid crystal display (LCD) digital readouts used in areas as diverse as petrol pumps, pulse rate monitors and micrometers. Digital readout is a must when multi-decimal precision is needed.

This demand for precision was responsible for the birth of digital readout in the computer industry. By today's standards, the early system – called decade tubes – was about as sophisticated as a flint axe. If you needed an eight-digit display, each digit place had to contain 10 individual elements (from 0 to 9) to be switched on as required – a total of 80 elements.

It worked. It was also hard to read, used a lot of power and was cumbersome. The first display-type calculator imported here, a desk-top model, used the decade tube system. It was larger than some electric typewriters, cost about $1300, had fewer functions than today's ubiquitous pocket machine and used as much power as some television sets. This was about 10 years ago.

Enter the printed circuit and microprocessor technology, which allowed complex functions and LED displays to be packaged in small areas and powered by tiny amounts of current.

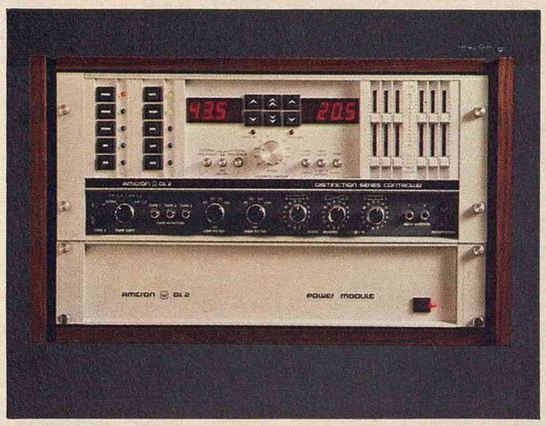
Digital display is now the most obvious manifestation of the technical revolution wrought by the mighty microprocessor, whose tiny silicon-chip soldiers have swept the world with the ability to cram amazingly complex functions into tiny spaces.

Few digital watches tell only the time. Most include functions such as day, date, stopwatch and alarm. Calculators barely bigger than a credit card include all these timekeeping functions as well as out-performing larger machines.

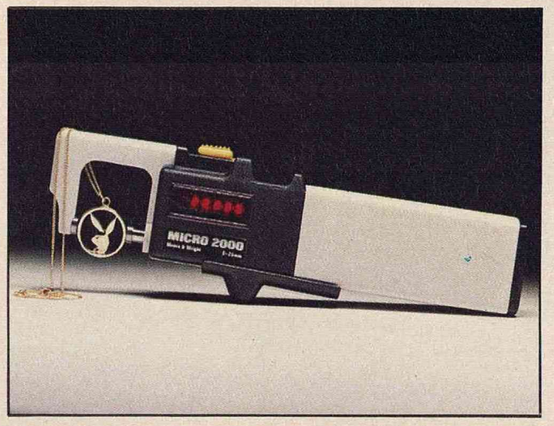
Other digital display systems exist, such as bright orange gas-illuminated figures, or the electromagnetically-produced figures used when clarity and visibility from a distance are needed, but by far the most popular are the LED and LCD types – particularly in the booming games field. Chess, draughts, backgammon and all sorts of attack and defence games using moving displays are some of the options.

Business or pleasure, it's all the same. If you don't have the numbers yet, you will soon.



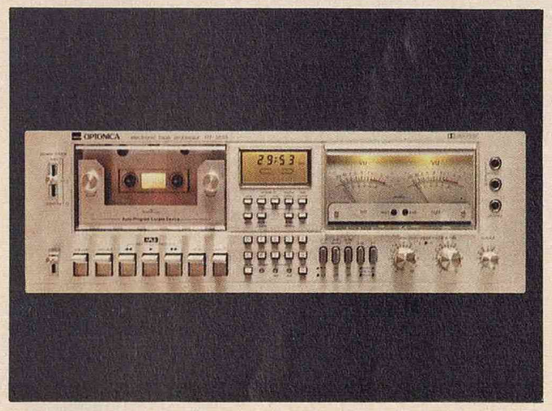



**Amcron DL2 Power Module control unit, here linked with Amcron DC300A amp and Crown EQ2 graphic equaliser. LED display lets you juggle power through channels. About $2750.**




**Moore and Wright Micro 2000 micrometer designed by Patscentre and distributed throughout Australia by Neill Tools for $295. It's accurate to 1/1000th of a millimetre.**

**Technics SL400 turntable with variable pitch (turntable speed). Available for $579 from selected stereo stores. LED readout indicates initial speed chosen and percentage variation.**




**Sharp Optonica, the world's only microprocessor-controlled cassette tape deck. About $500. LCD readout features clock, elapsed track time, tape counter and track locator functions.**

**International Monitel telephone trunk call cost monitor to let you know price of STD and ISD calls. Also a digital clock. Available in UK and may soon be available here for $60-$70.**

**Sanyo AM/FM car stereo radio cassette with frequency readout. Automatic channel searcher with variable sensitivity, quartz digital clock, touch sensors. About $600 when available.**

# YOU'RE UNDER **ARREST!**

*top lawyer frank galbally outlines the etiquette to follow if you're swept into the long arms of the law*

**WHEN you are confronted by an arresting, investigating or just plain curious policeman, be charming, be polite, don't run off at the mouth, bend the knee and be flattering. According to Melbourne barrister**

Photography by Colin Stead

Frank Galbally, nothing is more sure to heat up a cool cop than disrespect or anger towards him. Galbally has defended in some 300 murder cases and, at 56, is the most colorful criminal lawyer in Australia. He knows the so-called rights attached to average citizens by our legal system and also that, just as law-abiding citizens sometimes break the law, so ordinary police officers sometimes break their standing orders. Nearly all policemen stick by the rules, but if you take Galbally's views on board, the officer, being human, might feel a glow of sympathy and altruism and bend them your way ... to your everlasting advantage.

We believe you should know your rights; we also feel you should understand the practical side of police contact, particularly the arresting side. So remember the first rule: always be polite. Galbally says people do funny things when confronted by a policeman. Embarrassment is usually the first reaction, and he recalls the case of a young girl who was seen by police scrambling out of some bushes in a park at night. "Are you all right?" asked the friendly neighborhood cop.

"Yes," replied the girl. Then the constable noticed she was clutching some underwear.

"Have you been sexually assaulted, miss?"

"Yes, thank you," came the reply.

Later, when a man appeared in court on a rape charge resulting from the incident, the girl admitted that she had made the reply, though she had really meant to lodge a complaint. Says Galbally: "This example illustrates the need to be careful when first confronted by a policeman. He may merely be making a routine inquiry, and there is no need to get hot and bothered and start abusing him.

"If you're pulled up by a traffic patrol, don't tell the officer he should have pulled up four other cars as well. Address him by rank above him and he will immediately be flattered. He may even let you off with a caution.

"Smile and tell him that if you have made a mistake, you're sorry. If you think there is no basis for his allegation, stay calm, but make him note down then and there that you disagree with him and that you have committed no offence."

In more serious matters, the Council for Civil Liberties advises that you remember you are innocent until found guilty in court. The onus is on police to prove you committed a crime. When you are being questioned, you are not required to say anything that may incriminate you.

Galbally says this right to silence is fundamental and can in no way be used against you as evidence of guilt. But he warns: "Smart alecs get themselves into a lot of trouble by answering some questions and refusing to answer others. If you choose to answer some questions and then make the wisecrack 'no comment', it can be asked later why you did not deny your guilt when you chose to answer some questions and not others.

"Some people like to imitate the wise guys of film and television, but it gets them into all sorts of bother."

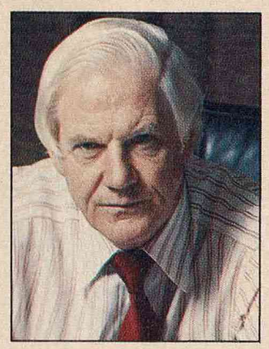
Juries, says Galbally, are impressed by consistency. "If you have an innocent or reasonable explanation to give, do so as concisely as possible. You don't have to be detailed and it's best not to be until you get legal advice. But if you've laid the foundation of your defence on the spot, you're more than half way home."

Civil Liberties experts say you are not obliged under any circumstances to answer questions or make a statement on criminal matters. This applies whether the police inquiries are part of a routine check-up, whether they arise in the course of a police visit to your home to ask questions, or whether they are made after you have been arrested.

They maintain arrests cannot be justified merely for the purpose of asking questions. Moreover, if you are not under arrest, you are not obliged to go with a policeman to a police station for questioning.

Galbally's advice, if it's a long and complicated story, is: "Say 'I'm not guilty of the offence and I am quite prepared to tell you the whole story, but I am upset now and I want my lawyer's assistance so I can make sure that what I say is not in any way misrepresented and that I give the

## THE GALBALLY RECORD



Francis Eugene Galbally is widely regarded as Australia's leading criminal defence lawyer.

His first important case was to win the acquittal of a policeman charged with shooting his wife; he was the first defence lawyer to use the defence of automatism in the reported decision R. v Carter to obtain an acquittal, and the first lawyer successfully to use the defence of gross stress reaction in R. v Milesi. Recently he obtained the acquittal of a former Miss Australia's brother, William Krope, who allegedly shot his father 27 times with a rifle. Galbally was educated at St Patrick's College, East Melbourne, and Melbourne University. He served overseas with the RAN in World War Two and has practised mainly in the courts of Victoria, Canberra and the High Court of Australia.

Although concerned largely in the criminal jurisdiction, he has earned international recognition with his work in the cause of people regarded as politically oppressed or disadvantaged. He obtained the release of former Melbourne postman John Zaab on the basis of objection to active duty in the Vietnam war and was first president of the Australian Society for Democracy in Greece. He coordinated efforts throughout the western world for the release of many of the military junta's prisoners, including well-known musician Mikis Theodorakis.

Galbally supported efforts to enable writer Wilfred Burchett to visit his family in Australia after the government had refused official permission, and attended the trial of an Asian student in Singapore which was generally regarded as a political persecution.

Galbally has been decorated three times by the Italian Government and was made a Commander of the British Empire in 1977. He is the author of several important legal papers, is married, with eight children, and lives at East Ivanhoe. He is a former player, life member and patron of Collingwood Australian Rules football club.

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The Council for Civil Liberties was established throughout Australia in 1963 to investigate matters involving freedom of speech, publication, assembly and organisation as well as police conduct, censorship, immigration, naturalisation and arbitrary discrimination and deprivation of liberty of all kinds. Membership details through the CCL office at PO Box 201, Glebe, NSW 2037.

"Henry, you've forgotten your raincoat."

whole story. Please get me a lawyer'." You are entitled by law to have your lawyer present as soon as he can get to you. Most police respect this right, just as they respect the right to silence. The Council for Civil Liberties reinforces Galbally's view in its booklet, *If You Are Arrested.* Its experts say the best course is to keep asking for a lawyer, relative or friend to be present – and deny your guilt. The council says every word spoken to a policeman, no matter how casually, can be used in court as readily as a signed statement. For a suspect there is no such thing as speaking confidentially or conversing off the record.

Then again, if you are arrested, do not lose your temper or allow yourself to be rattled. Do not try to be smart or rude – you are not in a position to score verbal points.

*What if you feel your rights are being infringed?*

Galbally warns that some police get upset when they think you are frustrating their investigation.

"If this happens, ask to see the senior officer or, if there is no one at the police station, ask for the senior divisional officer immediately.

"If you don't appear to be getting anywhere, ask for some paper or the complaints book and record the fact that you are not being given your rights and that, until you are, you refuse to discuss the matter.

"If you have any doubt as to how an incident or your behavior is best explained, exercise your right to silence and say: 'I want legal advice first, then I will give you the full version'."

Police cannot compel you to give them fingerprints or take part in an identification parade. However, if you have nothing to fear, it is always best to co-operate.

*Have identification parades led to injustice?*

Galbally thinks so. "The greatest number of convictions later corrected have been due to wrongful identification. In some cases the people wrongly identifying the accused have even been relatives. People have spent more than 10 years in jail on false identification evidence. So although you have nothing to fear, you must be aware that mistakes have been made in the past and could be made again in your case."

*What about matters like fraud?*

"Police may come to investigate some crimes which require a good deal of technical explanation, such as alleged fraud, forgery or passing worthless cheques. In all these cases you should tell the police you will be most co-operative with them and allow them access to all documents, but only after you have a chance to go through your own documents first and explain your conduct.

"However, the police do have a right under certain circumstances to arrest you and take you from your own home or own office. If they in fact tell you they are arresting you, then you must not resist. You must go with them, but again you need not say anything until they give you the opportunity to do what I have said above."

*What if they want to take papers or documents?*

"Police also may have the right to seize certain papers. To do this they may have a search and seizure document. Again, you must co-operate, but you should note every document they take, photostat them if possible, and get a receipt from them for each document or article. You are entitled to this."

*Supposing you are charged with an offence and engage a lawyer. What should you tell him?*

"You are in no way obliged to admit your guilt to him, if you are in fact guilty. The question of guilt is one for the jury or magistrate, as the case may be, alone. There are circumstances giving rise to criminal charges which may be viewed by some magistrates or juries as amounting to guilt, but viewed by other magistrates and juries as not amounting to guilt. Your lawyer must not be the judge of your guilt or innocence."

*What if you want to plead guilty?*

"Certainly, if you wish to plead guilty you should tell your lawyer. The majority of people charged with criminal offences do in fact plead guilty either to a specific charge or a lesser charge. It is your lawyer's duty then to put your case in its best possible light. Indeed you may well think you are guilty of an offence and tell your lawyer so. But after he has studied all the facts, and the law, he may advise you to plead not guilty, because your belief may have been based on an erroneous idea of the law or other pertinent factors."

*Are you bound to a lawyer's advice?*

"In no way. Even though you have told your lawyer that you wish to plead not guilty and he thinks you are guilty (and he should not do this; he should merely advise you that in his opinion you will be found guilty), you do not have to accept his advice. It will be his duty as well as his right to defend you providing, of course, he does so within the bounds of truth and honesty."

*How does a lawyer stand in relation to the law?*

"Just like any other citizen, he must obey the law. For example, never ask him to call witnesses who you indicate to him are not truthful. Again, he is not the judge of whether your witness is telling the truth, but he may advise you that your witness will not be believed. This is often the case in calling alibi witnesses. I have seen persons I believe to be innocent convicted of a crime because they have insisted in calling witnesses whose evidence has been inadequate and who are unable to stand up to a clever prosecutor. They have made stupid mistakes either through faulty memory or unsatisfactory demeanor."

*How does a lawyer stand in relation to his client?*

"Your conversations, and everything that passes between you and your lawyer concerning your defence and any other advice that you seek from him as to your legal rights and situation, are absolutely privileged. He is bound not to disclose any of the matters you have told him, except with your permission. You and you alone are the only person who can waive that right to your absolute privilege. You are entitled to insist that all of your communications with your lawyer are in absolute secrecy. Privilege which exists between you and your lawyer is quite unique and is far more absolute than that which exists between you and your doctor.

"Do not mislead your lawyer in areas where you can be found to be false. It would be absurd to tell your lawyer you did not have any prior convictions when you had one, even 20 years previously. Your lawyer may not be efficient enough to check on that sort of thing, and he may represent you as a man who has never been in any trouble before, on your instructions, only to find you shot down in flames by being confronted in the witness box by the prosecutor with the allegation that you were in fact convicted, even so many years ago."

Galbally claims that a lawyer should be your alter ego. He says he should be a man of compassion, understanding, wide experience and wisdom. However, he cannot alter the facts, though he can show that a witness is not speaking the truth or not giving an accurate account. He cannot alter the law, but he can put such a complexion on your case that the charges against you may not be proven beyond reasonable doubt.

The Council for Civil Liberties says there is a tendency for any person accused of an offence to think he has no need for a lawyer, and that his innocence will protect him. This is a mistake, and overlooks the fact that evidence against an accused person may be false as well as true. Representation by a lawyer will reduce the risk of a miscarriage of justice.



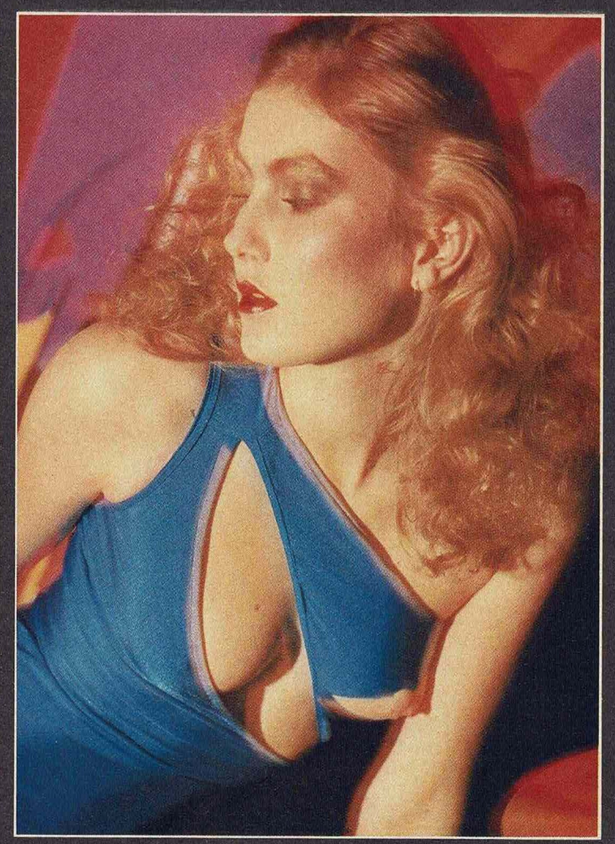
# ONE-NIGHT STAND

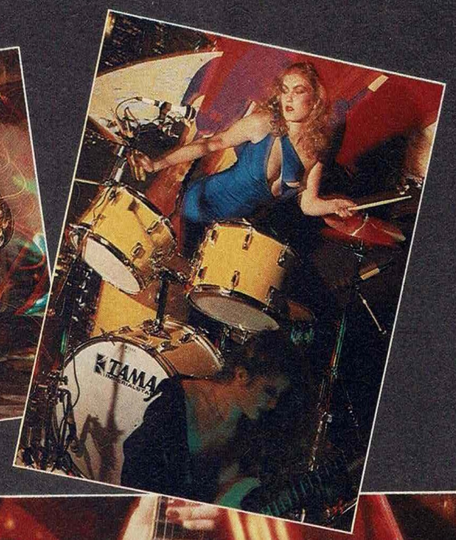
. . . with playboy's own all-girl rock band

Photography by Brett Hilder

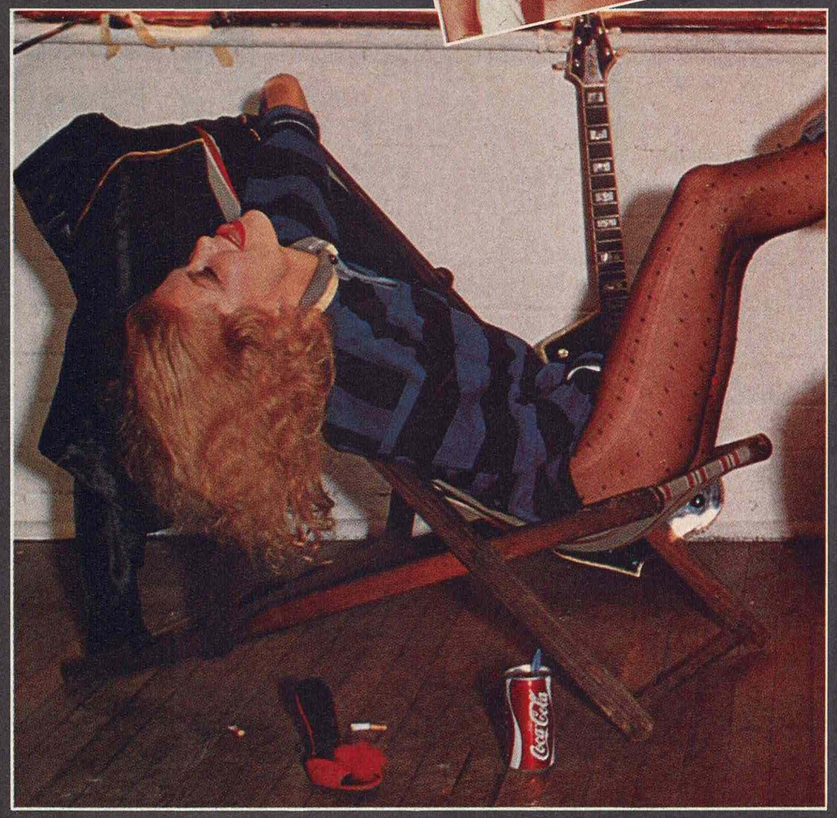
Rock and roll, we're giving you the best years of our lives... but it's not all give. We take our fair share of liberties, like travelling to the gig in style. Don't stop, Jeeves, the autograph hunters will tear us to pieces. Stage door, thank you.

Safe inside, and the audience is screaming for us. Well, we've never been known to give anything less than our best. Here goes.





Our act is hot and sensual. Cynthia on Sax, Sally on drums, Melody on vocals, and me, little ole Lusty Dusty, on anything I can lay my hands on.



After the gig it's so good to relax, to settle back in the dressing room with a drink and a smoke. And it's never very long before we've got company. Those guys in the third row looked ready for anything. Who knows what the night has in store?

# ADULTERY COMES OF AGE

*humor* **By RON SAW**

*a handy guide to pleasures and pitfalls of an ancient game that everybody these days seems to be playing*

Illustration by Roger Roberts

I DON'T know what it's like in your pub, but in mine nobody talks about adultery any more.

Adultery is a po-faced word, but I use it because more familiar terms can be misinterpreted, and more pedantic ones are simply unnerving.

(In some strange, no doubt Freudian way, "extramarital relations" makes me think of coupling, or trying to couple, with my wife's Uncle Ernest: a grisly prospect. "Sexual delinquency" suggests scuttling on all fours, in the street, after dogs or horses, or ragged orphans. And "lubricity" brings to

mind a sex act in a service station, with a greasy floor and clanking jacks and spanners. But I digress.)

I refer not to plain tomcatting or screwing about, which more and more are the fields of single men and women, but to plain, old-fashioned adultery: sexual congress with a woman other than your wife – or with a man other than your husband; the incidence is less but the same rules apply.

There was a time when it was easily the most popular and indeed inexhaustible topic in any pub group. Those who hadn't a tale to tell about last night's dalliance were planning, more excitedly with every drink, tonight's.

I don't say that everybody was at it – I'm not sure there wouldn't have been grounds for police action had that been the case – but there was a permanent core of enthusiastic adulterers to whom an afternoon or an evening in the pub was inevitably the prelude to a night on the tiles.

"Okay, where's the action? Harry's got a barrel? Good-oh. Got enough women? Molly. Dolly. Polly. And Pyrotechnic-pants Pamela. You coming Pyro? Four's not enough. Somebody get on to a bulk store."

The "bulk store" in almost any Australian city was the nurses' quarters of the biggest general hospital.

You simply called up, asked for "half a dozen girls who'd like to go to a party", and picked them up half an hour later. Today you'd be more likely to find the cops waiting, but in those frank, open-faced days the girls came willingly, happily, trustingly; and if the result wasn't always a bedding – there were always a few who thought that a party meant singing and dancing and cutting a cake – at least the essential ingredients had been assembled; and if you didn't make it this time there was always tomorrow night.

Yet there was always, present in even the most unconscionable soul, the matter of the morning: what to say to one's wife. And that depended entirely upon skill and forethought.

The man who stayed reasonably clear of booze had most going for him: he stood the best chance of picking the best and/or most likely piece of goods from the bulk store; he had every chance of getting the whole, happy, carnal business over by a reasonable hour, and if he got home by, say, 2 am he hardly needed an excuse. "Got trapped in the club" or "Jonesy and his damn poker nights!" was enough.

The man who got orry-eyed and, laid or not, awoke at 8.30 am in a strange bed with a totally unknown woman had a problem, or problems: first, get her back to the bulk store; second, get to work; third, call home with a passable excuse. Only the third mattered, but it could be overcome easily by the man who kept his head.

The rule then, as it would be now if anybody was at it any more, was Keep it Vague: "Hello, love. Aaaark. God, I feel frightful. Where was I? Well, it started out to be a birthday drink with Harry and somehow we all had to go on to the rowers' club with him ... then there was rum and some revolting drink called Barney's Breath ... gin, rum, lemon ... well, at least now I can say I've slept on a pile of oars ..."

It's her opinion that he's been on top of a pile of whores, with not a great deal of sleeping, but he's confused her with his talk of Barney's Breath and Harry's birthday and, besides, the kids are screaming and she's got to go ... and that gives him the whole day to tidy up any loose ends, to cut and prune and add to his story. If he wants to go one better, if he's prepared to see expense as an investment in a happier future, he takes her out to dinner and/or a show and performs like a bucking bronco in the nuptial bed for good measure. He never makes the mistake of believing that a strenuous bedding will soothe *all* her cares. But he knows – no matter *what* the attitude of the feminists – that it will soothe a great many of them. And if, as is probable, she loves him as much as he, really, loves her, the rest can be tidied up with an outright lie:

"Sweetie, you ... I mean, you don't go screwing around when you're out late, do you? I mean, *DO* you?"

"Well, you're entitled to think so, I guess. But, on my mother's grave, *NO*, I don't. It really is all blokes together."

"But, well, look, honestly, I wasn't checking up on you, but Jonesy said you *weren't* at his poker party."

"Good old Jonesy. He was just trying to do the right thing. Thought he was covering for me because I lost 50 bucks we can ill afford ..."

But enough of the present.

In Those Days the adulterer enjoyed himself in the best possible way: with neither shame nor conscience. And certainly without trepidation. What had he to fear, anyway? The worst that could befall him was the humiliation of divorce; and though that was bad enough it was, one must concede, a gentle slap on the wrist compared with punishments given to adulterers in the more distant past.

Consider the practices of the Tallensi tribe, of Ghana. A man considered to be an incurable adulterer – that is, a man caught at it more than once – had a leather, later wire, thong knotted tightly around the base of his penis, which bloated, died and eventually dropped off.

Any man caught in adulterery with the wife of the paramount chief of the Ashanti must have wished he could get off so lightly: his punishment was an excruciating surgical death.

*"Ah, there, M'Gonko. That was a splendid job you did on that adulterer last night. Your extrusion of his colon was pretty to watch, and I've always said that nobody scoops out a liver as neatly as you do. But if you don't mind my saying so, I thought you were just a bit slapdash with your trepanning ..."*

The Cheyenne Indians felt that the penalty should be paid by the female partner in adultery: she was subjected to mass rape, though often there must have been confusion over whether it was a penalty or a reward.

*"Ah, there, Rutting Moose. Go to the mass rape last night? I understand the victim was Hot Rattlesnake. Again. Sorry I missed it."*

*"Be glad! Look, I was 27th in the line and she threw herself at me the way she'd thrown herself at the first 26 – shouting 'More! More!' I thought she was going to kill me. After half an hour they had to prise her off me with a stick. She made a pass then at poor old Silver Fur and he came down with a coronary. When we saw her last she was chasing a grizzly bear ..."*

The Comanches were a bit rougher. Catch her in adultery and – snip! Off came her nose.

*"Ah, there, Throbbing Lance. Now did I or did I not tell you I'd find a raver for you? I did and I have. There she is over there: Crazy Filly, the wildest ride in the forest. The one with her back to us. What a figure, eh? Look at those haunches: blushing like ripe melons. Those legs! Like columns of honey pouring from the hive of the wild black bee. Look! She's turning round! Just look at those breasts – like wigwams of the lord Glooskap ..."*

*"But wait a minute. She's ... what's the matter with ... good God almighty, where's her nose? Aaaauuugh! She got no NOSE!"*

*"Nose schmose! A pair of tits like that and you want a nose too?"*

That was all in the past – I hope it was in the past; I'd like to think there are still parts of Africa and the Americas in which one can travel safely – but somehow it seems no more remote than those happy, frenetic days and nights of genuinely carefree Australian adultery. In those days nobody would have bothered with the term "permissive society" – possibly because we didn't take our lead from adolescents. On the contrary: we were ably led from the sociological and intellectual top.

We laughed heartily over the case of an Anglican archbishop who reached

**"You're not thinking intergalactic, Olson!"**

into the soul, then penetrated the body, of the wife of a society doctor. We were mildly disappointed when, offered a knuckle sandwich by the doctor, he fled back to England; and we were both amused and delighted when, demoted to a humble parish, he preached a sermon deploring the moral standards of Australians.

We cheered the cardinal who died in the arms of a Parisian hooker: better, surely, to die in the arms of a hearty whore than in the bed of his housekeeper, as so many of them do.

And we recognised as a kindred spirit the senior Labor politician who appeared with a different girl at pretty well every ALP function, scandalising the conservative Labor ladies.

He was divorced; he married the prettiest and most intelligent of his mistresses and is now out of politics. He remains, however, compulsively egalitarian: he was last reported, in this context, to have bedded a handsome bar-manageress at some holiday resort while, under the guise of attending a legal seminar, flying to a rendezvous with a young English countess, um, elsewhere.

Travel has always set fire to the loins of the busy adulterer: in another town, off the chain, beyond reach, probably with a comfortable wad of expenses on the hip, a lusty man's fancy lightly – then thickly, heavily, giddyingly – turns to thoughts of love. Even if they don't, others expect them to. Only recently a senior executive of this magazine returned from a brief PLAYBOY conference in Rio. He is a mild, scholarly man who, when not dispassionately considering centrefolds and erotic literature, devotes his time to the translation of Greek texts and collecting butterflies. Yet:

"Get laid in Rio?" he was asked.

"Christ, no! We were there to work, not to carry on like satyrs."

"... all those Brazilian birds in string bikinis ..."

"I know. They look sensational. But we simply weren't ..."

"Hur-hur-hur."

We all found it hard to believe. Vicariously we were there on Copacabana beach, thrashing about in the sand with naked charmers, dark and aromatic as hot coffee beans.

Newsmen are, or were, traditionally lucky voluptuaries on distant engagements – almost certainly because any story big enough to attract them is also likely to give them a great deal of carte blanche. They are, though, too often handicapped by time: the man who gets laid too often gets scooped.

In the 1960s a Sydney newspaperman named, er, Trample was highly respected for his forethought in always taking a bit of goods along with him on interstate assignments. He reasoned, probably with accuracy, that her airline fare was never more than he'd have to spend in pursuit of an unknown quantity, and her accommodation and entertainment were covered easily by his expense account. He got away with it for years, blandly introducing each companion as "my fiancée", always booking double rooms, but never making the mistake of entering her name, or any name other than his own, in hotel registers.

"Elementary precautions," he'd say. "No hotel cares a damn who visits you in your room or even who stays overnight. Why run the risk of calling her your wife? Furthermore: always answer the phone yourself, and let her answer the door only if you're both fully dressed. To be completely safe, always get a double bed and, on rising, always stack both, or all, pillows on one side. Little safeguards like this may sound ridiculously fussy, but they become automatic after a while."

He was probably quite right. Still, one can't help thinking that the man who treated sex as a high-adrenaline adventure was the happiest of them all. Still in the rich and sensual '60s, there were in Sydney two notorious, pretty well permanently priapic adulterers named, say, Bartley and Swanson.

Bartley worked for a firm whose switchboard, operated by a single girl, was contained in a tiny, remote room; a room just big enough for the board, a chair and an armchair. I think he must have had at least two girls trained, for at almost any time of the day he'd hurry to the switch room, push the armchair against the switchboard, bend the girl over its back and have his way with her – while, he insisted, she kept pushing in and pulling out the plugs. Callers who heard her voice shoot up several octaves undoubtedly accepted the fact that she was in the grip of powerful emotions.

Swanson kept a biggish sloop in a bay on the Harbor. The fact that his apartment overlooked the mooring should have ruled it out for dalliance. But Swanson was quick to see the advantages of introducing enthusiastic girls to his crew. And, when the rage was upon him, he would tell his wife: "Molly here is coming aboard to do a bit of sandpapering while I run up the engine." Or something like that. They'd row out to the boat in a dinghy, and for perhaps half an hour they'd mess around, sometimes on deck, sometimes below, giving every appearance of busy activity. All of which, Swanson said, was a delicious, protracted preamble to the main event, which would take place, quickly and joyfully, in one of the periods when both were below, presumably busy with sandpaper and oil-can. He must have bedded, or bunked, a dozen that way, while his wife sat on their balcony, looking proudly at the pretty sloop.

Together Bartley and Swanson found the daughter and niece of a quiet, respectable clergyman on the North Shore line. It would have been a simple matter to take them to Bartley's apartment. Too simple. Instead, the two frightful rams took to raiding the clergyman's home, snaking past his bedroom window – often while he was on his knees – and scratching on the window of the girls' bedroom.

Once Bartley, crawling over the window ledge, heard the clergyman's daughter say loudly: "I think I'll just close this." And what seemed to be half the house fell on his forehead and knocked him back into a bed of zinnias. "You awful fool," the girl exploded next day. "I *told* you you'd make a mistake one night. Jane was in Melbourne and Daddy had the flu and Mummy was sleeping in our room."

It did little to inhibit the satyrs. One night the clergyman, puzzled by noises in the night, arose, went to the girls' room, knocked softly and asked: "Are you girls all right?" The only reply was a muffled snort. He knocked again, pushed the door open and looked into the gloom. His daughter raised herself on one elbow. "It's okay, Daddy," she said sleepily – or as sleepily as a girl can enunciate on the threshold of orgasm – "Janey was just having a nightmare. She's okay now." Had he thought to look around the door, and up to his left, he'd have seen Bartley and Swanson, stark naked, on top of a solid old wardrobe.

What then are, or were, or should be the rules?

First: Be bold. It's your infidelity, so make it fun.

Feel no remorse. It is too easily identified, too easily contagious.

Make no confessions.

No dope: it's as great an inhibitor as booze can be.

Lie.

Always keep her in doubt. She may be 90 percent sure, but it's that 10 percent that keeps her happy.

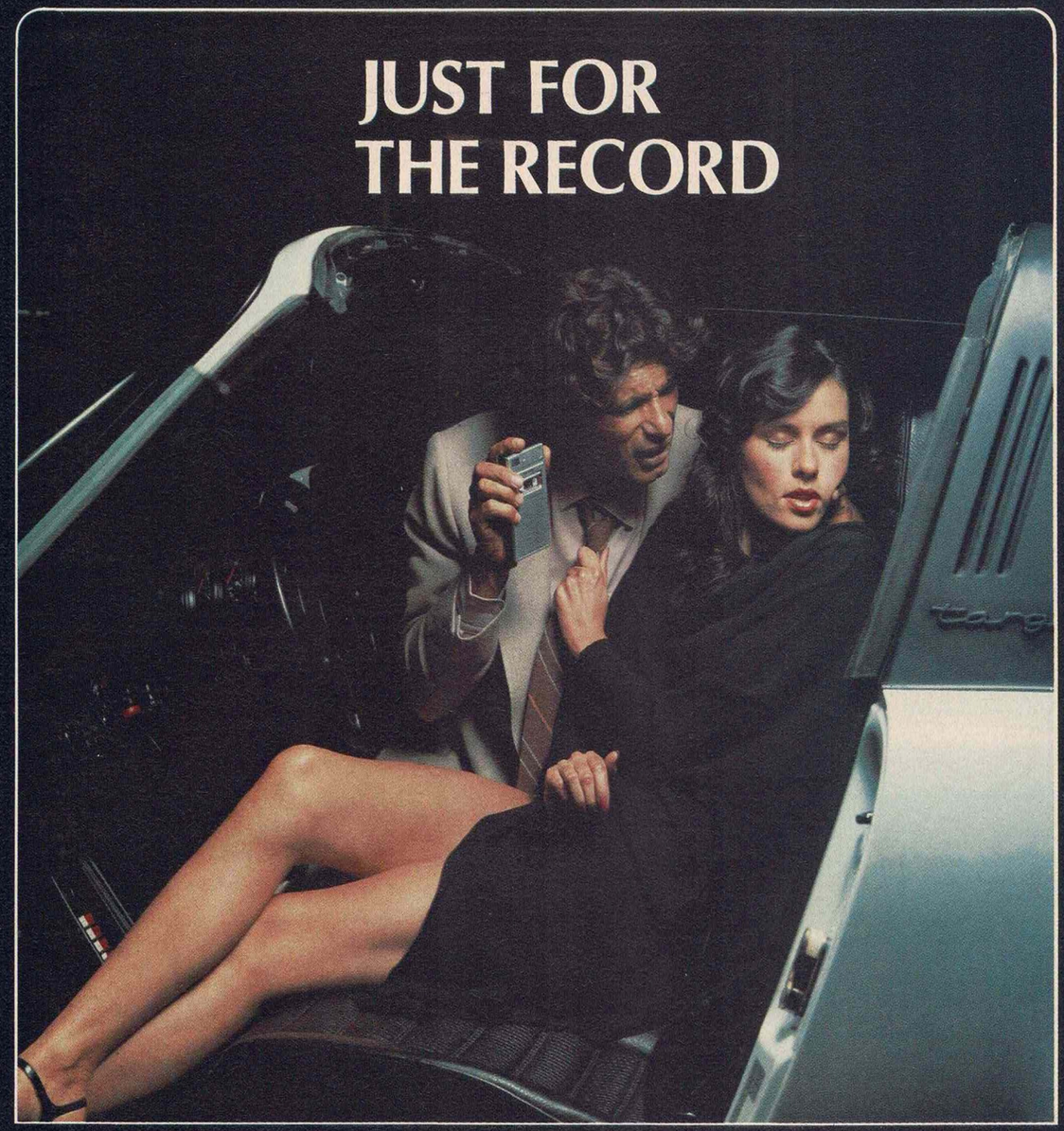
Keep it out of the office – unless you have a switch-girl with an armchair in a locked room.

Finally: keep an eye on your wife. The reason people don't talk about adultery in the pub any more is, I suspect, that it's too commonplace to deserve discussion.

Above all, keep an eye on your wife and your best friend. He may be the most honorable friend, but he's a man and you shouldn't trust him as far as you can kick him, the dirty swine.



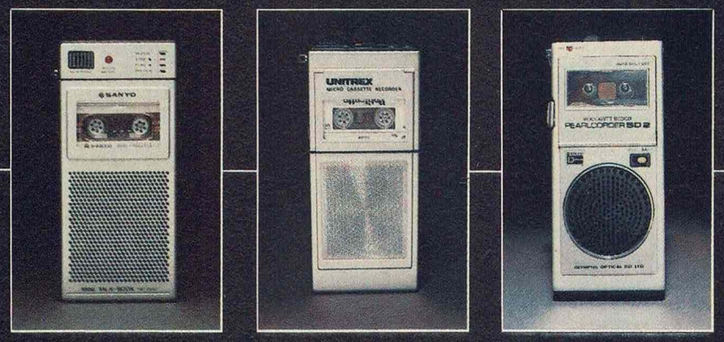
JUST FOR THE RECORD



Photography by Ross Honeysett

*before your secretary goes right off the air, let her know you are going to tape her*

THERE'S a great range of mini tape recorders now coming on to the Australian market. Easy to slip into a shirt pocket, or conceal in a jacket, they can take down what you say to your secretary or what she says to you. Then you can announce that you've really got her taped.



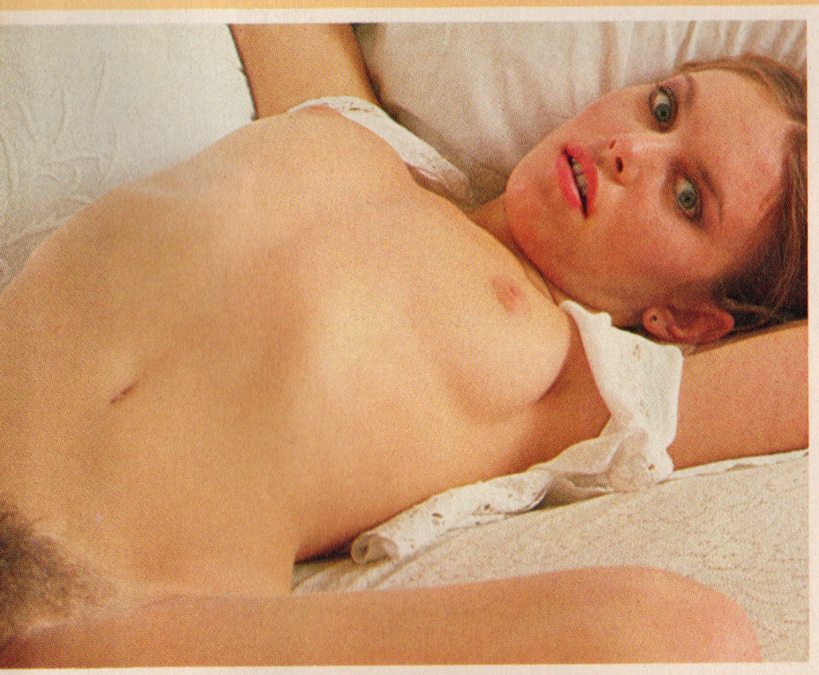

**Sanyo call their ultra compact TRC 3500 recorder the talk book. Weighing only 280g, it measures 66 x 135 x 25 mm. The Pearlcorder SD 2 (centre) is part of a system which includes a voice actuator and FM and AM tuners. Unitrex's MC 1000 (right) is ideal for personal notes, inventories and memos. It weighs in at 230g.**

# Fairytale farmgirl

*she yearns for a happy, simple life in a cabin in the woods with her own prince charming*

JUST an old-fashioned girl in a mixed-up modern world — that's tall, slender and beautiful Julie Lambert. A country girl from Feilding, New Zealand, she now lives in a big house in the city with solid brick walls encasing her in a fairy-tale world where

Photography by Rico Mettbach and Denis Scott



*"I guess I'm a homebody at heart and I like to make my own entertainment, especially when I have someone to share it with . . . a long drive in the country appeals to me far more than a hot night in a crowded disco."*

she reads Hans Christian Andersen, listens to orchestral music and dreams of men who come a-courting with red roses in one hand and tickets to the opera in the other. Since she moved to Sydney late last year, the dream has almost become a reality. Australian men have not been slow in acknowledging her charms, but for Julie the social whirl that began when she stepped from the plane is only second best. At 18 she longs for the security of her own little cabin — preferably in the middle of the woods — with a strong man to

*"I left my boyfriend behind in New Zealand. It was a hard thing to do, but I think he understood that there were things in life I had to experience before I could be happy."*

chop the wood for the fire. "I'm an incurable romantic," she says. "Friends have criticised me for having what they call limited ambitions, but I honestly yearn for a happy, uncomplicated life with my own Prince Charming." Since she left her mother's farm behind in New Zealand, Julie has added a slightly more liberated ambition to her list. She wants to become a veterinary surgeon. "I love animals and I can't think of a more rewarding career," she says. "I know it would mean a lot of hard work and study, but if I'm happy and in love I think I can handle it." To

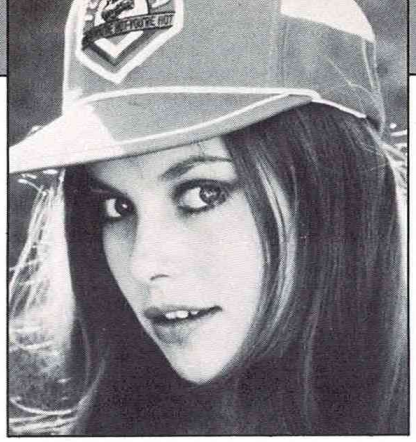
*"I've always had a mind of my own, that's for sure, and I've never let anyone stop me from doing the things I wanted to do. I'm quick-tempered and emotional, but the people who know me best find me a loyal friend and an even more loyal lover."*

this end, Julie has enrolled at a night school and plans to begin working in earnest later this year. In the meantime she is caring for four cats and a cockatoo. "Just having a lot of animals around me inspires me to study hard," she says. Julie's desire for a stable home life stems from a childhood surrounded by strong-willed people who pursued their careers almost to the point of excluding family life. "There were a lot of fights," she says. "Not because we didn't love each other but because my parents, my two brothers, my sister and I were individuals with interests of our own. My mother, in particular, needed time of her own to paint. I take after her a lot, but there's another side of me that cries out for the security of a loving relationship." When Julie ventures out in Sydney, invariably it is to window shop, sometimes followed by a lunch date at a restaurant where she can sit outside and savor the changing of the seasons. "I guess it's a carry-over from my childhood in the country," she says. "But even in the heart of the city I have to be able to smell the flowers and see the sky. That's what I like about our big, old house. The traffic might be rolling along only a few metres away, but I can sit in the garden with my animals and be in another world." Julie loves nothing better than a quiet weekend at home, starting with a big, old-fashioned country breakfast and finishing, inevitably, with the warm caresses of her man of the moment. "Call me lazy – and a lot of people, including my parents, have – but I love to slow my life right down and find enjoyment in even the simplest things. Like bringing my man a cup of tea in bed in the mornings. If you're not worried about being late for work, a little thing like that can turn into a long and very pleasurable experience."

# MISS AUGUST

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

G. Lambert



PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: JULIE LAMBERT

BUST: 35 WAIST: 25 HIPS: 36

HEIGHT: 5 9½ WEIGHT: 9 stone SIGN: CAPRICORN

BIRTH DATE: 20·1·61 BIRTHPLACE: ROTORUA, N.Z.

FAVORITE BOOKS: JANE EYRE, HEIDI, FAIRY TALES

FAVORITE ACTORS: DANNY KAYE, LAURENCE OLIVIER

FAVORITE FOOD: MEXICON, KING PRAWNS

SECRET DREAM: TO MEET KIA BUTTROSE

GOALS: TO BE A VETERINARY SURGEON

FAVORITE MUSICIANS: BEATLES, GEORGE DAFFODIL ORCHESTRA

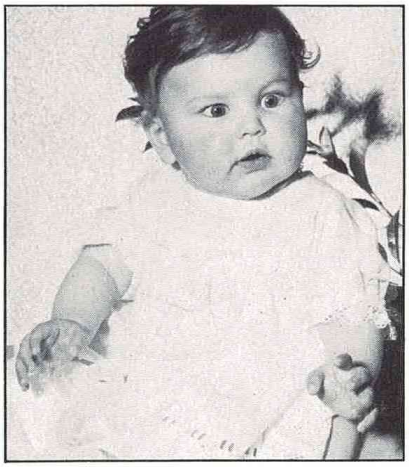
RELAXING: LOUNGE AROUND WITH A BOOK

FAVORITE SPORTS: ICE SKATING, TABLE TENNIS, SWIMMING

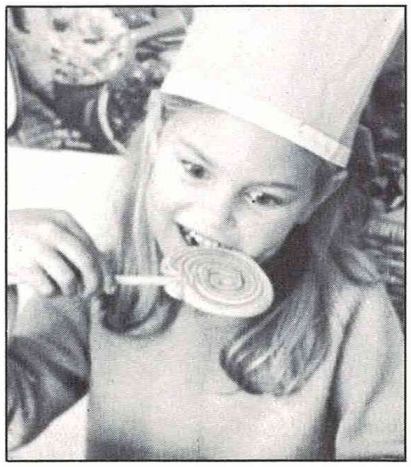
FAVORITE PERFORMER JOHNNY MATHIS

TURN-OFFS: FAT PEOPLE, DIRTINESS, SNOBS

TURN-ONS: JEANS & T-SHIRTS.



GOO GOO GARGAR



PARTY TIME LOOK AT THAT

SWEET 16 AND NEVER

# PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Into the office of the director of the nudist camp strode a determined-looking little blonde. "Mr Raleigh," she announced, "I want to report something. That newest camper, Margie Buffington, is covering herself indecently down by the lake."

The man looked at the girl quizzically. "Covering herself indecently with what, Debbie?" he inquired.

"My boyfriend!" stormed Debbie.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *false pregnancy* as a preconceived notion.

Having admired the attractive timepiece every day as she walked by, the young woman finally entered the shop one afternoon. "How much is that lady's watch with the baguette diamonds in your window?" she inquired.

"It's eight hundred dollars, miss," the jeweller informed her.

"Would you consider selling it to me on a time payment basis?"

"What sort of payment schedule did you have in mind then?"

"Would you be interested in two times a week for the next three months?"

Tarzan was walking along the jungle trail when he spotted a lovely girl coming towards him clad in an attractively scanty costume. He thumped his chest and said: "Me Tarzan. Who you?"

"Jane," the girl replied demurely.

"What whole name?"

The girl blushed. "Fanny."

*A drag queen aroused a sensation*
*When he won the title Miss Nation*
*But they learned of the fraud,*
*Revoked his award*
*And crowned him Miss Representation.*

My sex life has improved immeasurably since my wife and I got twin beds," the executive confided to one of his associates.

"How can that be?" asked the puzzled friend.

"Because mine is in Sydney and hers is in Perth."

Having just been harshly criticised in a party conclave, the politician wryly told newsmen: "I've just learned what is the difference between a cactus and a caucus."

"What's that, Senator?" he was asked.

"In the case of a cactus," he retorted, "all the pricks are on the outside."

Asked why he looked so glum, the man replied that his wife had backed the car out of their garage that morning. "But that shouldn't necessarily have upset you," insisted his questioner.

"Oh, but it did," muttered the fellow. "You see, she backed it in last night."

And you heard about the Irishman whose wife had twins? He's still out looking for the other man.

*Though a horny young locksmith named Shore*
*Had the hots for his favorite whore,*
*When the cops got inside,*
*With a true craftsman's pride,*
*He was making a bolt for the door.*

Our resident philosopher reckons that marriage is a lot like going to a restaurant. You order what you want, then when you see what the other fellow has you wish you had asked for that instead.

As the ship that had just been christened began to slide smoothly along the slipway to the water, a distinguished-looking marine buff remarked to the young lady who was standing near him, "How gracefully she goes down!"

"Yes, she does," murmured the girl with an appraising glance at the speaker. "But if someone doused *me* with vintage champagne like that, I probably would, too."

Quite visibly upset, a nun slammed the door as she emerged from the consulting room and then stormed out of the medical suite. "What was that all about?" the man who was the next patient asked.

"I informed her she was pregnant," said the doctor.

"She is?" gasped the patient.

"Not really – but can you think of a better way to cure a bad case of the hiccups?"

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *consommé* as the exultant cry of a French bridegroom.

*Heard a funny one lately? Send it to Party Jokes Editor, Australian* PLAYBOY, *Box 4088, GPO Sydney, 2001. We'll pay $25 for jokes used.*

**"Junk food has been good to you, Miss Neville."**

# AUSTRALIA'S BLACK HAND

*article* **By BOB BOTTOM**

The following is an exclusive excerpt from *The Godfather in Australia*, to be published soon by A. H. and A. W. Reed

*authorities might deny its existence, but the insidious effects of the mafia have been felt here for 50 years – as this startling documentary makes clear*

WHILE THE notorious Al Capone and his brothers used the streets of Chicago as a bloody base for the syndication of North American crime, equally deadly migrant gangsters were terrorising the country back-blocks and inner city streets of Australia, and laying the foundations for the Australian Mafia today. The past helps to shape the present. Whether Australians, common man or police commissioner, like to acknowledge it, there is an Italian ethnic origin to a large segment of contemporary organised crime throughout Australia, especially in the most lucrative, morally reprehensible and socially debilitating criminal field of all, drug trafficking. The most recent example was the exposure of the marijuana racket mounted by Mafia clans centred at Griffith, in the Murrumbidgee Irrigation Area of NSW. The insidious heroin trade in Australia is yet to be exposed. The origins of the Griffith clans, and the Mafia societies in Sydney and Melbourne, for the most part lie with the Black Hand gangs which operated in the canefields of northern Queensland after World War One. And all are shadowed by the ancient blood rites of Mediterranean Sicily and Calabria.

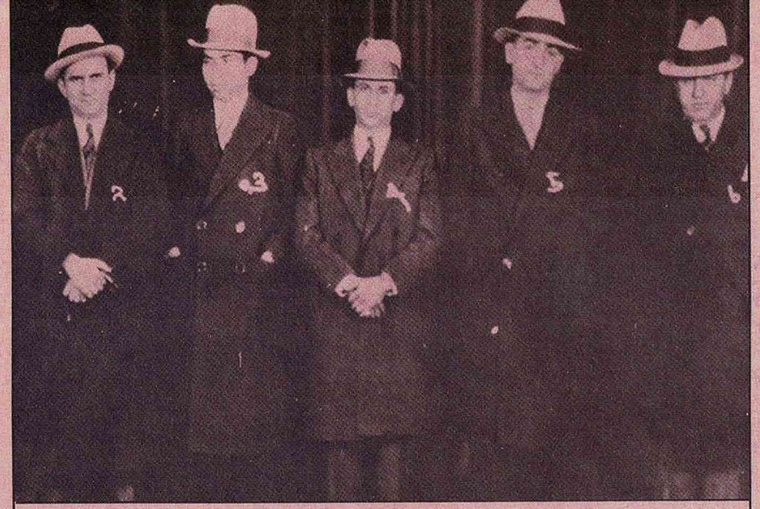
**Donald Mackay: gunned down when his campaign against the marijuana growers became a threat to the Mafia rackets.**

According to the US Drug Information Agency in Washington, the man who founded the Mafia in Australia was Vincenzo Dagostino, who arrived from Milan in 1928 and immediately set about making himself the Al Capone

Illustration by George Roth

of the Southern Hemisphere. Dagostino was built squat and swarthy, with eyes like hard black pebbles – a deadly parody of his American brothers. He loved women, and sometimes left them – fatally so. His taste in food encompassed a classic love of spaghetti and the other pastas. Rough, chianti-style red wine was what he liked best to drink.

Back in the '20s, before mass European migration, Dagostino, like most Italians, eschewed the racist metropolitan centres of Sydney and Melbourne for the enclaves of Italian families who had become the backbone of much of Queensland's sugar cane industry. He established himself at Ingham, recruited a gang of standover thugs, and began to prey on fellow Italian migrants trying to carve out a better life for themselves in the North.



**US contemporaries of Vincenzo Dagostino during Prohibition. FROM LEFT: Salvatore Agoglia, Charles (Lucky) Luciano, Meyer Lansky, John Senna and Harry Brown.**

Banded under the symbol of the Black Hand, the then familiar sign and name for the society that we now know as the Mafia, Dagostino's gang included six lieutenants: Vinzenzo Speranzo, Niccolo Mammone, Guiseppe Parisi, Guiseppe Buette, Dominico Belle and Francesco Femio.

**Francesco Angilletta (TOP), arrested in Palmi, Italy, for the murder of top Victorian Mafia lieutenant Vincenzo Muratore (ABOVE) in Melbourne in 1964.**

Their business was extortion, trading on the inborn fear any Italian has of anything to do with the Mafia. When victims failed to meet extortion demands, their cane was destroyed, their stock slaughtered, their water supplies poisoned. Continued refusal resulted in homes being bombed, or beatings of women and children. When all else failed, Dagostino and his crew murdered in the cold-blooded belief that murder induced others to pay up on demand.

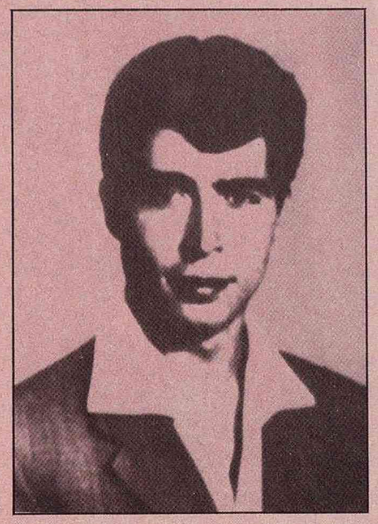
Dagostino's Black Hand gang were not possessed of the practical restraint or, indeed, the business acumen of the Mafia today. Their demands were not linked to any capacity of the victims to pay. Thus the extortion process would begin with a note embossed by the Black Hand symbol. Cash collections followed, often increasing in size until bankruptcy occurred. If the extorted baulked at the point of bankruptcy, death followed.

Throughout the late 1920s and into the '30s, the Mafia in Queensland murdered 11 people and carried out large numbers of mutilations and maimings. The bloodshed and violence spilled over into the streets of Sydney and even Griffith.

The first known murder victim of Dagostino was a rich farmer, Nicky Patane, who actually gave in to extortion demands at first but, after a year of paying higher and higher amounts, faced bankruptcy. Late in 1929, when payments ceased, Dagostino ordered him to mortgage his farm and borrow to pay – or else. Patane refused. A few nights later, on opening the door to a knock, Patane was shot in the head at point-blank range. He died in the arms of his wife – without giving the names of his killers.

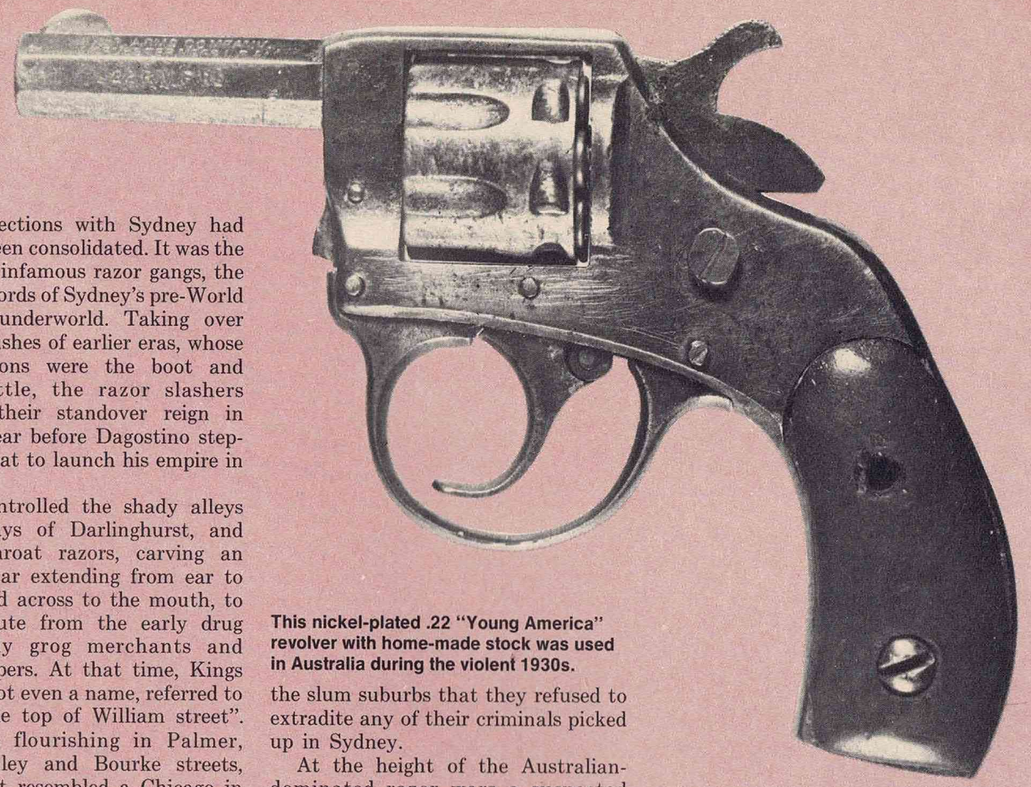
Nobody could pin the murder on Dagostino, nor on any of his henchmen. Under the umbrella of the traditional code of silence, Dagostino got bolder. He also began terrorising the members of his own murderous gang. By threatening violence against his friends and foes alike, Dagostino fell out with lieutenant Dominico Belle, who argued against Dagostino's grabbing the lion's share of the extortion receipts. Belle headed south to organise his own gang in Sydney. It wasn't long before he was making his mark, extracting enough from extortion for a life of swaggering luxury, which included a beautiful French mistress. But at 11am on February 11, 1930, Belle was murdered. He was seen in heated argument with another Italian at Newtown Railway Station. Suddenly he collapsed on to the footway, blood gushing from a knife wound over the heart. He died on the way to hospital. When they searched Belle's pockets, police found extortion letters ready for posting to prominent businessmen. The murder is officially recorded as a Black Hand assassination. Nobody was ever charged, though, some 21 years later, police in Melbourne chanced upon confidential information pointing to the identity of the hit man.

Four months after the Belle slaying, the stabbed and hacked body of fellow Black Hand gangster Guiseppe Parisi was fished out of a creek beside a Queensland cane farm. A crude cross had been carved on his forehead. In spite of Belle's brutal murder, Black



**Dominico Barbaro, convicted kidnapper of an Italian industrialist, is thought to have "re-cycled" money in Australia after being granted a visa by Al Grassby.**





**This nickel-plated .22 "Young America" revolver with home-made stock was used in Australia during the violent 1930s.**

Hand connections with Sydney had obviously been consolidated. It was the time of the infamous razor gangs, the brutal overlords of Sydney's pre-World War Two underworld. Taking over from the Pushes of earlier eras, whose main weapons were the boot and broken bottle, the razor slashers unleashed their standover reign in 1927, the year before Dagostino stepped off a boat to launch his empire in the bush.

They controlled the shady alleys and laneways of Darlinghurst, and used cut-throat razors, carving an L-shaped scar extending from ear to jawbone and across to the mouth, to ensure tribute from the early drug runners, sly grog merchants and brothel keepers. At that time, Kings Cross was not even a name, referred to only as "the top of William street". With dives flourishing in Palmer, Riley, Stanley and Bourke streets, Darlinghurst resembled a Chicago in miniature. It was dubbed, appropriately, Razorhurst.

Standover czar of the day was George Wallace, a convicted dope dealer nicknamed Midnight Raper. Wallace was stabbed to death in Perth in 1949. One associate, Snowy Cutmore, was slain in a gun duel in Melbourne with Victoria's early crime king, Squizzy Taylor. Melbourne authorities faced so much strife on their own doorstep with feuding factions in the slum suburbs that they refused to extradite any of their criminals picked up in Sydney.

At the height of the Australian-dominated razor wars a suspected Black Hand member, Guido Caletti, regarded as one of the worst thugs in Sydney, was shot to death in Brougham street, Darlinghurst.

Even at that early stage, Griffith was coming under Mafia influence. On January 20, 1932, a local Black Hand leader, Rocco Tremarchi, was executed in a vengeance slaying. His body was riddled with seven bullets, four in the head. His own son was charged, and told of shooting his father with a .22 calibre pistol. Yet police afterwards maintained that there was more to the affair, since Tremarchi's body also contained two .32 calibre bullets. They never found the second gunman, but they did officially record the murder as a Black Hand matter.

**Al Grassby at a dinner in his honor in the Calabria region of southern Italy during a 1974 visit when he was Labor Minister for Immigration. FROM LEFT: Mrs Caterina Catanzariti, Grassby, Francesco Catanzariti, Communist MP and mayor of Plati, and Mrs Grassby. Questions about the Mafia were raised in Parliament on his return.**

Later that year, a woman who became too close to Dagostino and his gang met a gory death for knowing too much. Going by the name of Jean Morris, she worked as a prostitute on the streets of Cairns, Innisfail and Ingham, catering to men from the canefields. Her permanent lover was Francesco Femio, who established her in a cottage half a mile from the tiny township of Ayr. For protection, she always carried a knife, earning her the title "Stiletto Jean".

Eventually, Dagostino decreed that she knew too much, could not be trusted and had to go. On the night of October 4, 1932, a gang member entered her cottage and stabbed her 35 times. Police discovered she was a missing Sydney girl by the name of Anna Philomena Morgan.

Both Dagostino and Femio admitted being in Ayr on the night of the murder, but had airtight "alibis". A lesser member of their gang, who boarded a ship which sailed from Townsville shortly afterwards, was arrested for questioning on his arrival in Italy, but hanged himself in a police cell without talking. On February 11, 1934, three members of Dagostino's

gang seized a cane farmer, Giovanni Iacona, on his property near Innisfail. He had fallen behind in his payments. While Vincenzo Speranzo and Guiseppe Buette held Iacona on the ground, Niccolo Mammone drew a knife and sliced off his ears. In hospital, Iacona refused to name his attackers. Instead, on being discharged three weeks later, he went straight home, got a gun and, confronting Mammone in the main street of Innisfail, promptly pumped him full of bullets.

Arrested for the murder of Mammone, Iacona decided to talk – and named Speranzo and Buette. With judicial irony, Iacona was sentenced to life imprisonment for murdering Mammone, while Speranzo and Buette each received seven years for mutilating Iacona. All three were later deported to Italy. Speranzo was subsequently mauled to death by rioters in an uprising in Parina, and Buette was executed during World War Two as a Communist spy.

Public outrage over the Iacona affair did not deter Dagostino. On October 8, 1934, a young housewife, Pina Bacchietta, died when a bomb wrecked her family home in Ingham. Her husband had steadfastly refused to yield to Black Hand demands.

Eight months later, on June 11, 1935, a dairy farmer, Demenica Scarcella, was shot by a marksman as he stood alongside his cow bails on his property at Stone River, outside Ingham. In his pocket was a note with the imprint of a black hand telling him to leave money in a kerosene tin on the edge of his farm.

By the end of 1936, further feuding erupted for control of the extortion racket. Early on December 12, 1936, Francesco Femio, reputed number two man to Dagostino, was sleeping peacefully when an unknown assassin pushed a rifle through shutters in a window and fired three bullets into him before he could rise from his bed.

Finally, at Ingham, in a similar early morning attack on January 13, 1938, while Dagostino slept, a bomb exploded under his bedroom, reducing the house to rubble. Before dying in hospital, Dagostino maintained he was a respected member of the Italian community. But the hatred and contempt for him was such that only one person turned up for his funeral – the undertaker's paid assistant.

Dagostino's death was clearly a revenge slaying, and probably a signal that a new leader had taken over as well. But nobody could be sure, because his death coincided with a massive crackdown by Queensland police and Commonwealth immigration authorities following public allegations that some local police had been corrupted to protect racketeers. It was claimed that they had prepared false reports to secure naturalisation for known criminals, and failed to implement deportation procedures against others.

The outrage was fuelled, and it seems this was decisive, by the use of Australian girls in Black Hand-controlled brothels and for the personal entertainment of gang members. White slavery was the emotive phrase, and it caught the imagination of the decidedly racist public of 1937.

Immigration officials and police investigators knew what had been going on, but could not get hard evidence. However, public opinion was running so high that, with the rough and tumble state of the law, they simply called on the gangsters, telling them to get out of Queensland or they would risk lynch law. As the exodus began, the State police issued a statement that "the venue for the next Black Hand murder will not be the canefields, but Sydney or Melbourne."

Already, however, infiltration of Melbourne and Sydney was under way. David Leon Chandler, American writer and candidate in 1970 for Governor of the State of Louisiana, in his book *The Criminal Brotherhoods* quoted senior Australian officials as saying that, in the 1930s, "three Black Hand or Mafia families appeared in Australia, two Calabrian and one Sicilian". The Calabrians were entrenched in NSW and Victoria, with headquarters in Sydney and Melbourne, while the Sicilian family was based in Perth.

Like many of their American brothers, Mafiosi who entered Australia during the period were fugitives from a purge ordered against the Mafia by Italian fascist dictator Benito Mussolini. They included members of the traditional Mafia clans of Sicily, the Camorra of Naples and a lesser-known secret criminal society of Calabria known as N'Dranghita or L'Onorata. Harboring resentment against Mussolini, some worked secretly in support of a Communist revolt. In a pre-World War Two Communist scare, Australian security authorities unearthed in the Lilydale district of Victoria a cache of arms said to have been accumulated by the Camorra and disposed of to Communist agents.

The outbreak of war, and subsequent internment of many Italians, put a temporary end to Mafia activity. Further signs of Black Hand dealings did not come to public notice again until the 1950s, when allegations were raised that the post-war migrant boom was being used as a cover to smuggle in Mafiosi and arms. When one migrant came before the court in Carlton, Melbourne, on charges of unlawfully bringing a pistol into Victoria, he said he wanted it known that any information given to police connecting him with the Black Hand must have been supplied by an enemy to do him harm.

Fear of the Black Hand was so strong in Sydney in 1953 that when a pretty teenager, Nancy Insitori, was gunned down in broad daylight in a street in the outer suburb of Fairfield, police complained that fellow Italians would not talk because they were "frightened to help as they fear that Black Hand gang members will bash and stand over them". The killer was never caught.

In the inner suburb of Paddington in the latter part of 1954, an Italian laborer charged with assault when intimidating someone for money strenuously denied being a member of the Black Hand, though he had a document with an imprint of a black hand stamped on it. When reminded of a tattoo on his leg indicating Black Hand membership, he explained: "I have only got a flower on my leg which I had done for fun."

The sign of the flower is associated with the Mafia Blood Oath, taken while the swearer pricks one of his fingers on the point of a stiletto.

As much as the existence of the Mafia was denied by Italians in Sydney, authorities in Italy provided proof the following year, 1955, when a local Mafia chief in Sinopoli, back there after spending three years in Sydney, was killed as a direct result of what Italian police attributed to a "society" quarrel in Sydney.

In June, 1956, the then Commissioner of Police in NSW, Colin Delaney, adopted the unprecedented step of allowing media access to previously confidential police dossiers on the establishment of Black Hand cells in capital cities and country towns, including Griffith. His files included an initiation ritual headed: The Questions of Camorra – "Evil Life". Placing his hand on a knife, and invoking the names of the Archangel Michael and society patrons Mismizzi, Miofre and Misgarro, the initiate had to swear allegiance as a "true blood Camorrista". Commissioner Delaney's dossier estimated that there were 70 to 80 Camorra members, or Camorristas, as he called them, in Melbourne and 25 each in the Mildura and Shepparton districts of Victoria.

Victoria certainly became the battleground seven years later for the bloodiest and most public Mafia outbreak since the murderous era of Vincenzo Dagostino.

In the early hours of April 4, 1963, a supposedly small-time market gardener, Vincenzo Angilletta, was killed by shotgun while putting his car in the

**"And that is supposed to be an aphrodisiac?"**

garage of his home in the Melbourne suburb of Northcote. It was the start of a Mafia power struggle which became known as the Melbourne Market Murders. Rather than Black Hand, the now more familiar term Mafia rang around Australia.

Six months later, a number of murders and woundings occurred, the most significant being the killing of a prominent market merchant and commission agent, Vincenzo Muratore, shot-gunned outside his home in suburban Hampton. Muratore had been a trusted lieutenant of Victorian Mafia chief Domenico Italiano, who died in 1962.

In late 1965 Francesco Angilletta was arrested in Italy and charged with murdering Vincenzo Muratore to avenge the shotgun death of his uncle, Vincenzo Angilletta, in Melbourne two years earlier.

To help exasperated Melbourne police, the Victorian Government called in John Cusack, a top-line Mafia expert from the FBI. Cusack was a key figure in exposing the French Connection narcotics network, and is now assistant director of the US Drug Information Authority.

His report, presented to the Government but never officially released, claimed the existence in Australia of a syndicate known as "the Honored Society", dominated by the Calabrian N'Dranghita or L'Onorata. The society began as a peasant mutual protection group in the 11th century, and only turned into a criminal brotherhood during the 19th century.

Cusack confirmed that it was imported into Australia in 1928 – the year Dagostino launched his Black Hand empire. It had burgeoned with the post-war migrant influx, becoming firmly entrenched in Sydney and Melbourne, along with Griffith, Mildura and other country centres which had attracted many Italians.

From the proceeds of rackets, society leaders made loans to new migrants to buy farms, trucking runs and fruit and vegetable shops, then forced them to sell through society commission agents. Thus compelled to continue paying extortionate tribute, some farmers remained impoverished.

In summary, Cusack warned that Mafia gangsters within 25 years would control Australia's labor market, drug trafficking, building and road construction unless police took drastic action quickly. By strong-arm tactics, they would monopolise the importation of olive oil, tomato paste and cheese, and control the baking and sale of Italian pastries, the poker machine business, nightclubs, record clubs and theatre booking agencies. His estimate was that there were 500 society members in NSW and probably 1000 elsewhere in Australia.

Cusack's advice was ignored in spite of a simultaneous Interpol warning to Australian police that Mafia organisations were operating in Sydney and Melbourne. Italian police had briefed Interpol after monitoring a Rome summit meeting of the international heads of the Mafia, held to plan a complete re-organisation of overseas racketeering.

Then, 12 years later, the reality of the Mafia emerged with the disappearance at Griffith of Donald Bruce Mackay, a local store proprietor, Liberal Party candidate for the State electorate of Murrumbidgee, and a threat to the Mafia rackets because he was intent on exposing marijuana growing around Griffith.

On the evening of July 15, 1977, Mackay walked out of a Griffith hotel to be shot with a .22 calibre weapon, and his body whisked away. So far, there has been no trace of his body, nor any direct clue to the identity of the assassin or assassins. There is little doubt it was a Mafia execution.

Following national outrage over his disappearance, both the Commonwealth and NSW governments established royal commissions into drug trafficking, each of which has confirmed the grim truth of the Cusack and Mackay warnings.

Belated evidence of links between Griffith and organised crime syndicates in Sydney and Melbourne was produced, and links between the native Mafia of Italy and the multi-ethnic Mafia of the US were shown.

Unfortunately, protestations and denials of Mafia influence in Griffith irritated the public and accentuated the tendency wrongly to slur innocent families of Italian origin who make up the majority of the population.

Thus, when Australia's Commissioner for Community Relations, Mr Al Grassby, understandably tried to protect the area's large number of Italians from unfair opprobrium by disclaiming any awareness of Mafia influence, he was publicly booed on a David Frost television special.

Grassby is a former Member of Parliament for Riverina, which embraces Griffith, and was Minister for Immigration in the Whitlam Government. He has been a champion of Italians and other ethnic groups.

In the highly charged atmosphere of NSW Legislative Assembly on September 13, 1977, former Deputy Premier and NSW Country Party Leader Leon Punch alleged: "It is a matter of parliamentary record in Canberra that Mr Grassby, while Minister for Immigration, on a visit to Italy, signed entry permits for three persons who were previously refused entry to Australia on character grounds. It would appear that the matters to which I now refer are not unconnected with the marijuana growing scene in the Riverina. The persons allowed special entry into Australia by Mr Grassby were all named Barbaro, and came from Plati, a Mafia stronghold in Italy. They included Dominico Barbaro, who was deported from Australia on August 30, 1968, because of his criminal record in Australia. With Mr Grassby's official sanction, he was allowed back into Australia during April, 1974. It seems he came out only to deposit money in Australia before returning to Italy, where he was arrested for the kidnapping of an Italian industrialist three months before being allowed back into Australia by Mr Grassby.

"The Italian press claimed that part of the ransom money of $550,000 was deposited in Australia, and there is a suggestion that some of the ransom money was used to finance marijuana growing round Griffith."

Grassby said that representations had been made to him while visiting Plati, and that he was aware Barbaro had a criminal record. But Grassby said that no criminal charges had been pending against Barbaro at the time of his re-entry. "If there had been," he said, "the Italian authorities would not have allowed him to come." And Grassby added: "The decision to allow Barbaro to come was made after full investigation and discussion between Australian and Italian authorities."

Investigations by the NSW Royal Commission into drug trafficking, presided over by Mr Justice Woodward, have reduced any remaining doubts about the existence of a Mafia network. His senior assisting counsel, Bill Fisher, QC, nominated the Society Honorata as prime candidate for organising and co-ordinating the marijuana industry. He described it as a "closely organised and secretive organisation based on tribal or clannish loyalties" and "an organisation which probably has organisational links over most of Australia".

His pronouncement came a full half century after Vincenzo Dagostino gave the society its sinister beginning in the canefields of Queensland. Ironically, the NSW Royal Commission revelations coincided with allegations in the Queensland Parliament late last year that the Mafia was back in the northern canefields, using it as a new base for drug trafficking. Who should be nominated as the main Mafia manipulator but one of the same Mafia chiefs behind the Griffith rackets!

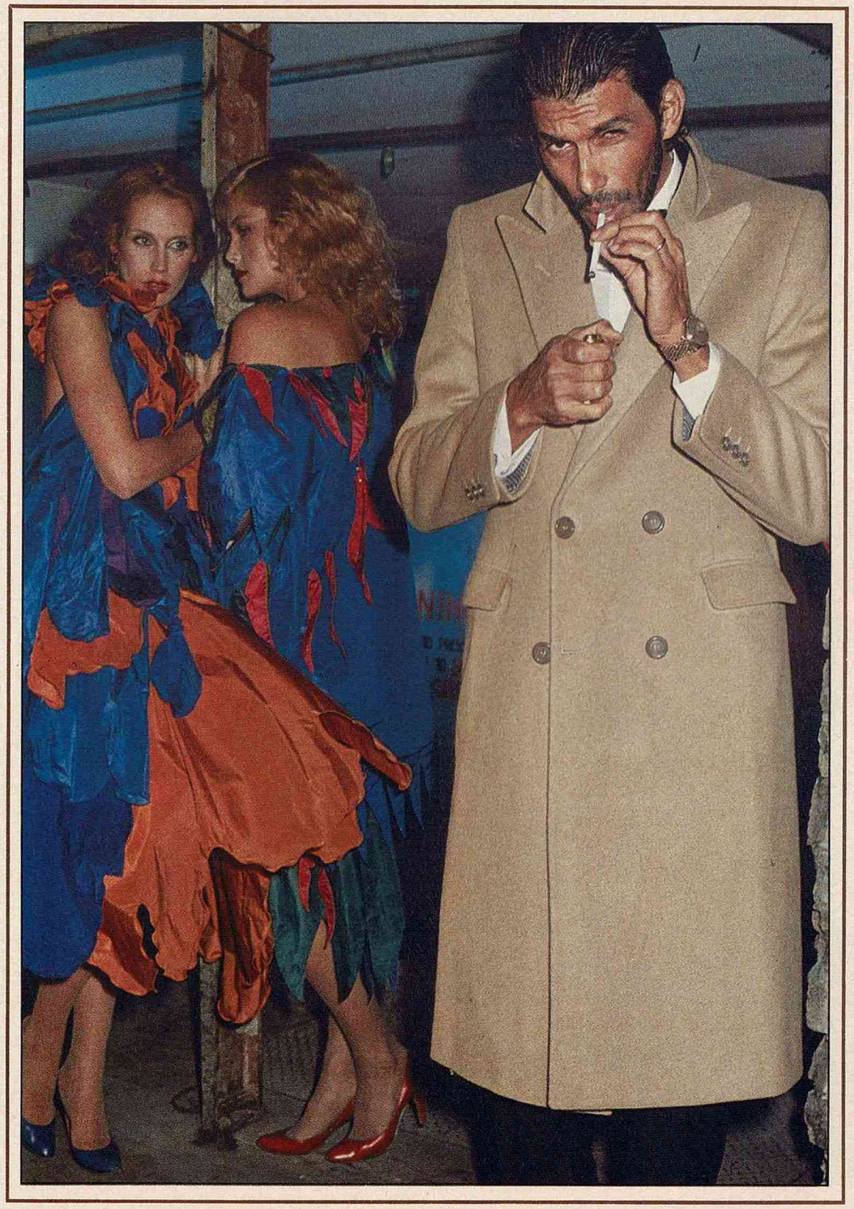
Such is the black hand of fate.



# KNIGHT ATTIRE

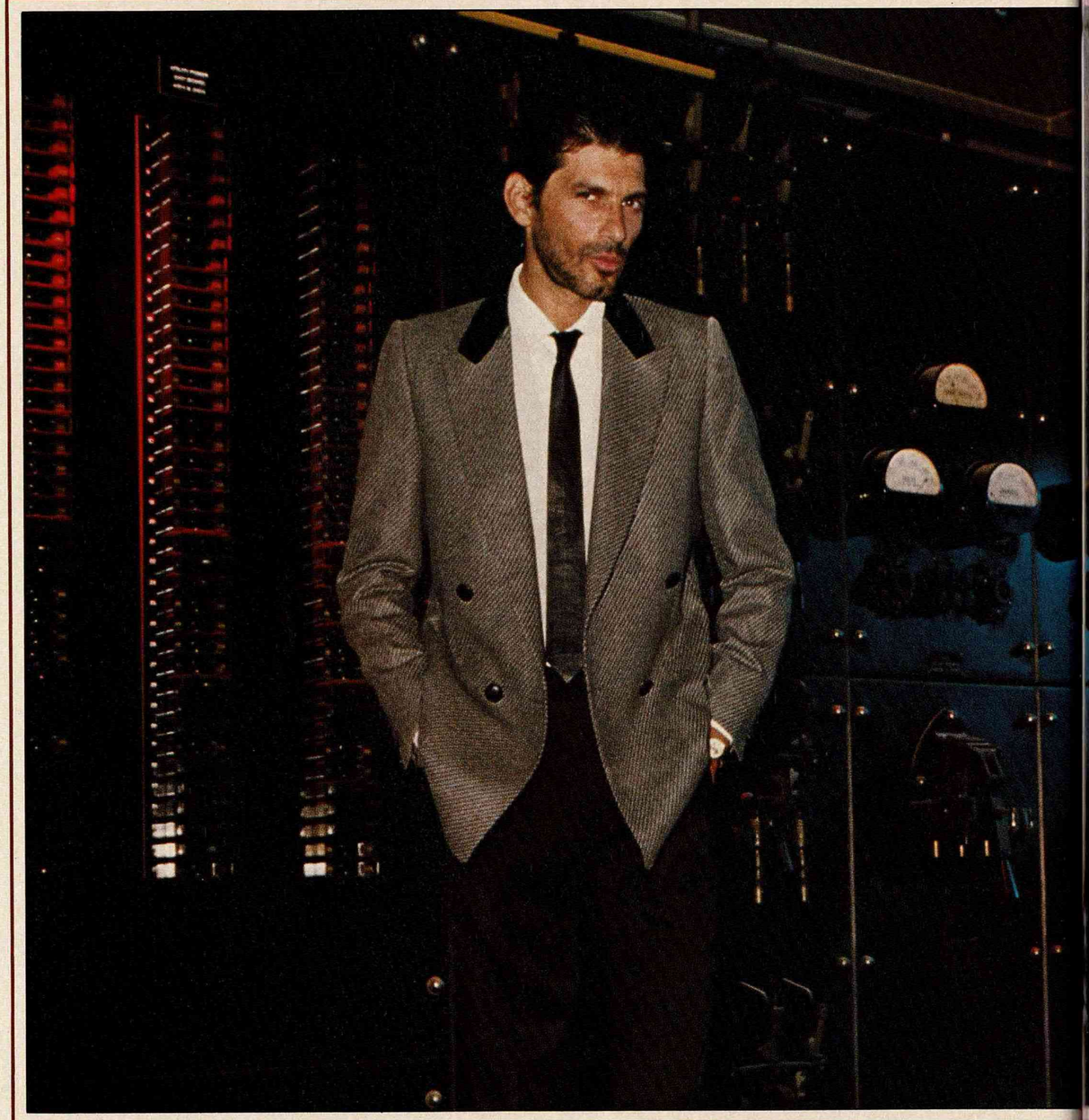
*italian designers have bid arrivederci to the "penguin-style" dinner suits of old, ushering in a new range of shining armor for today's sir galahads*

*fashion* By KATE STEAD

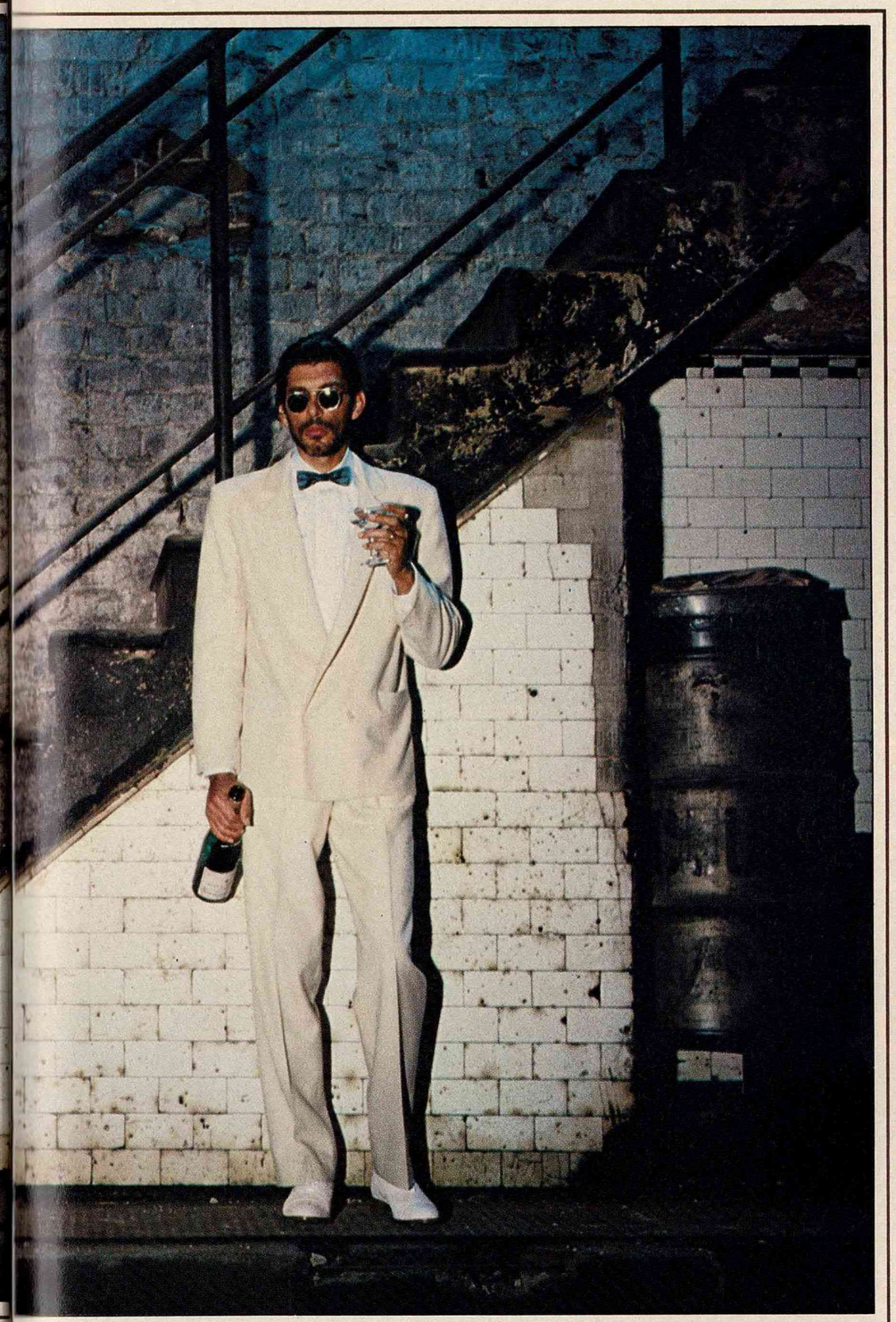


Photography by Denis Scott

Informality sets the style, as shown by this magnificent cashmere coat. It is by Reporter and costs $265. The Lubiam wool and mohair trousers are $81 and the pure silk shirt by Càrrel, $54. All from Il Tacchino, Sydney. Shirt also available from Adam the Original and Trelliny stores, Melbourne, and Village Gate, Perth.



The "macho look" – a leather-trimmed, double-breasted creation of wool and silk by Trent Nathan for $330, with leather tie ($25) and silk shirt ($75). All from Trent Nathan, Sydney. Leather trim suit also from If Mens Wear, Canberra; Just Men, Brisbane; Valentinos and Butler, Adelaide; Tony Barlow stores, Perth; Closed Circuit, Georges, Candotti and Adam the Original, Melbourne.



The pure wool creme dinner suit by Valdis Alexander ($240) is offset by a white cotton shirt ($40) and white canvas shoes ($88). All from Valdis Alexander, King street, Sydney. Suit also from Wayne Watkins, South Yarra, Melbourne. Women's clothes on these pages by Flamingo Park, Sydney. Women's accessories by Nice Things, Sydney.

# SEX IN PERTH

*a late starter in the permissive stakes, western australia has now reached the stage where it is almost in a perpetual state of excitement*

*article* by GEORGE WILLIAMS

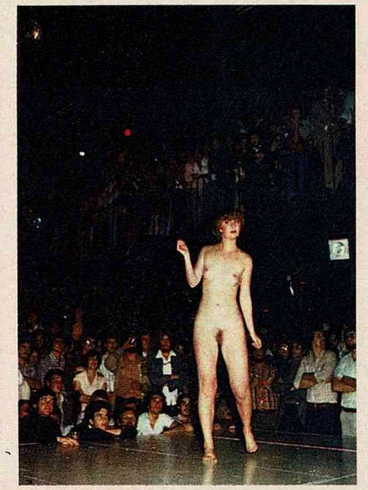
# GO WEST YOUNG RAM!

"GO WEST, young man!" used to be the catch-cry of those craving adventure in the rugged, he-man mould — you know, gold-mining, hurtling giant machines around rugged dust bowls, rounding up sloe-eyed cows with tattooed-armed vigor and that sort of thing.

Now it's likely to catch on among those with a taste for la dolce vita. The sexual revolution has at last hit the Golden West. Even if you're not the fastest gun, at least you can have one helluva time.

Perhaps it's the close proximity to the much-vaunted fleshpots of South-East Asia; maybe it's the great flood of money setting the place awash following the mineral and farming booms. But no longer need the West be considered the home of the wowser, the last bastion of conservatism. At last gentle, free-and-easy Western Australia is sorting out its sexual shibboleths

Illustration by Harm Wiemann



**ABOVE: An offer to park at the rear points to a popular Perth massage parlor. RIGHT: Amateurs let it all hang out during an all comers' strip at Pinocchio's Disco. BELOW LEFT: Where it started — nude sunbathing on Swanbourne Beach. BELOW RIGHT: Barbarella's sex shop features "specials".**

and starting to live up to its "State of Excitement" tag.

The first stage of the erotic renaissance about five years ago was a growing sexual awareness; the second stage seems to raise the question: "All right, I'm aware, but what the hell do I do with it?"

Early symptoms of the storming of the moral Bastille were Swanbourne nudist beach, sex shops, massage parlors, a relaxation of attitudes to homosexuality and R-movies at the drive-ins. The Commonwealth Government unwittingly provided the nucleus for the great sexual wake-up with the unofficial, but wide-open, nudist beach at suburban Swanbourne. It's a strip of dazzling white sand, owned by the Department of Defence, forming the western extremity of the sprawling Swanbourne Army camp.

Nedlands City Council owns the bordering land, and is very browned off with complaints from residents about nudists parking all over their street verges, begonias and driveways. But the nudists seem safely entrenched. Police and councillors were foiled in their efforts to drive the sunworshippers away because their playground is Commonwealth land and beyond local jurisdiction. The troops in the Army camp don't want the military police to stop it, either. Now, for eight months of the year, you can find between 100 and 8000 people there – all naked. The usual strange Australian response to nudity applies. People who would never look at a volley ball while fully clothed suddenly have to play, varicose veins, caesarean scars and appendectomy indentations rampant.

Sexuality, in spite of the nudity, is repressed. Week-day office colleagues meet at Swanbourne eyeball to eyeball. Unwritten codes of conduct demand poker faces and a solemn demeanor whereby everybody pretends that it is perfectly ordinary, even boring, to be naked. Swanbourne has also offered gays a legit meeting place, though they did meet some resistance when they tried to set up a beat in the sandhills behind the beach. To start with, there is hardly enough room for assignations between the patrols of strange fellows in dark suits, raincoats sandshoes, et al, who lurk in the hills peering at the sunbathers. And to cap it all, some children from houses in the Army camp ran home and told their folks about some peculiar goings-on. The children's fathers, members of the SAS commando force, swiftly formed a vigilante squad and cleared the sandhills. As an added disincentive, Nedlands Council has decided to plant its section of the sandhills with a painful prickly species of bush coincidentally named boxthorn.

This sort of sexual schizophrenia – official condemnation of behavior that is generally accepted – has a tight grip on Perth's civic leaders. In a city where brothels loosely disguised as massage parlors flourish and Tanya offers "the ride of your life" in the columns of the popular press, the Premier, Sir Charles Court, made sure that his royal visitor, Prince Charles, was saved from seeing that "depraved" Aussie movie, *The Odd Angry Shot.* In the same city, on the same day, unemployed 16-year-olds were watching "the unforgettably twisted tastes and bizarre desires of *The Passion Seekers* in a cinema. Such R-movies are widely advertised (with nipples painted out in the prudish morning daily), and a huge range of



home movies is offered for hire in the personal columns.

Straight amateur talent is available in the usual places: pubs, taverns and discos. Carefully, if not tastefully, decorated saloon and lounge bars work as rendezvous for strangers, but some girls resent the feeling of being picked up. They avoid this by frequenting a bar regularly so they get to know other regulars and the staff. It can be useful if the barman can introduce you to that great-looking guy at the table over there.

A University of WA psychology student who recruited friends to observe and note the pick-up techniques used at the Chelsea Tavern's crowded Sunday session found the methods disappointingly obvious and old-fashioned. Guys tended to stand in groups eyeing the girls. Then, after 10 or 15 minutes of deliberate study, one would buy another a drink and sidle over. The dialogue tended to be stilted. "It's pretty crowded tonight, don't you think?" "How are you going?" "Do you come here often?" Girls were more direct. Those bold enough to front came on strong: "What are you doing after this?"

Ralph, a slender male model with a search-and-destroy approach, has done well with: "What will my mother say?"

Girl (surprised): "What?"

Ralph: "I asked you, 'What will my mother say?' "

Girl: "What are you talking about?"

Ralph: "What will Mum say when she hears I died of a broken heart because you wouldn't come out and have dinner with me?"

Dissolve into laughter, usually followed by dinner.

Local girls are generally shy with strangers in public. They have to live in this town, and folks talk. But a few drinks and a conversation about strange and faraway places can loosen them up. The small-town psychosis that everything must be more exciting somewhere else is strong in Perth. Cheap air fares and higher wages haven't broken the spell; they've simply made it possible for more girls to go exploring for that elusive excitement. Strangers are a hint or a promise of that excitement. So, once a visitor makes contact, it's hard for him to go wrong.

Kath, a 21-year-old surgeon's receptionist, explains: "I love mixing with young doctors who call here. It's more interesting to talk about other places and other things. They have style. They treat you as if you might be important, even if they know you are only a typist. Perhaps it's because they're away from home and try harder that they're on their most charming behavior. And they don't just take you for granted the way guys do who live in Perth all the time. The local guys expect you to wait round while they surf or play football or go off and drink with their mates."

Swinging Perth is very discreet and very busy. Sex therapist Dr Max Clarke says people would be astonished to know how widespread it is among the upper middle classes. Often it seems a natural development for couples with long-standing friendships. A holiday together is frequently the catalyst: a lonely beach, four people who know each other, a nude swim, a few drinks ... and suddenly Bob and Carol and Ted and Alice.

A television station office girl claims she has no objection to sharing a big bed with good friends. "It can be beautiful to feel really close to your friends," she says. "But you have to be careful because so many people are still uptight. I tried to tell my sister about one great night we had and she just freaked at the idea of any sort of sex in front of other people. If I had told her there were four of us on a couch on the flat balcony with people walking on the footpath three metres below, she'd probably have run out screaming and called the police."

*"The small-town psychosis that everything must be more exciting somewhere else is strong in Perth."*

Her boyfriend works in a photographic studio and she likes to visit him, without underwear, wearing a loose dress. His boss has probably guessed what develops in the dark room, but she says that though it's uncomfortable, it's very exciting to have sex standing up when somebody else could walk in at any moment.

In Perth, discos, taverns and hotels serve their international purposes, but you need to know your way around. A new boy in town could waste his energy at a restaurant like the Blue Note, where millionaire businessmen have been known calmly to offer a waitress $1000 for a trick. Minskys at Hollywood, the Chelsea Tavern at Nedlands, the Foxy Lady and Shafto Lane in town are all very popular with the bourgeoisie. Places where married women can have a night out without complications. Where every second man is named Paul, has to be home at midnight and can't be contacted at the office, sweetheart, sorry, but I'm on the road a lot.

The Sheraton Hotel's piano bar and Hannibals disco club are the most stylish nightspots. At Hannibals, a DJ is suspended in a glass pod over the glass disco floor and club members gyrate below on their $100 annual subscriptions.

Good old capitalism and private enterprise have arranged some new chances for folks who can't come by what they want in the amateur arena. Every weekend the local papers, the *Sunday Times* (owned by Rupert Murdoch) and the *Sunday Independent* (owned by Peter Wright, business partner of iron ore millionaire Lang Hancock) display a smorgasbord of sex for sale. There are pages of offers to spank, discipline, swap, massage (guys for guys, guys for chicks, chicks for chicks or whatever combination suits), enthusiastic, well-hung young men for bored housewives, discreet partners for businessmen.

And it's a funny thing, but a lot of the girls seem to have the same names as girls in St Kilda and Kings Cross ... like Simone, Natasha, Ingrid and Bridgit. Few, however, have accents to match their names.

Display advertisements are written in heavy double entendre: "Come at your leisure and come again and be frottizied (sic) ... private parking and entrance at rear. Discretion assured. Handicapped welcome." Some are blunt: "Paradize Chicks offer gents choice of enjoyment with 3 healthy young sirens." "Stay at your place or ours. Secluded discipline, bondage, leatherettes."

The growing army of unemployed has added a note of desperation to some ads: "Ladies. Two spunky young guys in financial diff will do *anything* for money. Discretion assured." Others have a different note: "M/cple mid-30s wish meet same swing times, no fat, skinny or flat." And: "Thirty-year-old woman wanted to teach 20-year-old male art of love-making."

There's a growing country circuit, too. Agricultural lobbyists might bleat about farmers having to leave the land, but those who stay seem determined to enjoy it. Regular ads ask for girls and couples to enjoy rural romps in Bunbury, Albany and Geraldton. An interesting extension of the old governess scheme.

Perth's prostitutes generally operate under the screen of massage parlors in William street, north of the city, at Maylands, en route to the airport, and at the port of Fremantle (mainly for sailors). Bankcard is widely accepted.

For tourists, the Happy Haven in Guildford road, Maylands, is open from 8 am to 2 am seven days a week. Staff

have a slightly irritating tendency to call you "love" several times in each sentence, but they deliver the usual services efficiently, and massage and sauna are freely available. "The works" costs around $60.

Until 1957, Perth gloried in having the most famous bordellos in the country. Behind a half-mile stretch of green paling fences the girls worked Roe street, with Central Police Station at one end. An anti-brothel campaign amongst churches spearheaded by the fire-breathing Rev. Alan Walker, of Sydney, disclosed that the houses were largely owned by the Commonwealth Government, which had confiscated them from their alien owners during World War Two. The bawdy houses closed, a few girls went to the Kalgoorlie goldfields, but the majority just seemed to vanish.

The professionals came back in force during the mineral boom of the late 1960s and became so obvious that a royal commission was held in 1975-76. Police Superintendent H. E. (Spike) Daniels made 35 allegations of police involvement, but none stuck. Police were exonerated by the Commissioner, Mr J. G. Norris.

But the game goes on. Today the working girls rely heavily on newspaper advertising and personal recommendation. The decor of their premises tends to be 1960s motel style ranging up to velvet wallpaper, ceiling mirrors, Scandinavian furniture and water beds and down to the back room of a deli and the shop owner's sister.

But they all try the same rates – around $20 for a basic topless massage, and more for extras. These mean a bigger payout, even if you only want her to wear suspender belt, or apply scented oils or honey. After the preliminaries, the customer's choice is hand relief, oral or the works – all involving the use of condoms. In spite of Festival of Light claims, most girls are in the game voluntarily, and for money. Broad economic circumstances and personal problems may help them make the decision, but the big reason is that it's a quick way to make a pile.

Some nightclubs which everyone, including the police, know are gambling joints have set themselves up in tandem with brothels. The idea is to recycle any winnings the gamblers might make. After a good run at blackjack or baccarat, a winner is encouraged to take his pick of the girls next door. The clubs and their auxiliaries operate north of town in the James, William, Lake street zone. Experienced cab drivers and hotel staff can arrange anything you're prepared to pay for. One big cab company issues trusted night shift drivers with a list of massage parlors, and room service is

## TREATING THE MISFITS

The three-month waiting list to get an appointment with Dr Max Clarke is evidence enough that Perth has reached puberty. He became a sex therapist nine years ago after 10 years as a GP and five as a psychiatrist.

His booming practice does not mean that Perth is cluttered with sexual cripples. He says: "About 15 years ago there was world-wide change – sex appeared everywhere, in conversation, discussion, magazines, movies, books, fashion, and practice.

"Many people have handled it very smoothly; others are showing up as confused, sometimes ignorant, and frequently guilt-filled victims of our present socio-cultural phenomena."

Most of the paying customers (around $40 an hour) are couples, many of them women yearning for the screaming orgasm they've been led to expect. Dr Clarke insists: "Every girl has the potential to experience orgasm but, in our society, sex is confused hopelessly for children. Masturbation is taboo, pleasant feelings are repressed and, in marriage, this leads to unconscious neurotic barriers unless help is sought." He believes religious overtones at home and at school add complications.

Dr Clarke says females have a special problem because their genitals are concealed. Sexuality in males is much more assertive. All teenage boys get erections. They're conveniently situated for handling and there's a certain braggadocio among boys about getting a hard on. Girls are much less likely to chat about how to stroke a clitoris.

But out of this disaster area, Dr Clarke claims a high rescue rate. He has revised and condensed a technique used by American sex therapists Masters and Johnson which, he says, can give an uptight woman orgasm within weeks. The Masters and Johnson method takes months.

The first session is a straight lecture. "I have to get rid of all the clutter and wrong ideas," he says. "Maybe Harold Robbins does know people who experience half-hour intercourse with consistently explosive orgasms, but I believe that most Australian men ejaculate within two-and-a-half minutes of penetration and only about 20 percent of women experience orgasm."

With this new set of standards implanted, Dr Clarke sets the couple homework. "Yes, homework. I have to come on strong and didactic, just like a headmaster. I send them off with very specific instructions – go home, shower, relax, leave the lights *on* and massage to a set pattern, looking at what you're touching.

"When you get aroused, and you will, masturbate. There is to be no intercourse. This breaks down huge barriers in one swoop for many people: all those who have always undressed with the lights out, all those who have believed masturbation was wrong. I can make these directions so strong and sweeping because I become a parent substitute. It helps if they go home and do what the doctor ordered to ease any embarrassment. I deliberately talk like a pedagogue to get things moving."

Dr Clarke says the mere presence of a couple in his clinic indicates that they are aware they have a problem. But some still disguise it. His treatment does not try to pin blame on anyone. It is shared by both partners. Dr Clarke cuts through the clutter without analysis or interpretation of symbols. He dismisses Freud as a persuasive writer who peddled a lot of bull. Sexual competition creates some of his custom: men who feel they must perform six times a night, women after that elusive orgasm.

"You'd be amazed at the adventurous sex lives of people in a small place like Perth, where it is so easy to bump into a casual partner. Women tell me about trying it with the delivery man and the chap next door as they try to test themselves," says Dr Clarke.

This leads to swinging, which is now widespread in all the middle class suburbs, he says.

"Generally, extra-marital sex does good. It's an ego boost, a shot in the arm, it's discreet and it removes the strain of telling lies.

"It does need an open-mindedness by those concerned. But overall swinging is the least dangerous form of extra-marital sex because people are less likely to become emotionally involved."



exactly that at two of the capital's biggest hotels.

Very expensive girls ($200 a night) work in a couple of the most expensive city bars, but they also face stiff competition from amateurs. It's a popular myth that the wealthiest people go to the most expensive places. Ellen and Julia, who frequent the Sheraton's piano bar, have kicked on to some disappointing pads with very impressive owners. Says Ellen: "We've left here with a couple of really great guys. Nice clothes, nice car, nice apartment. But no furniture, no food, no nothing. Just a bed."

If you want to be seen in company with a female friend, Cleopatra's escort agency in Hay street, city, has a fair range of ages and sizes. The company offers to arrange nice girls with good table manners and ability to converse on politics and religion. Oh yes, and sex, if required. Fees have to be negotiated with the girl. They can be high – $300 for the night – but are explained away by reference to extensive overheads, clothes, make-up, hairstyles and so on.

At January's escort agency in James street, north of the city, company is available at $100 an hour "for dinner et cetera". The management says its girls are "very nice, elegant and with style". Fees, once again, have to be negotiated with the girls. Naturally the quality varies widely among the 15 escort agencies and 22 massage parlors that advertise.

The brothels' kindred industry, sex shops, is caught confusingly between the tide of official disapproval and what the customers want. The shops get busted spasmodically for selling obscene material and objects, even though they argue in frustration that many customers are sent by doctors, a lot of whom work for the State.

"Sex shops used to cater just for the raincoat brigade," said a lawyer who has represented them in court. "But now they get people coming under doctors' orders to buy stimulating films, oils, books and equipment. They're providing a very important public service and they still get hounded. But the government won't close them down completely. It's all so hypocritical."

Barbarella's leads the way with four branches and a weekly list of specials. Love dolls sell for $25, and there's a steady mail order business offering a variety of movies, tapes, vibrators and rubber aids.

The Whisper Erotique in James street is Australia's, if not the world's, first drive-in sex shop. Just north of the city, it has given new battery-powered, rubber-coated life to an old garage. Just the place for a quiet browse after a meal in the spaghetti belt along nearby William street.

Perth was on the way to becoming a striptease Mecca when the government stepped in earlier this year. The national strip titles were being arranged for the Hotel Charles when the Licensing Court banned topless females and strippers from hotels and taverns. Any breach of the court ruling now means de-licensing. The move caused a furore. Strippers, who were picking up $50 a performance and rushing between pubs to meet the Friday lunch market, were particularly vocal. So were the publicans. Trade has died, casual bar staff have been laid off and the Australian Hotels Association is talking about a court challenge.

Pub strippers were the General Exhibition side of a financially healthy business. Hotel acts got down to total nudity, but by informal agreement with the CIB there was no touching.

Behind closed doors, in the pubs and footy clubs, the strips are still hard

*"Behind closed doors, in the pubs and footy clubs, the strips are still as hard core as ever"*

core. A Christmas show last year in one city hotel climaxed with two girls sharing a cucumber in front of 200 men and two female librarians who happened to be at the back of the crowd. Despite the pub ban, strippers are still easily available for private parties, bucks' shows or fantasy photographic sessions. Their quality, and morals, vary amazingly.

Gays are enjoying the new freedom probably more than anyone. They no longer need to loiter near public lavatories to meet partners. Poofter bashing has died as a local sport, and several city bars are known as gay meeting places. The clientele drifts on a circuit around the Concert Hall, the Paddington, Connections and Feathers restaurant in the heart of town and the Regency Sauna.

At Connections, straights can feel very strange. It's a classy clubland atmosphere with a disco dancing set-up and public enjoyment by kindred sexes. It was a popular curiosity stop until the management recently hiked the entry charge to $7.50 for straights. That stings, but the tourists still pay because it is so lively and enjoyable. Beautiful young lesbians and middle-aged gays relax completely in sympathetic company.

Typical of the new attitudes is the case of Joseph Clifton, who told a Perth court that he was a practising homosexual. Clifton, facing charges of bouncing cheques and forging his father's signature, was told by the beak: "They would welcome you with open arms down there (Fremantle Prison). You can thank your lucky stars." Clifton got three years' probation and was ordered to do community service. Gay libbers are not sure what Clifton's sexual tastes had to do with fraud charges, but they're glad he's not in jail.

However, in spite of the sexual revolution, Perth is outwardly conservative. The great mass still don't get to talk, let alone touch, until they've been introduced – except at "Rotto".

When all about is gloom, Perth people retreat to Rottnest Island, 18km off the coast. It was opened in colonial days as a humane penal colony for Aboriginal felons because they fretted and died in ordinary prison cells. It has since become a holiday place the locals call the island of sun, sand, salt, sore eyes – and sex.

A mother of two with a real estate agent husband and a freezer full of chilled beef goes to Rottnest early each summer to treat her suburban neurosis. Usually she carts a trustworthy girlfriend along as chaperone, and they arrive on a Monday. The weekend mob has gone home to the mainland, and the girls can take their pick of the Army officers and NCOs from the base on the island. Secluded coves abound, and she says she doesn't feel at all guilty about pedalling a bike (there are no other public vehicles on Rottnest) a couple of miles "accidentally" to meet a trim, fit soldier who happens to be on manoeuvres on the beach.

But the great mass of Rottnest visitors see it at weekends and at peak holiday periods, when the pub is full of yobboes and the settlement littered with drunks and teenagers. At these times the stylish set retreat to boats. These range from bare racing machines through smelly fishing boats to lush, air-conditioned 40-metre launches complete with wine cellars and bidets.

Away from all this vulgar show of money the back-to-nature folks are getting their share. In the past five years there has been a big increase in the number of people curious about alternative lifestyles and communal living. But the close physical contact entailed has its disadvantages. According to a general hospital doctor, the rate of Herpes II infection is alarming. The dolce vita, it seems, is not all fun.

Illustration by Steve McHugh

*one by one the bikies lined up face-on to the fence ready to shower dot's daffodils with another deadly deluge — but they were in for a shocking experience*

*fiction*

**By Peter Brennan**

THE KIND of man Al Dutton was, he once wore a contraceptive sheath pulled tight over a homemade splint and bandage on the broken middle finger of his left hand.

That told about Al in a number of ways: (a) he didn't particularly believe in, and anyway couldn't often afford, doctors; (b) he couldn't figure out what else the sheath could have been for, since it fitted and he'd found it in the medical kit of his 17-year-old son, who was studying first aid with St John's; (c) it only just fitted, meaning his finger was big, and therefore attached to a body that stood about 200 cm, bent; (d) it was a clue in the direction of explaining how Al came to have 13 kids he (e) loved and trusted more than God or government.

Al was an intelligent but hopelessly unworldly man, a slow-moving giant who saw right and wrong in terms of what seemed fair enough, or not. Morality didn't have to be, was never meant to be, any more specific than that to him.

It's helpful to know that much about Al Dutton in appreciating what he did that night in the May of '69. That was the night that Hells Angels cried out in the name of Lucifer — or more particularly, all their Lucifers. It happened, according to neighbors who

# How big Al made the flies spark

woke in fright, at seven minutes before midnight, and if I die with a singular regret it will be that I was not crouched behind Dorothy Dutton's proud magnolia bush that evening.

On the matter of Dorothy, apart from stating the obvious, that she was the mother of Al's seven sons and six daughters (the oldest being Tom, the earlier-mentioned 17-year-old breaker of hearts and convent security locks; the youngest being Lacy, a cute doll of 22 months), it's necessary to record that the woman had a garden. On Dorothy's list of life's priorities her magnolias, chrysanthemums and daffodils et al occupied places 14 to 54. Depending on what time Al got home on Friday night, the kids and the flowers moved up or down a notch.

Nevertheless she toiled unreservedly for five years to bring her plants to the richness that made neighbors and passers-by forget the Duttons' was the only fibro house in the street.

She might only have been the wife of an electricity linesman, but Dorothy's geraniums were the stuff to bring tears to the eyes of a stately home head gardener. She loved them.

It was for her, then, that Al did what he did.

One day they started to wither. Slowly, certainly, she saw them begin to wilt, droop and, one by one, die off. They withered a little every day, but they withered most on Saturdays and Sundays. She watered them, nurtured them, gave them Thrive and finally, in desperation and grief, succumbed to the advice of an American horticultural cretin: she started singing to her drooping blooms.

That was the point at which Al Dutton decided to act. Three months of mourning he'd endured, and another might see Dorothy fitting his kids with black armbands. So he started taking an interest in his wife's garden.

He gently trod the length of it one Sunday morning about 10 o'clock while she and the kids were at church praying that God would spare him for not coming. And an unsaintly clue wafted upward to his nostrils. It travelled further north and triggered a distant sense of déjà vu.

Al got down on his knees that Sunday morning and sucked in a full whiff. Jesus, eureka, that was it all right – urine. Some lousy bastards had been emptying . . . must be buckets . . . on Dot's daffodils. The whole bloody plot reeked like the unloading trough at his local pub at 10 on any given Friday night. No question what the gardening problem was any more: somebody was jaundicing Dot's famous green thumb.

The question was, who?

Now, as mentioned, Al isn't exactly a chronicler of social ongoings, urban or suburban, but he did know a little about the recent establishment five houses up the street on the corner. It did business under a neon sign that was hard to miss and said "Little Joe's". Little Joe at that time was obviously very popular with, or wise enough not to say no to, a group of young fellows who wore leather jackets in midsummer, steambaths and, presumably, bed. Their leather jackets wore signs on the backs that said "Hells Angels".

Al found himself thinking about this recently arrived youth group as he plucked yet another defunct daffy from the northwest corner of Dorothy's garden. It seemed to him he'd begun waking at 1am to the sound of motor cycles about the same time three months back that Dorothy's second children started to wither.

He didn't say anything to her when she brought the kids home from church because he wasn't a man who acted on hunches in serious matters. He waited, and the next Friday night he didn't go to his pub at all. From the first darkness he sat by the darkened window of Tom's front bedroom and kept the glow of his roll-yer-own below sill level.

Al sat there – told Dorothy he wanted to eat his dinner there without giving an explanation, which she didn't want to hear anyway, because he had to be sick or bothered not to be at the pub on a Friday – until about 10 past 12. Then he heard them coming.

As best he could tell they were about 13 or 15 in number and weren't talking much. They sort of marched like they had a purpose, from up near Little Joe's joint, past the first four houses, and propped right out front on the grass between his fence and the road. Like a line of motley recruits on inspection, they turned face-on to Al's house obscured in a strip of shadow cast by a big gum tree that was blocking the streetlight half way between there and Little Joe's place.

Al doused his cigarette and listened closely. It was good that Dot and the kids (except for Tom, who was staying overnight at a friend's place testing the reliability of finger splint sheaths) were in bed. This group out front didn't look like the kind he wanted in to play a game of dominoes.

He could see only their silhouettes, but he could hear their basic symphony: eight belches followed by the cascading crescendo of nature proving that even angels must be mortal. Hell, they were doing it right through the wire-mesh fence, weaving arcs of death all over Dorothy's pride and joy. The temptation to leap out the front door then and there was overwhelming, but Al was a man of carefully considered actions and he wanted to think this through overnight.

A number of things had become clear to him, though, even before sleep: that the lads' choice of the Dutton fence as the site of communal relief was probably without malice, based quite practically on the fact that the big gum gave his fence the most cover from street lighting; that the lads nonetheless had to be persuaded that shadow was not sufficient excuse for exterminating Dorothy's flowers.

He didn't question why they chose not to use Little Joe's little house, believing that was between them and Little Joe, only that they chose his address as the substitute.

And so the next night, Saturday, Al waited up for them again. This time, as they filed down from Joe's about 12.15, he walked out to meet them.

"Hey, fellers," he said, stepping over his front gate, "I think maybe we have to come to some new arrangement about your choice of, ah . . ."

He felt the breeze from the first rock as it passed by his ear, and then he heard it crash through the front lounge room window. Then he heard a scream that sounded like little Lacy's. It was that sound alone which made him instinctively wheel round and thunder inside. When the baby was found to be all right Al returned to the front yard, but they were gone. A second rock had shattered the window of Tom's room. He heard their bikes roaring off into the distance from up the parking lot next to Joe's.

Al didn't sleep that night. He spent 15 minutes hosing down Dorothy's stricken plants before going to bed to comfort her, and think. He always thought a lot when he was angry. He thought throughout the following week, until Friday.

By five o'clock that afternoon he had it pretty well set up.

Dorothy was nervous. She'd wanted him to call the police instead. But when her Al was mad like this she knew there was no talking to him. In the end she'd even helped him strip the ends off the wires.

"Al," she said, with a lot of hesitation. He wasn't listening too well as he connected the first exposed wire end to the bottom of the wiremesh, low in the southeast corner of the fence. "Al, are you sure it won't, you know, do any . . . any *real* damage . . .?"

Al stopped momentarily and slowly looked up at her from his crouch. His expression said Dorothy should stick to her geraniums and leave the linesman to his trade. He turned back to connecting the wires.

The thought stayed with him, though, because when he borrowed the 30-volt sealed unit transformer

from his partner on the city council truck, he'd had the bitter memory of Lacy's screams in his mind. Now that revenge was almost rigged, he was having his own second thoughts. Maybe, as Dot said, it was a bit too heavy, considering where the current was heading.

When he finished the connections to each of the four corners of the wire mesh, he decided to scale it down. The message he would deliver would be 15 volts. Yeah, they'd still get it okay.

Mysteriously, an excitement had built through the halls and bedrooms of the Dutton house from early in the evening. It was mysterious because, apart from Al and Dorothy, only Tom was supposed to know there could be trouble tonight. They figured he was old enough.

By 7pm, 15-year-old Jeff had let it spill that he was wise to the plan. Dorothy was outraged and her gaze turned on Tom across the dinner table. He kept his eyes downcast. Things got worse through dessert when Sarah, 12, leaned across to her nine-year-old sister, Emma, and whispered something that made them both giggle ecstatically. Dorothy looked silently across at Al, who shrugged.

She didn't realise the cat was irretrievably out of the bag, though, until she tried to put four-year-old Cindy to bed at 7.50. After her ritual God-blessing of every Dutton in the house, Cindy kissed her mother's cheek and asked: "Mummy?"

"Yes darling?"

"Mummy, is Daddy really going to blow all those men's diddies off tonight?" she inquired innocently.

Dorothy's finger abruptly came down on the light switch. Lacy, it seemed, was the only non-conspirator remaining in her God-fearing family. She locked herself in her youngest child's room for the remainder of the evening, wanting to disown this affair for both of them.

When 11.30 came the scene in Tom's bedroom – the designated command post – was this: Al, seated face-out at the window in solemn concentration; to his rear left, Tom, periodically asking if he could flick the switch when the time came, since his was the only bedroom window broken; first row on the bed, Jeff, protesting that Tom wasn't even home that night and it'd been Tom who got to go on the old man's hunting trip last October while the rest stayed home; and behind, five more Dutton kids who gained entry according to whether they'd yet been given Dorothy's clearance to see NRC-rated movies with their friends. All the other Duttons were in their beds, sleeping or feigning it.

Tom spotted them first. He nudged his father, who stubbed his cigarette jerkily in the darkness.

They were earlier than last week. Al reached for the switch-plate and sat it carefully on his lap. His other hand motioned the kids in the rear to stop their chattering.

And there was silence.

Al peered through the tiny slit in the venetians as the crowd of bikies ambled down to right in front of his fence. He was counting them . . . 14,15,16 . . . Jesus, there were 20 of the bastards this week. They'd come for trouble tonight, for sure. His sudden fear was that they wouldn't stop at the fence tonight at all; maybe they'd come up to the house – *the kids*. It was too late to order them to the back of the house now, too much noise, so he held his breath . . .

There was a belch.

Then, one by one, they began lining up in the strip of darkness, face-on to the fence, propped there like a line of expectorating convicts before a firing squad – and Al Dutton began to feel that warm surge of comfort that comes with Being In Control.

He was re-counting them as each began to let nature have her way . . . 17,18,19 . . . thankful that overloaded bladders allowed him to extend his timing until the last second . . . 20!

Al's finger pushed down steadily on the switch.

For a split second there was an eerie, absolute silence – the delayed reaction of men in total shock. And then they came . . . the soul-wrenching cries of Hades in havoc, a pitch of bewildered torture, fallen angels in total submission, clutching madly at electrified manhood.

Only Jeff's voice was heard in the command room of widened eyes, when, in excited exaggeration he blurted to the effect: "Jeez, I think I saw the flash go right up their pee, Dad!"

In the stupors of drink and burning shock the fallen writhed for many minutes in and about the gutter outside the Dutton home while bedroom and porch lights came alive up and down the street. Only the command house remained in darkness as neighbors filtered into adjoining front yards, hurling curses at this ragtag gang of screeching midnight revellers.

Somebody called the police, whose sirens could be heard approaching in the distance as the last of the leather jackets scrambled up the street toward Little Joe's parking lot.

Al Dutton relaxed as he listened to cycle engines tear off into the night. "Time for bed, kids," he said evenly.

•

I lived nine houses down the road from the Duttons at the time. Ours was one of the lights that went on about midnight. Only a few months later, when I was talking to a friend who happened to be in the crowd in Tom's bedroom, did I learn why Little Joe's suddenly lost its attraction for the Hells Angels bike boys. The subject came up quite accidentally one day when I said: "Hey, your mum's garden is really looking fantastic again."

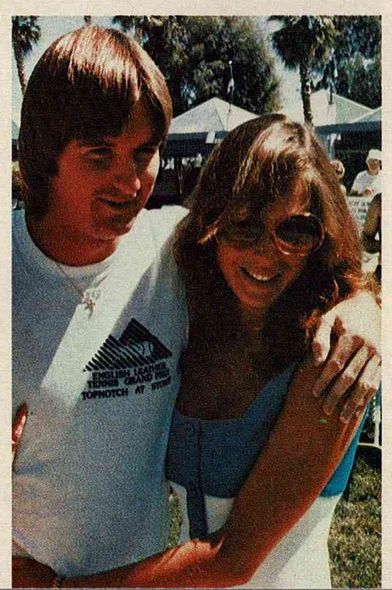
"The massage parlor has been good to us, Joe."

A new world opened for the 1977 *Playmate of the Year*, Patti McGuire, when she eloped with Jimmy Connors. RIGHT: The happily-married couple on the road.

# WELL MATCHED

*when a tennis champion meets a top playmate, the net result is . . . love*

TENNIS ACE Jimmy Connors was doing more than just winning the Custom Credit tennis tournament when he was in Australia last year. All the while he was pining for US PLAYBOY 1977 *Playmate of the Year* Patti McGuire, who happened to be waiting for him far away in Japan. Jimmy filled in his time off the court by courting – on the phone from his Sydney hotel room, where he made the marriage plans. Then, later that month, while Jimmy was playing in a tournament in Tokyo, the couple slipped away to a village about an hour's drive from the city and were married in a Shinto temple. It wasn't till December that Patti and Jimmy



TOP LEFT: Patti and furry friend in an early pose. CENTRE: Yet another friend. LEFT: With Playmate Janis Schmitt. ABOVE: Fun and games during a screening of the TV tape *Playmate House Party.* Our Patti gets a lift from model Ingrid Greer.

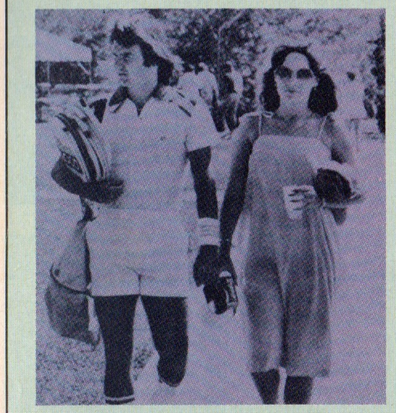
began breaking the news of their marriage to family and friends. "How would you like to be a grandmother?" Jimmy said, by way of telling his mother, Gloria, a devout Catholic. Mrs Connors said she was completely surprised, but happy. "She loves my son and that's all that counts." The young couple were married again in a private ceremony in the United States because the Japanese ceremony was not binding under US law. It was PLAYBOY, though, which first discovered Patti, a 27-year-old former political science student from Missouri. In November, 1976, our US edition featured her delectable form draped on a vintage Wurlitzer in a roadside café. Since then we've kept abreast of developments (pardon!). Patti moved from Missouri to California, then started promotional tours for PLAYBOY and even appeared on TV, fighting evil doers with Starsky and Hutch. When

One of the most popular PLAYBOY emissaries, Patti toured the US (BELOW LEFT), posed with a familiar-looking Santa for a Christmas subscription ad (CENTRE) and became the June, 1978, calender girl (RIGHT), which explains why some PLAYBOY readers completely forgot about July.

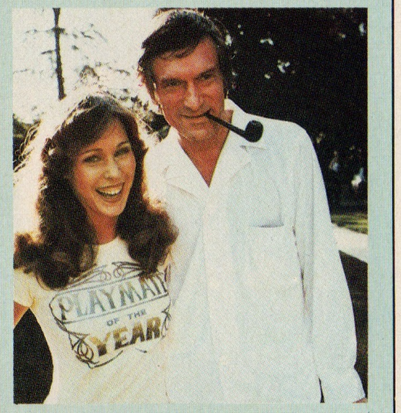
A TV game (BELOW LEFT) found Patti in a juggling act with Playmate Daina House. RIGHT: Winners of a California ski slalom event were pleasantly surprised by this pretty presenter..

ABOVE: In the August, 1977, pictorial *Riverboat Gamblers.* BELOW: Patti and Jimmy. It was love at first set.

ABOVE: Walking a very lucky dog. BELOW: With a surprise guest at a *Playmaate of the Year* photo session.



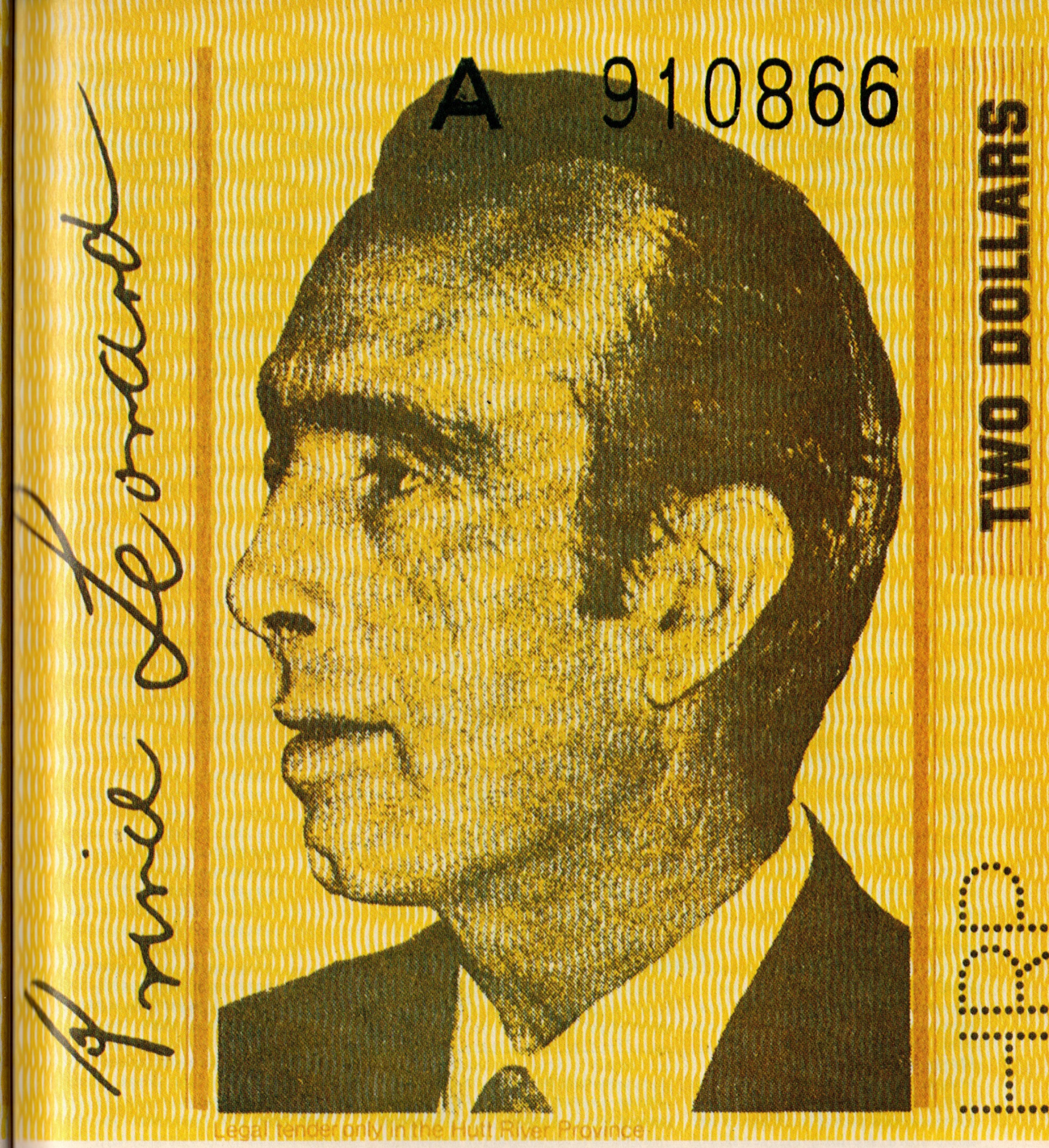
ABOVE: Immortalised on a pinball machine. BELOW: Humming happily to Jimmy Caan's guitar at a Mansion West PLAYBOY wingding.



ABOVE: Patti is crowned the top Playmate of 1977 on television by 1976 *Playmate of the Year* Lillian Muller.

TOP RIGHT: Actor Jimmy Caan and body builder-actor Arnold Schwarzenegger with body beautiful Patti. ABOVE: Working hard on her tan with July, 1977, Playmate Sandra Theodore.

she ran the Colorado rapids for a pictorial we couldn't take our eyes off her – even when she brushed her teeth. After all this she still seemed perfect and in June, 1977, we selected Patti to become our *Playmate of the Year.* Somewhere along the line Jimmy Connors also started watching her. Although best known for his formidable forehand and two-fisted backhand Connors is also something of an expert on beauty, having been previously associated with such lovelies as actress Susan George, former Miss World Marjorie Wallace and tennis player Chris Evert. But it wasn't till he saw Patti that it was game, set and match.




# Bluffing all the way to the bank

"I'M SORRY, we're not allowed to talk about that," says a girl at the Western Australia Travel Centre in Perth in response to my telephone inquiry about Prince Leonard of Hutt River Province.

Although April 21 marked the ninth anniversary of the rebel wheat farmer's secession from the rest of Australia, the WA Government still refuses to acknowledge his 7500-hectare principality, much less talk about him.

So does the Commonwealth Government. Even a declaration of war could not rouse them to action. But, says Prince Leonard, it was Prime Minister Malcolm Fraser and WA Premier Sir Charles Court who forced him into a three-day war.

"We went to war because I am fed up with Mr Fraser and Sir Charles continuing to force their laws on us," Prince Leonard recalls.

The 52-year-old prince, who uses his title only on formal occasions ("otherwise people know me as plain Len or Mr Casley"), sits chain-smoking Winfields and dribbling the ash down his crumpled synthetic safari suit as he reminisces about one of the latest campaigns

*prince leonard of hutt is making a quiet fortune out of thumbing his nose at the establishment*

*profile* **by George Williams**

in his giant game of bluff. The war itself was neat and painless. No blood. No medals. No conscription. The 30 people who live in Hutt River went to their jobs as usual, without even bothering to mobilise their defence forces – a single-engined Lake Buccaneer aircraft and the flagship of the Hutt River Navy, a 17-metre ocean-racing yacht bearing the prince's colors and the name Henry Merkin.

The war was declared in a letter to the Governor-General in December, 1977, and three days later ended on paper in another dispatch from the principality inviting diplomatic relations from the Commonwealth. It was one more shrewd and apparently successful skirmish in the on-going campaign initiated by the wiry little bloke from Kalgoorlie with the out-of-kilter eyes (a defect he's had from birth).

He says that, according to international law and convention, in particular the Geneva Convention of August 12, 1949, covering the treatment of prisoners of war, any country which survives a state of war undefeated earns automatic acknowledgement of sovereignty. This is the sort of legal point that constantly comes tumbling out of Prince Leonard, the self-taught bush lawyer who has become widely respected after nine years of nagging away at Canberra. He concedes now that, at first, Hutt River's secession, in protest at the 1970 wheat quotas, seemed impossible. "It was a joke to everyone then," he says. "We were the only ones taking it seriously, but now the public take us seriously, too. We give people respect and we are generally given respect back." As a tourist spot Hutt River Province runs second to Whyalla and down-town Wollongong, yet 60,000 tourists at a minimum $2 apiece troop annually to see Prince Leonard's realm. That's $120,000 each year, which he claims is tax free. ("Nobody in Hutt River pays income tax," says Prince Leonard, but the government does not agree). This does not include earnings from visas, stamps, postcards, currency, certificates, honorary titles and passports.

Most of the curios and souvenirs are supplied by importers who get their stock from Taiwan, but Prince Leonard is working towards more home-made leather, wood and ceramic items. Day trippers can spend their money at the Post Office or the Tourist Shop, have a look at the crown jewels and emblems of office in the Courtroom and the Boardroom, and go to the Church of Nain, an inter-denominational chapel, while the kids try the trampoline and swimming pool, laid on for free.

Prince Leonard admits the outside attractions are not all that great: "We don't have much grandeur, but the wild flowers are nice when they come out." As he says, it is the idea that attracts. The great bustle in Hutt River is not outside, but all in his own mind. Prince Leonard knows he is the big attraction. A symbol. The little bloke who bucked the system (he encourages you to believe that). The battler who left school at 14 then slogged away at night school to qualify in accountancy.

Busloads of obviously affluent executives from Tokyo, wrapped in Nikons, shuffle politely in line to buy his stamps. Bored schoolkids kick each other as they wait in teacher-controlled queues because the whole thing is a bit subtle for 12-year-olds. Humility rather than grandeur surrounds the prince at his home with an unpretentious view of the creek he calls a lake. The prince crosses his ankles above his plastic shoes and his wife, Princess Shirl, leans her head around the door.

"I'm going up to the shops to get some things – all right, dear?"

"Mmm, yes," is the royal assent from his crinkly farmer's face.

But at-home appearances can be beguiling. Prince Leonard is a master of the charade he is playing. And he knows he is winning. He is a specialist on taxation law and the Constitution and his conversation is sprinkled with legal references. He argues the legality of his secession on three main points: the British law that grants diplomatic recognition to a government which truly has the right to speak for its people; sovereignty by right of occupation; and the law of entitlement.

He explains that these premises apply because the Hutt River subjects are all his family and agree with him; correspondence with State and Commonwealth governments prove that the Hutt River Administration is indeed the government in occupancy; and if the economy of a land is taken away and the loss of land is threatened then a person is entitled to form a self-preservation government.

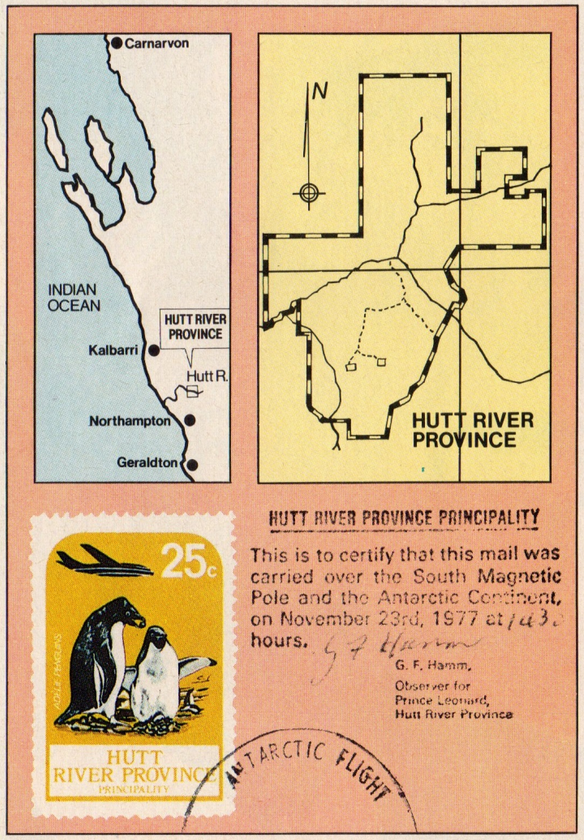
He believes it is now too late for any government to challenge him because, under Section 39 of the WA Criminal Code, action must be taken within two years against anyone who sets out to deprive Her Majesty of any of her territories.

This final point is the linchpin of his case: that the wheat quota of 1970 took away his economic base and threatened his claim to his land. As a rider, he argues that because neither the State nor Commonwealth has raised any legal objection to the Hutt River secession, it is a reality.

The case has been sent to the Commonwealth Government, the State Government, the former Governor-General, Sir Paul Hasluck, and opposition leaders. The Queen was sent letters declaring allegiance.

Mr Fraser and Sir Charles Court deny that Prince Len has seceded, or that he can possibly be a prince. But he whips out letters from their offices, and from another former Governor-General Sir John Kerr, addressed "Dear Prince Leonard" and signed by them or their senior underlings.

The collection includes: "Dear Prince Leonard, I have received your letter and noted your remarks, signed Malcolm Fraser, Leader of the Opposition, September 1, 1975" and "Dear Prince Leonard . . . Doug Anthony, April 20, 1974." Similar missives have come from Senator Ken Wriedt (September 3, 1975) and from Don Chipp (August 8, 1971).




Recognition of his realm has come from other States. The Tasmanian Government has agreed to list a consulate and, last year, the Governor of South Australia, the Rev Keith Seaman, officially received Prince Leonard. Joh Bjelke-Petersen, Queensland's Premier, has also given him the red carpet treatment.

Prince Leonard says his secret is this: "My ploy is to hammer away at a couple of points in court myself, then get lawyers to follow through. Their involvement can give confirmation and authority to the points I might make."

The prince spends a lot of time on the lecture circuit, attracting audiences of up to 1500. He has been in the courts and to Canberra umpteen times to push his case and has even been to jail once, for a night, in Geraldton, the nearest large town to his province. This was for refusing to pay a $4 fine on a federal tax matter. He's still arguing the validity of that arrest.

Prince Leonard talks freely about most aspects of Hutt River life and you feel there is no cause to doubt what he says. But when it comes to the question of taxation there are plenty of loose ends.

His personal tax arrangements, he says, were settled in a verbal agreement in Perth in 1972 with the then WA Deputy Commissioner of Taxation, Mr J. Slattery. He says: "We get no social services – child endowment, unemployment benefit, drought relief or bush fire relief – and we pay no tax on Hutt River earnings. We sent them a cheque for 10 percent tax on our interests in Western Australia and we agreed to sell up the block of apartments (in Perth).

"An inspector came to Hutt River. We went to Perth twice, and on the second visit we made the agreement. It is only verbal, but it works."

But this has been denied by the Taxation Department. The present WA Deputy Commissioner, Mr M.T. Healey, says bluntly: "No such arrangements would be made; the law would not allow it." He would not comment further because of what he described as "secrecy provisions".

Unofficially, tax officials refer to Leonard Casley of Northampton as "that silly bugger who has wasted hundreds of hours of public service time". They say they will press on with court actions. The department is understood to be basing its next attack against the prince on the strength of a case reported in the Australian Law Journal of November, 1978. The case, Sirina v Shire of Wollondilly, involved the construction of a number of buildings without shire authority. An argument in the High Court for secession was rejected out of hand by the full bench.

Poker-faced, the prince confides that he has warned Malcolm Fraser in a letter not to take him on over taxation. He believes he can show that Section 15 of the Commonwealth Taxation Assessment Act makes it illegal for States to collect taxes. "I've told Mr Fraser: 'Don't argue with us on tax'," Prince Leonard says. "And he hasn't." But then, nor has Mr Fraser replied to that letter.

Even as a young man Leonard Casley was a master at bluffing. He was born on the Kalgoorlie goldfields where his father worked on the Trans-train. Len headed for the big smoke at 14. He worked as a shipping clerk and part-time wharfie at Fremantle until he joined the RAAF. He came home from Borneo as a leading aircraftman and sunk his savings into exporting fruit and vegetables.

He soon had his first brush with the marketing authorities. He wanted to ship apples to Singapore, but the local Apple Board said no. So he filled the ship with Victorian and Tasmanian apples. Later he booked a ship with space for 150 tonnes of onions. This time the Onion Board said no. He retaliated: "All right. I know you've got a heap of onions and no ships, so keep 'em. Let 'em rot. I'll fill the ship with wheat or barley or whatever I can get." The board caved in and Len Casley edged ahead, building up the capital to buy a farm. He moved first to marginal land at Westonia on the edge of the wheatbelt.

"After 16 years I realised I couldn't increase the rainfall," he says, "so I went after better land, with more rain." He bought next at Northampton, 80 kilometres north of Geraldton. Four years later, as he was expanding his boundaries to 7500 hectares, the wheat quotas hit. Many people sneered and jeered at his decision to secede, but they're not laughing now.

Despite the hick flavor of his principality, Prince Leonard has diplomats in Tokyo, London and 55 other centres. (His "ambassadors" are often pub or bar owners.) The prince and his mumsy Princess Shirl handle the whole show at home with help from their children, Ian, 30, Kay, 29, Wayne, 28, Diane, 27, Richard, 25, Graham, 21 and Sherryl, 20. Also lending a hand is general factotum Lady Gloria Clayton, a ripe, middle-aged blonde New Zealander who says she has travelled the world on a Hutt River passport. It has, she claims, been accepted in Europe, the US and throughout South-east Asia, but not in the UK and Australia.

The province's board of administration, which meets daily at beakfast, lunch and dinner, is: Prince Leonard, Administrator; Ian Casley, Minister for Agriculture; Wayne Casley, Minister for Foreign Affairs; Richard Casley, Treasurer; and Princess Shirley, Minister for Postal Affairs. The principality carries nearly 5000 hectares of wheat, 9000 sheep and 200 cattle. But most of the revenue (Prince Leonard won't disclose how much) now comes from thousands of day-trippers.

Although the WA Government refuses to acknowledge Hutt River, Prince Leonard has agreements with 18 coach companies – including the government's own Westrail, which gets its customers from the WA Travel Centre. A phone call to the WA tourist office in Sydney inquiring whether it ran coaches to Hutt River brought the response: "No way. We'd get shot. Our government doesn't support it at all." However, the Geraldton and Carnarvon government tourist centres both stock his brochures.

The prince's fertile brain is forever concocting money-making schemes. Last year he got authorisation from the Vatican office of Cardinal Josyf Slipj to put the patriarch's portrait on Hutt River postage stamps, which come in denominations of 20c, 45c, 55c and $1. Australia Post will not accept them, but Hutt River currency is rated on the Hong Kong money exchange by Deak and Company at par with the Australian dollar.

"I've got $500 million worth of plans," says Prince Leonard. "The airport will be next, and we're developing three more lakes. A casino has been approved in principle."

He also plans to turn Hutt River into a taxation haven for Australian companies and set up an international Swiss-style banking operation.

Prince Leonard says he would like more time to relax and look heavenward. Here, too, his mind is busy. He'd like to get on with trying to prove that gravity waves from space are measurable and is also immersed in a theory about the sun hurtling at high velocity through space.

Back on earth, however, there is still much to do. Declaring yourself an independent State is not easy, as he told two groups interested in secession – one from South Australia, the other from Magnetic Island, in Queensland. "But," he added, "always remember – secession doesn't necessarily have to be legal to be successful."

*glamor queen she ain't, but the happy hooker still enjoys the hunt – only now it's got to be sophisticated*

*profile* **By PHIL JARRATT**

# HOOKER LINED AND SUNK

Illustrated by Greg Somers

XAVIERA Hollander (also known as The Happy Hooker) opened the door of her suite at the Wentworth Hotel in Sydney. It was 3.40pm and I was four minutes late. She looked slightly peeved. By her count this was the 85th interview she'd done in a week and talking about screwing can really wear a girl out. "What's in the bag?" she asked. I carry a very dirty, once-white Gladstone bag around with me. In it I keep my tape recorder, electricity bills, parking tickets and unopened copies of *Open Road*. "My lunch," I said. "Oh, ho, ho, ho, that's a good one!" she said. "You wanna drink?"

I felt terrific already, what with a famous person laughing at my joke, so I said I'd have a Scotch and soda. Xaviera fished around in the fridge and came up with the drink. She had on a greyish-blue dress of the style that used to be called a shift. And on her feet she had what a friend of mine used to call "open-toe chase-me shoes". Her blonde hair fell to about shoulder length and her perfume was overpowering, which may or may not have been the desired effect. The room was a mess. Xaviera was packing to go to Bali the next morning. She apologised for the mess, sat down in the middle of it and said I could get on with conducting the interview.

*As a kid, did you have a conventional view of morality?*

Not really. Prostitutes were bad but sex was okay. Still, I kept my virginity until I was 17½. My mother used to say that if I lost it before I married, my husband would call me a whore. Funny my mother should say that. On the other hand I saw a lot of nudity, a lot of loving. I used to sleep in the same bed as my mother and father and I would say I had incestuous feelings for both. My mother's breasts always excited me. In fact she still has a great set of knockers.

*You're so upfront about your sex life*

*it almost seems like you're role playing.*

Well, you grow into your role, and I suppose that's what has happened. I've learnt to live and sell the image of the girl who's made it rich on her back. I quite like that image but I also like the other side of me, and that's the side the men who love me prefer. My husband, for instance, he hates the whole Happy Hooker thing and I have a tough time playing it up or playing it down — depending on who I'm with. I was pregnant not so long ago and I badly wanted the child. I had an ectopic pregnancy and as well as losing the child I almost lost my life. I woke up in hospital and there's this journalist at the end of the bed saying: "Oh, I understand you had an abortion." My husband grabbed her and threw her out the door. That's the sort of thing I have to live with.

I'd emptied my glass so Xaviera got up and went to the fridge. She was warming to her subject, tossing in neat little phrases I'd heard her use on television the night before. The questions weren't exactly taking her by surprise. Like a contestant on *Mastermind,* Xaviera's area of expertise is pretty well defined.

*Do you enjoy sex as much as you profess to?*

Yes. But if you read *Knights in the Garden of Spain* (her latest book) you'll see there's not that much sex any more.

*Oh, I don't know. You got laid five times in the prologue.*

Yes, but there were three chapters with no sex at all. Lately I've become more selective. I can still enjoy a man for just one night, but it has to be lovemaking, not animal screwing. I like to hunt and be hunted in a sophisticated way.

*And yet you write about sex so superficially.*

People want to hear about raunchy sex. They don't want to hear how the Happy Hooker cooks chilli con carne for 20 people. Mind you, all the stuff I write about happened, but it's not the stuff that leaves an eternal mark on your heart.

*So you write on a superficial level and keep your real experiences to yourself?*

Well, I think we're all entitled to a private life.

*Are you selling an image that isn't really you?*

Partly, yes. I mean I'll make love all night, but there are other things. Of course there are nights when I do live the Happy Hooker image to the hilt, nights when I just want to get laid. There'll be 10 men at a cocktail party and it's like the old story of the 10 little nigger boys. One of them is married, so he goes home, then there are nine. And so on until the last one wins me. You could perhaps say I'm a confirmed female chauvinist.

*Of those 10 little niggers, how many would want to win?*

Oh, they all would.

*How do you relate to men who don't?*

With me it's a matter of eye contact. I can sense right away if a man is not my type. Oh, I suppose sometimes there would be one or two who aren't interested.

There was a phone call, which Xaviera took, and a knock on the door, which I answered. Two Dutchmen stormed into the room speaking Dutch. Xaviera put down the phone and embraced them both. They were old pals from somewhere along the jet route. One was a gay dressmaker. The other, his brother, was a journalist from Amsterdam hot on the trail of a Nazi war criminal now living in Queensland. I was interested in all this but they insisted on speaking Dutch. I was relieved when Xaviera suggested we all go downstairs, pile into a limousine and go to a party.

"Just a minute," she said. "Let's finish the interview. Turn on the tape recorder. Now, where were we? Oh yes, of course. Love, sex and death. When I go out, brother, you'd better hold the front page. No pussy-footing around for this chick. Highest building I can find. Splat. Blood everywhere. Beautiful blood. You better believe it. Okay, let's go." Xaviera ushered us out the door, looking immensely pleased with herself. The Dutchmen were laughing and speaking Dutch.

The world's number one literary hooker and dispenser of dubious sexual advice doesn't drink or smoke. She has energy to burn; still, she looks her 36 years. The sunlight in the back of the limo was particularly unkind, highlighting poorly-camouflaged wrinkles and facial hair. Glamor queen she ain't. Xaviera sat in the middle, her legs draped over the hump between the bucket seats up front. I hunched next to her, the gay dressmaker was next to me and the Nazi hunter was on the other side of Xaviera, his arm draped around her shoulders and his fingers unknowingly fondling the collar of my shirt. In the front passenger seat there was a young man from the limo company and on his knee a girlfriend of Xaviera's from several summers ago in Spain. This girlfriend was also the current fiancée of the young man from the limo company, who was busy directing the driver through the peak hour traffic to the party. It was cosy in there. Xaviera had her hand on my right knee, the dressmaker had his on my left knee, and the Nazi hunter was still working away on my collar in blissful ignorance. It was good to feel I was wanted.

The conversation was mainly about sex. Xaviera wanted to know who'd been doing what to whom. She spotted some schoolgirls on the Gladesville Bridge and admired their strong brown legs. "God, I'm horny," she said. The driver checked his rear vision mirror for action. "Every day, same time, and you're always in a meeting or something. Shit, I'm all wet. Are we really there?" The young man from the limo company was cringing and sweating. He told the driver to take the Hunters Hill exit. The air was thick with sweat and smoke and perfume. I was writing all this in my mind and I figured the climax was coming up very soon. I laughed out loud.

Nothing had happened yet, but I'd call it "Limo Love" and it would sell under counters and I'd make a million bucks. Xaviera poked me in the ribs. "What's the matter? You horny too?" We all laughed and the driver pulled up in front of a posh house.

We were at the party for 16 minutes. Xaviera wandered around being introduced to people while the rest of us stood around in a circle drinking champagne. We talked about the most likely places to find Nazi war criminals and the current poor state of the dressmaking and limousine hire industries. We'd just got on to hard times in the magazine industry when Xaviera came back and looped arms with all of us. Somebody took a picture.

When we got back in the limo Xaviera said: "Long way to come for a drink and I'm still horny." We adopted the same seating arrangements for the return trip and Xaviera started cracking jokes, mostly about Jewish mothers and men who couldn't get it up. "I know lots of jokes," she said. "I go to parties and the women are in one room and I'm in the other telling jokes with the guys. I enjoy a good laugh almost as much as a good screw, and if I can get the two in one, oh boy, I'm really having fun. Ha, ha, ha." The dressmaker told a good one and Xaviera wrote it down laboriously in a dog-eared note book, "I'll memorise it later," she said.

Back at the Wentworth we piled out of the car and Xaviera said she had to go up to her room and pack. "We'll all meet at my room at nine for dinner," she said to everyone. "We'll have a good time, get loose, rip it up, eh?" Xaviera gave me a big kiss and stuck her tongue between my teeth. "See you at nine. You're getting a good story, huh?" I nodded and gave her hand a little squeeze. Well, it wasn't "Limo Love", but it would do.

**"Darling, this is Greg, our pool maintenance man. He also moonlights as a stud."**

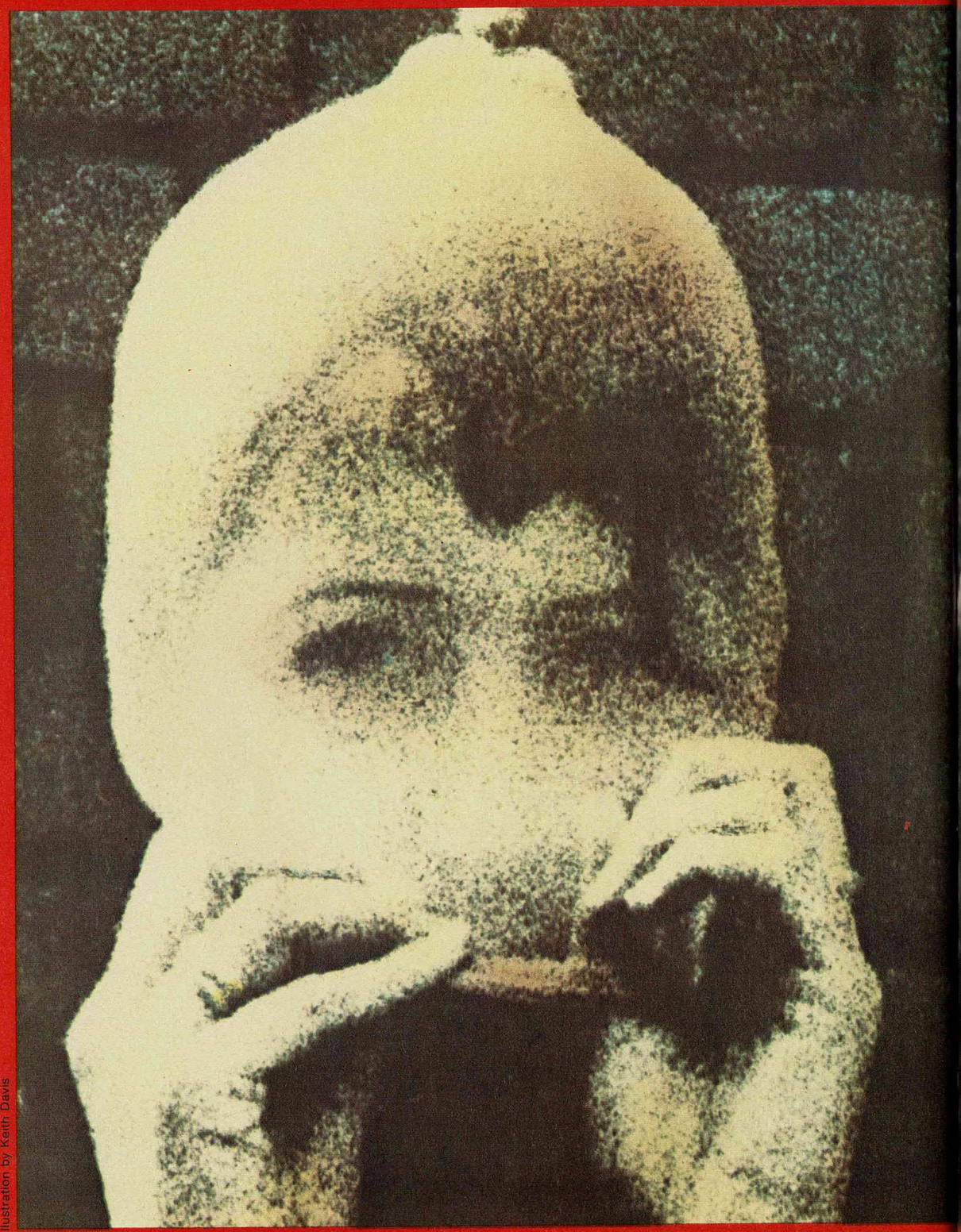


Illustration by Keith Davis

# DEATH AFTER DISHONOR

*the urban terrorists didn't count on their innocent hostages matching them in savagery . . . fiction by rod nicholls*

THE glowing tips of the cigarettes passing from hand to hand were practically all that was visible. The new moon's light scarcely penetrated the twilight amongst the pines. "Three teams then?" Tom McLure

spoke quietly. And although it was couched as a question, it was received as statement by the seven men and two women who were in the dark circle around him. Three teams had been McLure's advocation. The ensuing discussion had only confirmed his plan. Nods and affirmative grunts in the warm spring night could have indicated aphasia. The Hemlock urban guerillas acted, however, under other influences: like on-the-run fatigue and desperation; but also an experienced valuation of clarity in command.

"Two pairs to attack the dams. Six people to run."

"Yeah, run," a male voice derided.

McLure's voice was suddenly harsh, "You've got a better idea, Alan?" The breeze in the pine needles ticked off 40 seconds of silence. "Can we trust the ship man?" a female voice asked huskily. A rustle of arms and breath supported the question. "If we can be in Newcastle before 10, Fairbanks swears his boat is fast enough to catch the freighter. Why should he be so particular about time if he intends to junk us?" McLure replied. He raised himself from his haunches. He stood only 167 centimetres. His curly hair came only to the shoulder of the man next to him. "Besides," the little man added, "he wants the money."

"Twenty thousand," grunted the leaning rifleman.

"Twenty thousand," repeated McLure. "Shit!" said a coarse female voice. "That's more than we took from the Valley job."

*"We're caught in any case. Blow the dam. They'll take me to hospital." Janet stood giddily. "The rucksack," she hissed. "Timers."*

Silence fell again on the dislocated conversation. Then a young male voice offered: "I know the Glenbawn Dam. I'll take it." A murmur of appreciation ran round the circle.

The coarse woman spoke over the noise: "I'll go with you. A louder murmur dissented, but she spoke again. "I know the explosives. And I go with my husband."

The dissenting noises terminated abruptly. The leaning rifleman, whose name was Alex, jerked up straight and stared to his left. A trick of the light, he thought to himself, after staring for some seconds. Why should Tom be crying now? He stretched to ease his aching thigh and calf muscles. Driving 80 kilometres an hour, all afternoon, across country, had taken its toll. He considered cleaning his rifle. He thought of the soldier it had killed this morning, shot straight through the helmet, blown off with his hair, like a toupee, the top of his head and a slow fountain of blood following in a gentle arc. He wished for some hot food. He realised that he'd now never stuff Janet, as he'd wanted to for weeks, because she was going with her husband. His mental dialogue pronounced the last four words in a sing-song parody. Alex did not value women's loyalty. He listened to the conversation again. The other diversion had been allocated. He was going in the big Nissan to Newcastle. And so was husky-voiced Tricia. He allowed himself to feel pleased. He leaned forward again, on to the rifle, easing the pressure in his crotch.

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Familiar with explosives though she was – she had blown her way into two banks and an armory in the past year – Janet did not know the detonators she unpacked at the foot of the Glenbawn Dam. Three different chambers seemed to be wired independently. When one middle chamber simply exploded and blew off the index finger and thumb of her left hand, the noise and her cry of pain brought her husband skidding and crashing down from the crest above, where he'd been keeping watch.

He nearly gagged as he wrapped a string tourniquet around Janet's arm. She was quiet, but deathly pale while he wrapped the hand in a towel.

"Hospital, lovely," he said quietly. "The dam first," Janet spoke for the first time since the detonation. A shout sounded far above them.

"Hospital, now," he ordered.

"We're caught in any case. Blow the dam. They'll take me to hospital." He hesitated. Janet stood giddily.

"That rucksack," she hissed. "Timers." She sat down again heavily. Under her direction, he connected a four-minute crumbling-timer against the lever of a hand-grenade, packed detonators around it, and buried it in three more rucksacks of plastic explosive against the dam wall. Running feet sounded above them. Powerful torches were in use. A rattle of small stones announced the approaching pursuit down the crest. Janet picked up her machine-pistol and stood up again. She wavered and would have fallen if he had not supported her. Blood was soaking through the towel on her hand. He took the gun away from her and put her good arm around his shoulders.

"Can you walk?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Twenty paces to the spillway. Can you make it?"

"Yes."

A half-minute later they were sliding, splashing, hundreds of metres down a glistening concrete channel. Janet thought of the vast, now inconsequential, slippery dips of Luna Park as she was swept along. The sheath-knife in her boot casually slid deep into her right calf-muscle and then she was in the river. Her husband's boot caught her hard on an ear. He was splashing, struggling for breath. She smiled at him, thinking of beautiful, quarrelling swans. A light was shone in her eyes. The pain in her hand and leg and head exploded together, simultaneous and conjoint. She thought she heard a loud noise as she passed out.

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McLure, Alex and the two other Hemlock men under the stuffy blankets and suitcases in the back of the Nissan six-wheeler tried simultaneously to listen, hold their breath, and acquire enough oxygen to sustain life. Heavy vehicles roared past at speed. They could hear two loud male voices over the roaring engines and the entreaties of Don and Tricia, playing for all they were worth the role of newly-weds which, under the plan, had been allotted them.

"Traffic through Singleton is frozen for at least an hour, and there's nothing I can do about it," said the more officious of the voices.

"But corporal," Tricia whined, "if we don't get to Newcastle by 10 o'clock, the hotel'll let the booking go, and then . . ." increasing the cajoling whine – "we wouldn't, you know, have a bed for a – sort of – our first night – sort of thing."

"Yes. Yes, I see." The soldier laughed, man of the world that he was. He spoke to the other man with him.

The sweating men in the back of the truck heard boots clatter hurriedly away along the pavement. Tom McLure resisted a pressing urge to click off the safety catch of the machine-pistol he held. Now Don's voice was heard. "What's all the hurry in any case?" he asked. "Where's all the trucks going?"

The corporal laughed. "Can't tell you that, son. Security." Don edged him on: "Hemlock, I'll bet."

"Could be," the soldier replied. Tricia whined again.

"Hemlock? Those murderers I heard about? They're hundreds of miles away up north."

The corporal could not resist telling the pretty young woman what little gossip he'd heard. He offered it, of course, as signifying no more than the tip of an iceberg of secret information passed on as a matter of confidential course to ranking military policemen like himself. "Only 80 kilometres or so, love, at least some of the bastards. Tried to blow up a dam, stupid drongos. That's where all these blokes are going now. We'll catch 'em. Already got some of 'em."

"How many, do you know?" Don's voice was a little too anxious, but the corporal didn't notice.

"Two, I think," he replied. "One's a sheila, someone said. She's supposed to be pretty crook. Got blown up by her own bomb, they said."

The keen working of Tricia's mind was not reflected by the natural huskiness, or the cultivated whine, of her voice. She heard a gasp from the back of the truck, and sensed Don ready to act. She intervened decisively. "Bloody hope so," she said coarsely. "I 'ope she dies in agony after what they did to all them poor blokes up at Stanthorpe," she added.

Boots approached again. The corporal hailed them. The men in the back heard a brief conversation and then a question: "How long?"

Tricia trilled: "Oh, you lovely man!" at the reply. Then Don started the engine.

The soldier spoke over the noise. "What about a kiss from the bride, ay? You're going to have to belt along to get to your bed by 10 o'clock in any case. You don't want to miss out altogether, ay?" Tricia leaned over Don's lap to kiss the man through the window. He tasted of tobacco and mucus. She resisted the temptation to bite through the tongue which pushed hard into her mouth.

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It was dark at Liddell. Taciturn Alan had rejected the primary target, the southern hemisphere's biggest power station. He and his companion had found it protected by troops of the elite 9th Division, the defenders of Tobruk, now reformed as the Australian equivalent of Marines. The second man, Robbo, was a clever Macquarie University drop-out whose only real interest was in destruction. He and Alan walked briskly over the grazing land between the highway and the waters of the Liddell Dam. They weren't quite sure what they were to attack. In discussion, they'd decided on a pumping station, if they could find one suitable.

A kilometre behind them, an observant policeman in a Highway Patrol car had spotted their ancient Cortina under the trees where they'd driven it rather carelessly off the road. The policeman sniffed in the car, then went to fetch his partner. After he'd sniffed also, they concurred: the smell was almost certainly gun-oil, still curiously redolent with the faint odor of superseded cordite.

An army convoy was passing when the police regained the highway and

"And you, I presume, are Brutus?"

"Somebody up there likes us."

they were able to wave down an open Land Rover: the convoy ground to an unwilling halt behind, engines panting and growling. The lieutenant in the Land Rover was both competent and ambitious. He detailed the following four truck loads of infantry to search beyond the Cortina, and sent the rest of the convoy on its way to Glenbawn.

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Alan and Robbo listened to the trucks, feared when they heard them stop, and were relieved when the engines grumbled off again into the night. Robbo was even about to light a cigarette when the sun came out.

Or so it seemed. A half-dozen brilliant flares suspended from tiny parachutes illuminated the lake and paddocks brighter than day. The two men with their tell-tale packs, their profiles confirmed by the weapons poking above their shoulders, were spotted at once: rats in a barrel, their retreat cut off by the water behind. Even then the lieutenant acted with cool decision. Ten riflemen with laser direction beams and night sights doubled forward in pursuit, in case the flares should fail. Two trucks were despatched back along the Highway, with 40 men to sweep from the south. Six men were detailed to maintain illumination with successively fired flares. The Land Rover was brought round, and the lieutenant, with three dozen infantrymen in open formation about him, bumped slowly forward to arrest the terrorists.

For 10 frozen seconds Alan had lived with the sudden cognition that all Hemlock operations had been controlled utterly by Tom McLure. Every bank raid, every bombing, every publicity-seeking had been conceived by Tom. Under fire, as he had been three times, Alan now recalled the trust in Tom, the crisp orders. "Cover Ferdo at two o'clock." "Go left, Alan." "To the van now, now, now!" Tom, the soft-voiced cynosure; the shy, retiring tyrant; the solitary élite member of an egalitarian group.

Nausea struck Alan as shocking physical pain. He groaned and pressed himself harder into the grass. Robbo, panting beside him, asked what he should do. Alan swallowed hard on the bile bitter in his mouth, and effortlessly took command. Ease and anodyne combined. The two men scuttled to the cover of a low wall. Two shots sang over them. A voice from the approaching Land Rover called through a loud-hailer something about giving up. Alan told Robbo what to do.

The FN-SLR is a Belgian-made self-loading rifle which was standard issue to the armed forces of member nations of the North Atlantic Treaty Organisation. It can take a number of special attachments. Robbo's weapon, acquired during an assault on the Puckapunyal Camp in Victoria seven months before, was a renegade left behind by exchange troops of the Grenadier Guards. It now clicked three times and became a grenade launcher.

Robbo aimed and fired. There was a noise like a billiard ball dropping, followed instantly by an explosion and a scream. A second later came shouts as the riflemen encouraged each other to help their wounded companion. Robbo fired again, on a higher trajectory, and Alan stood to blaze off a four-second clip from his Uzi sub-machine gun. The shouting stopped. Alan reloaded, his shoulders against the rough stones. *Alan and Robbo are the diversion at the Liddell Dam.* Alan drew a deep breath. *You want a diversion, Thomas mein Führer, and a diversion you shall have.* "Come on!" he yelled to Robbo, and

*The two police cars exploded. Policemen, with pistols drawn, had been taking cover behind the doors. They, too, exploded and burned.*

set off at high speed, keeping his left shoulder brushing the wall.

Fifty metres from the lake Alan pulled up so sharply that Robbo ran into him. He hissed "Shit" and jumped up on to the top stones. He fired 12 rounds in rapid pairs, then sprawled again behind the wall.

"There's a Land Rover," he said. "Two hundred metres. About eight o'clock." Robbo, appeased by the opportunity to destroy, grinned. Alan swung off his rucksack. Robbo muttered. Alan said "Eh?" digging Uzi clips from the bag. Robbo was kneeling and ready.

"The last grenade," he repeated cheerfully, sighting over the wall. "I only brought three."

Robbo did not notice Alan's groan. Neither did the middle-aged warrant officer driving the Land Rover. What he did register was the flare glinting off the FN rifle-barrel. As a recruit, the warrant officer had survived two tours in Vietnam. He braked savagely and swung the steering-wheel hard to the left. The lieutenant fell and broke his nose on the top of the windscreen. The grenade landed a metre to the right of the front offside wheel. Shrapnel from it punctured the tyre irreparably. A laser beam blinked on. Robbo was still cursing at his miss when one of the riflemen shot him in the right temple. His body fell on Alan's hands and on top of the Uzi machine-gun, which it knocked to the ground. Alan knew nothing of the running men behind him or of the bullets which stitched along the wall and shattered his spine. His mind was preoccupied with the thought that Tom McLure would never have allowed his weapon to have got stuck under a cadaver.

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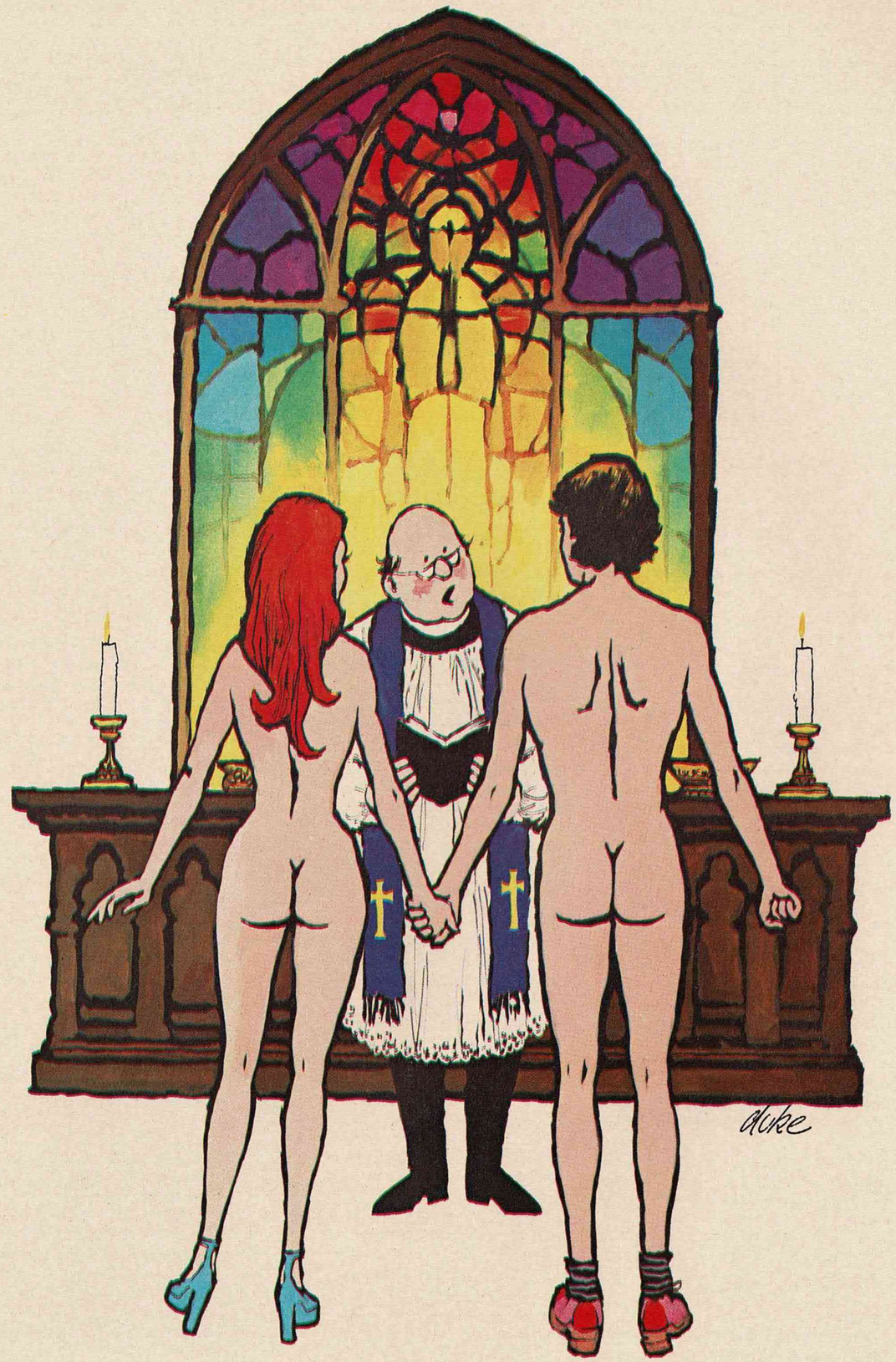
Tricia glanced from Don's sweating face to his sweating hands gripping the steering wheel. She touched his shoulder. "It's okay, Don baby," using a bantering pet-name. "You're going great. There's the highway junction just ahead."

Don stared ahead, not at the signposts which Tricia had observed, but along the road. The Pacific Highway, National Route One, already 3000 kilometres long in its journey south from Cairns, was indeed approaching on the left 200 metres ahead. Across the brilliantly lit intersection were parked two coaches. Don read, twice, "Dymes Transport, Hexham"; then saw a police car, two police cars, next to the coaches, and stamped on the brake pedal.

The men in the back were thrown hurtfully by the sudden deceleration. Only Don and Tom were operative as the Nissan skidded towards the road block. It was enough. Under full power, in second gear, Don smashed the truck through the dividing islands in the middle of the road. At right angles to the carriageway, Tom McLure had a perfect field of fire through his side window. The click of the safety catch brought Alex back also to present time. He scrambled to feed the belt of the big, heavy machine-gun while Tom wrapped his fingers round the firing handles. Squatting lightly on the balls of his feet, McLure was able to rake the entire length of the row of vehicles. The side of one coach disintegrated under the impact of armour-piercing bullets. The other erupted in petrol flames when struck by the alternating soft-nosed incendiaries. The two police cars first collapsed nose to ground, then exploded successively. Policemen with pistols drawn had been taking cover behind the doors of the cars. They, too, exploded and burned.

The end of the belt shook through Alex's hands. His eyes were glistening. Tom stopped firing. Ferdo groaned: he had broken two fingers in the first emergency braking, snapped under the weight of a pitching suitcase. Don snapped: "Will you tell me where the hell I am?"

Tricia and Alex peered through the windscreen. They were on a suburban




"Look, I'm going as fast as I can."

street. Sam looked back through the blood and oil spattered rear window. People were shouting behind them. Don had controlled the big Nissan, with a masterly switching into four-wheel drive, through three gardens off the highway. Sam observed smashed fences, torn bushes, a child's slide at a ludicrous angle, a crushed tricycle. Ferdo groaned "We're lost." Alex and Don swore. Tricia looked over at Tom.

McLure continued finding secure stowage on the floor of the truck for the hot gun. Then he looked up straight at Tricia. "No, we're not. We're going south. Towards West Wallsend. We'll see if we can grab a new vehicle and try to lose ourselves in Sydney." He calmly flipped on the safety-catch of the gun.

Together, from Sam and Alex and Tricia, in confusion and desperation: "But the boat? What about Fairbanks? Sydney?"

McLure looked up and smiled round the anxious faces. "We can't go on any more highways in this van. We can't get to Newcastle, by 10 or any time tonight. We can't turn back north into the hornets' nest which Janet and Alan have caused by now. Stick to the colliery tracks in Hexham Swamp, Don. At Wallsend we'll get some different wheels."

"Over there," Sam shouted. "The house with the blue tiles."

Don obediently swung the wheel. The Nissan's tyres grated on the fine gravel of the suburban driveway.

"Firenze," breathed Sam. "Look."

The Nissan's nose was under the open roller door of a garage, inside which was a lilac Firenze, shining like brand new.

"I'll drive you to Sydney in two hours," Sam offered, "in one of them."

The group sat silent for some seconds. Then McLure decided, as he always did.

"Alex, Sam, Ferdo, nine mils, back door. Tricia, Don, silent, go knock. Keep 'em quiet. No shooting."

His soldiers piled out. McLure slid into the driver's seat and backed the Nissan out of the driveway. He jumped out of the cab and walked up to the front door. It was ajar and opened direct onto a hacienda lounge. The man and woman were sitting quietly, holding each other's hands on the black wood sofa. Sam crouched in front of them, holding two-handed his pistol, not the 9mm Browning McLure had ordered, but a .44 Magnum.

"Keys," McLure said sharply. "The car keys."

The man slowly pulled a key ring from his pocket. He was a dreary young soul, office manager material, a front-room boy, dressed in blue jeans for which he had always been too middle-aged, and a drip-dry shirt. Tricia took the keys. McLure put his Hyksos machine-pistol down on the glass coffee table. He nodded at Tricia. "Get the car out. Don, put the truck in the garage."

Don and Tricia went out. Tom sat down in a rocking chair. Alex helped himself to chocolates he had found.

"Relax, Sam," Tom said quietly.

Sam dropped his *Magnum Force* stance. "Shit, I'm hungry," he said.

Tom waved his hand vaguely in the direction of the automatic weapon on the table in front of him. The wave circled to the woman.

"You. Get us food. Bread, biscuits, cheese, cold meats, fruit. Anything."

•

Tom McLure drained out the last swallow from a carton of milk. He pressed a button electrically to open up the quarterlight window and pushed out the carton with the same hand, his left. His right arm and shoulder were occupied by Tricia, leaning deeply asleep against him. He fancied a yoghurt, spent half a kilometre considering ways to eat it one-handed, then quietly asked Ferdo to pass him an apple from the back.

*Tricia stirred. She looked up drowsily. Tom bent slightly and brushed his lips on her forehead. She smiled: "Did I hear sirens?"*

Alex's voice replied: "Ferdo's asleep, and all the apples are gone."

Tom sighed. "Got a banana?"

"We've eaten them, too."

"What is there, then?"

"Yoghurt. Plenty of yoghurt." Tom sighed again.

Sam glanced at Tom, but a signpost distracted his attention. Six kilometres to Highway One. "Tom?"

"Yes."

"Do I go back on the Pacific Highway at Wyee?"

"Shit. Are we there already?"

"Nearly."

"Yes. Go on the highway, Sam. Stick to the speed limit."

"You're no fun any more," said Sam. Alex, leaning forward: "What about the Hawkesbury, Tom?" McLure shifted uneasily. Tricia's lips puckered. Christ, he was tired. "What about it?"

"If they think we're going south, we can expect company as soon as we get on the highway. But even without, they're bound to check us at Peat's Ridge." Tom groaned quietly. He had, quite simply, not remembered that all roads south had to funnel into the parallel bridges over the Hawkesbury River. He was very tired. He wished to Christ that Tricia would wake up so that he could move his arm. No he didn't. By eliminating the sleepers, he had convened a war council, with only two other voices to advise and consent, rather than the dozen and more egos he usually had to stroke. *Stay asleep, nestle down, good girl.* Sam was slowing down.

"Yes," Tom started. Right-hand indicator, superb automatic change-down. Sam making the turn, wrists locked and forearms crossing. *Samuel, you drive well.* Tom registered the Highway signs: Wyong 16, Ourimbah 27, Gosford 38. Hornsby – across the river, a bridge too far – 81; Sydney 105. *A century of kilometres. Move from nervous ninety-nine to the centre of Sydney with a six over the sightscreen.* Sam checked the speedometer. Needle fixed on 110. Still plenty of fuel. Temperature normal. Vaporising steady. Tacho steady. All warning systems inert. Tom went on: "Sam, do we have any safe houses between here and the river?" Sam sucked his teeth.

"On the beach at Wamberal. No transport or weapons. There's some ammo and food."

"Go to Wamberal. We'll try for Sydney in a couple of days."

Alex grunted assentingly. Sam's rear-view mirror showed two police motorcyclists; between their white helmets, a white Jag coming up fast behind. Sam slowed, breathing heavily, his eyes on the mirror, watching the car overtake the Kawasakis. He missed the turn-off east to the sea and Wamberal. He snorted: "Sorry, Tom." Alex replied cheerfully: "No worries. It's not much further via Gosford."

•

Tricia stirred. She looked up drowsily. Tom bent slightly and brushed his lips on her forehead. She smiled: "Did I hear sirens?" Tom returned the smile.

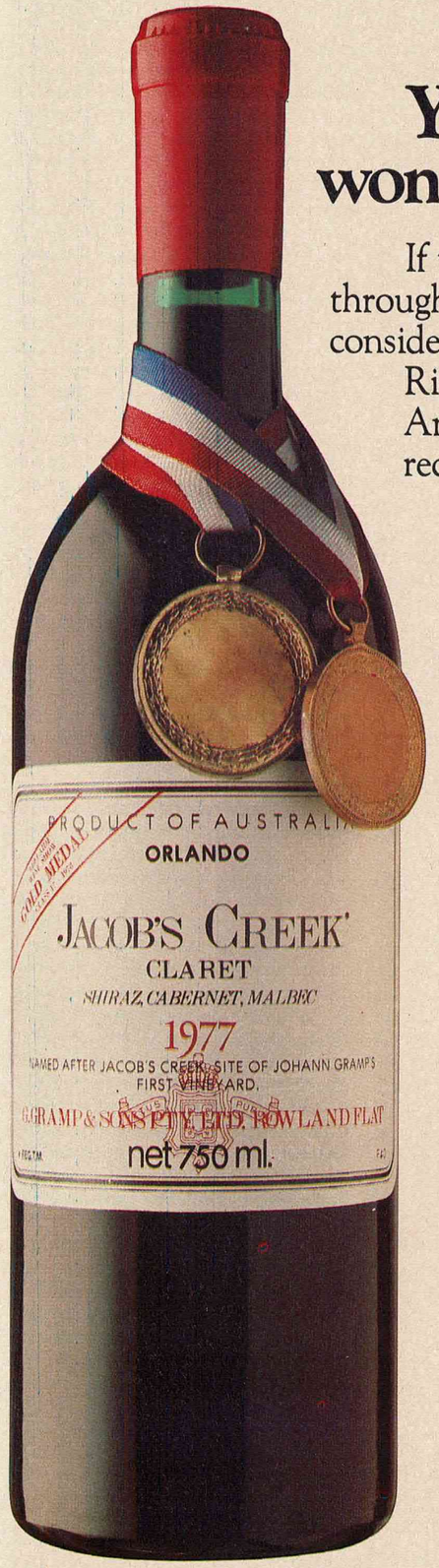
"Only all the speed cops of the Newcastle Constabulary and a new J-type," he said.

Tricia was instantly awake. The bantering tone did not deceive her. She sat quickly upright, licked an index finger and dabbed at the corners of her eyes. "Why are you going so slowly?"

Sam, in perfect control of the car, jammed a knee under the steering-wheel and picked up Tricia's hands in both of his. "Dear lady," he performed, "would you have me go and break the speed limit?"

Tricia shook off his hands. "Drive the car, stupid." She was cross. "And



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perhaps in your motoring wisdom," she continued, looking from Sam to Tom and back again, "you'll explain to me why your tacho and fuel and vaporiser needles are locked solid at where they were when I last looked at them."

Sam could not have been more shocked if Tricia had stuck his hand into her trousers. He glared at the dials. Tricia was right. He glanced at Tom, conscience-stricken. He swore. "Electrics are buggered, Tom. We may be nearly out of fuel."

"Can't you run on vapor?"

Sam sighed. "The gas comes from vaporised kerosene, Tom. It's not independent. Besides, I don't know how much pre-compression reserves we've got."

McLure wrinkled his face. He was happiest with two-stroke engines. Alex rumbled from the back seat: "There are coin pumps at Gosford."

Sam gratefully registered a sign reading Gosford 10 kilometres, and slowed to 80 km/h. Even at this speed, however, he had to pull out round an old Volkswagen minibus, chugging along in the inside lane.

Sam's Firenze coughed to a halt two kilometres out of Gosford.

•

Tricia stared at Sam, "Oh, shit," she said slowly. Don and Ferdo stirred in the back.

Tom chuckled, though his mouth was set in exasperation. He took his cue from Tricia. "Alex," delegating a job he knew would be done well, "get us some wheels." Alex tumbled out of the car, grabbing a torch and dumping his rifle. He sprinted up the road. "Sam, Don, Ferdo – no, not you, Ferdo – get this heap off the road. Tricia, Ferdo, get the weapons and ammo."

"What about the food, Tom?" Don wanted to know.

"What's left?"

"Tins and yoghurt."

"Leave the yoghurt and get the suitcase." Don persisted with the petulance of the newly-wakened: "There's grog in the boot." Tom short-circuited him: "We want the booze. Tricia, go and get the booze and the cans."

Sam pressed the boot release. Ferdo and Don started out of the back doors. Tom levered his door handle. And then Alex came running back. "I've got wheels!" he had time to shout before the VW minibus drove up behind him, coming, as the tall waving man in the long coat had requested, to give a push to a Firenze – *a Firenze?* – with a flat battery. In the time it took the driver to realise that the Firenze was full of people who could have pushed it, Alex had pushed his Browning through the driver's window into his right ear and Ferdo had levelled the shotgun at the windscreen, foursquare, from only one metre away.

*I am dead,* John Clark thought. He felt Susan, the girl beside him, staring at his left ear. *And now I'm a coward, too.* At least it's not as big a sin as being 16 years older than her and still wanting her thighs to glide apart. Clark swore as Alex's hand on his shoulder jerked him from his seat and he tumbled over into the cinders of the soft shoulder.

Susan screamed. It was a formal scream because she was female, nubile, and threatened by men with guns. It seemed irrelevant to Clark, sitting in the cinders, nursing a twisted wrist, and to McLure, who shipped a machine-pistol on to his hip and walked to the minibus and the passengers who waited fearfully inside.

"Out," he called conversationally. "Everybody out." It was not until two sleepy girls and a young bird with big tits and long red hair tumbled out that Tom pieced together that Alex had kidnapped a school bus. The guy in the cinders swearing was a teacher. There was a Chinese bloke, too – probably another teacher or some sort of chaperone. The redhead might be fun when Tricia was in a taunting mood. More fun than the two fat girls who looked alike; or the fat boy, or the migrant – Greek kid – who stood behind him. McLure had time to register that there was a blonde girl more attractive than the redhead and another, thin, boy. Then the thin boy threw a small box at Ferdo, and charged him. Ferdo only fired one barrel. The shotgun cartridge, at point-blank range, blew a melon-sized hole in Andrew Wheeler's stomach. Peripheral pellets peppered his chest and jellied his face. He was dead before he hit the ground. He rolled forward, almost to Ferdo's feet, where he lay amongst his pocket chessmen. The box bounced off Ferdo's knees.

Surprisingly, none of the girls screamed. Liu, the Chinaman, spoke quietly and walked towards the body. Clark watched from the dirt as Liu knelt. He looked at Wheeler, then up at McLure. A primeval communication about life and death transpired wordlessly among the 14 living people. McLure shouted. Clark was grabbed and thrown into the back of the Volkswagen. He bumped his head hard on the stanchion of a seat. He dimly saw a lilac car being rolled into bushes on the side of the highway. The two men who pushed the car came to the bus and argued about driving it. A girl and the man who shot Andrew were throwing things into the bus: metal things, large and small. Several hit him. Then the children: Stavros and the Ilgirs thrown in over him; Stylianou too big for the girl and the sideboarded leader to lift; the man in the greatcoat wrapping his arm across Libby's chest to hoist her up; Susan, tripping over Libby, sprawled on the floor. Clark, a human cushion, broke her fall: for the first time, he held Susan tenderly in his arms. Liu walked on to the bus. He had spread his jacket over Andrew Wheeler. His braces were striped yellow: gold and mustard. The woman made to push him. He wheeled, and stared her out. The greatcoat man, the murderer, they all piled in, carrying weapons. The driver, the woman, the leader in sideboards, took the front seat. It was suffocating in the back of the van. Clark did not know he had a greenstick fracture of the skull. He concentrated on holding Susan, who was sobbing without making a sound. Liu loomed from above.

"John? Mister Clark?" Clark groaned and stroked Susan's hair. The lisping voice went on: "They are Hemlock. We are hostage. Wheeler dead." Clark groaned again. Liu extended a cool hand and touched Clark's cheek.

"Rest. Later we will talk." The small, cool hand traced gently from cheekbone to chin, comforting over and over, as the VW rattled away.

"Will you please tell me what we're doing with these smelly kids?"

Alex demanded the question of the back of Tom's head. Stylianou lay on the floor between them, his head against Susan's feet. Clark still held Susan. She nestled willingly, or unavoidably, toe to nose against him on the rest of the floor. Clark had a shattering headache and an erection.

McLure turned slowly. He looked at the mess of bodies in the back of the minibus. Liu, Stavros and the twins were squashed on to the back seat. Libby sat stiffly between Ferdo and Sam on the offside. Alex was the only one with a reasonable seat to sit on. "They're hostages, Alex. We don't know whether we're going to have to bargain for our diversion people."

"Some diversion!" Ferdo hissed at them scornfully.

"And in the meantime," Alex rattled, ignoring Ferdo's attempted editorial, "they are costing us 50 kilometres an hour."

Sam looked up. He still felt disgraced by the Firenze fuel gauge. "I doubt it, Alex," he said simply. "These VWs just don't go very fast." As if to prove his point, Don swung the bus off the highway and into the Wamberal road without losing speed. Clark was rolled against Ferdo's legs. Susan's breasts pushed into his chest. His head throbbed painfully.

Don swore and pedalled the accelerator. He complained: "Hitler's revenge. Volkswagens." Tricia put her hand on his knee encouragingly. Alex's voice: "Shall I search 'em, Tom?"

"Grow up, Alex. They're schoolkids, not the Abteilung Terrorismus."

Liu sat quietly in the back seat. His eyes roved behind the impenetrable spectacles. He had slept. He listened to everything and missed nothing.

The minibus bumped lumpily on to sand. Don braked. "I can't bury this load into a soft surface, Tom."

McLure was already opening the front door. "Right. Everybody out. Sam, you guide. Ferdo, use the shotgun on anyone who makes a noise. Don, lose the bus."

•

Alex and Ferdo sat on the doorstep drinking whisky and quietly talking together. Liu could see their hair and shoulders when they tilted back the bottle. He reached to the window sill above him for his glasses. He could see that either man would have to stand and re-enter the room, or lean back until his hair touched the ground, before he could see round Stavros's sofa. Liu rolled silently on to his side, away from the window. Stavros snored. Liu stretched out his hand to touch Don's pack. The Hyksos machine-pistol showed under a mesh of webbing and football-boot laces. He tugged gently. Nothing. The gun was stuck firm. Again: the pack rolled very slightly sideways into the soft flock mattress. The bed creaked. The voices at the door stopped. Liu felt perspiration well under his arms. He jerked at the gun. He was stretched so far that only his calves and feet were under the blanket. One of the men at the door shouted. Liu heard the metallic rattle: safety-catches being thrown off, shells settling into the breech. The Hyksos would not come to hand: too late Liu realised that it was actually strapped to the pack with webbing loops. The other man at the door shouted and began to run. Liu stared at his hands, holding the black patchwork muzzle of the machine-pistol. More running feet. Liu flopped back into his bed and the pack followed him. It tilted right over, so that its canvas lid reached on to his pillow. He heard a scrabbling noise which he knew was the youngest gunman getting out from under the kitchen table. He shoved hard at the pack which had killed him. Boots clattered on the wooden floor as his left hand pushed without design through the lid of the canvas flap. Under his fingers he felt a cold ball. He heard swearing. A pistol cracked.

In the infinity of the next second, Liu felt no pain. He could hear cursing and he pressed himself down underneath his blanket.

He saw the leader, naked, carrying a machine-pistol, come running out of the kitchen past him. It occurred to Liu that he did not feel himself to be dead, or even hurt. The leader had not even glanced at him. Voices were raised in anger outside. He saw Stavros sit up. Ferdo, the Spaniard, stood by the door, gesticulating. Stylianou put his head around the hanging blanket. The Spaniard spun, shouted, and pointed the shotgun at him. Stylianou's head quickly withdrew.

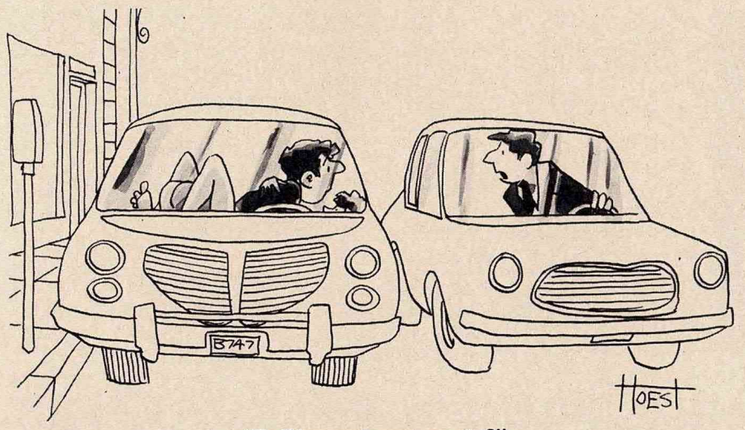
McLure came back in with Don, whose return in the dark had panicked Alex and Ferdo. Don swore busily: "That bloody prune could have killed me, Tom."

"Okay, okay." Alex stepped in through the doorway, a Browning dangling from the fingers of his right hand. "I've said I'm sorry, Don. I didn't know who you were . . ."

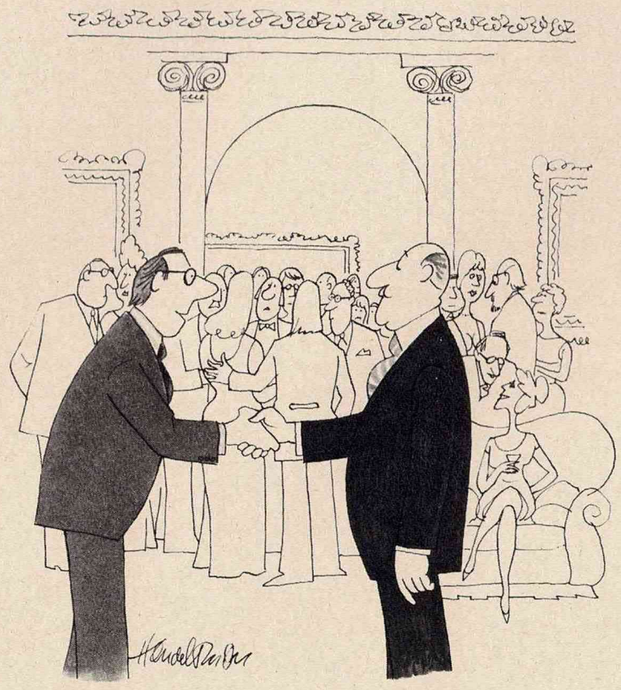
"Sorry. Bloody wonderful! Perhaps you'd like to apologise to my corpse."

McLure stood awkwardly between the two hostile men. He felt absurd without clothes. He snapped: "That'll do! Now cool it!"

Alex and Don fumed silently at each other, a metre apart. Tricia, wearing only a pair of jeans, appeared in the kitchen doorway. All the men turned to look at her, registered her splendid breasts. Tricia returned the




**"Pulling out soon, mate?"**



**"How do you do, sir? I understand you're either a magnate or a tycoon, whichever is the higher."**

stare, turned her *retroussé* nose up to a quite startling angle, and then said coolly: "Well, if you perves've all had your eyeful, perhaps we can get some more sleep." She ducked back through the grimy bead curtain.

McLure said: "Sam and I'll take the watch." There were more mutterings. Don and Ferdo came down the room towards Liu. Don looked at his pack, then threw it, and the other gear, to the floor, and himself on to the bed. Ferdo reached down to Liu.

"Oi, Chinkie, up you get." Liu sat up slowly, pulling the blanket around him. "Take the blanket and go to sleep over there." Ferdo indicated the old leather armchair at the foot of the bed. Liu hesitated. Ferdo snapped: "Come on, mate. I'm more tired than you are."

Liu pulled the blanket to him, toga like, with his right hand. He waddled five paces to the armchair and sat. He kept his left hand under the blanket at all times. In it he held a hand grenade.

•

Alex lay restlessly on the airbed. He'd dragged it out from under the claustrophobic kitchen table, but it was still bloody uncomfortable for a man of his size and weight. He thought about Tricia, sleeping alone in a double bed, a couple of metres away from him. He heard voices from the far door, Sam's and Tom's. Then footsteps, and Tom walking past the kitchen window, out on to the beach, vanishing into the dark, though his silhouette re-appeared occasionally against the white foam. Alex watched the silhouette grow smaller and smaller. Then he stole softly into the main room. Everyone was asleep except Sam, who sat on the floor near the door, cleaning his .44 Magnum. He called softly: "Hi, Alex."

*"Come on, let's have the blonde. She'll love it." Sam was stunned. "Both of us at the same time?" "Yeah. It's great."*

Alex smelt the gun-oil Sam was using. *Beautiful smell, turns me on.* He looked around. The Chinaman looked like Buddha sitting up asleep in the big armchair.

Alex quietly peeled off a sweater and a T-shirt. He'd removed only his jacket and boots when he went to bed. He sat on one of the dining chairs to remove his socks. Sam watched him curiously. "Are you going out for a swim?" he asked. Alex looked up and grinned.

"You must be joking." He stood up. "I'm going for a look at the sheilas. Are you coming?"

Sam frowned as Alex walked towards him. Once, and once only, Janet had come to his bed when she'd quarrelled with her husband. Janet had then discovered, and had subsequently told no one, that Sam was a virgin. Perhaps out of gratitude to Janet, his sexuality had remained at that one expression. He coughed, "Er, no thanks. I'm on guard."

"Bugger that. This lot are hardly Green Berets, are they?"

"I think I'd better stay on guard. Good – um – luck, though."

"Luck's nothing to do with it, Samuel, it's all in the technique."

"Sure."

"It *is,* I'm telling you. Come on. Let's have that blonde. She'll love it."

Sam was stunned. "Both of us at the same time?"

"Yeah. It's great." Alex giggled. He was making himself excited. Sam, too, felt the need. He put down the .44 and said quietly: "Okay, but" – a forced attempt at jollity – "I want one to myself."

"Which one then?" Alex quickly demanded to know.

"Don't mind. Which do you want?"

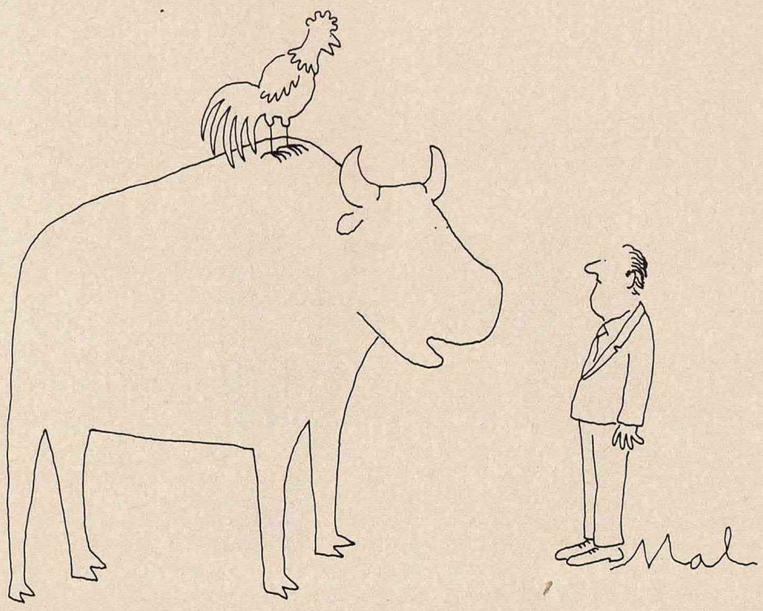
"Look, they're all slits." Alex wrapped a huge, tattooed arm round Sam's shoulders. "You choose."

Sam felt manly, clasped in that comrade-like way. "Right," he said boldly. "As there are two of us, let's have one of them twins each."

Alex squeezed Sam's shoulder. "Bewdy." Didactically: "That is a *very* good idea."

Sam hurriedly pulled off his boots without undoing the laces. Then he took off his jeans, though he left his jacket on. The two men padded down the corridor. The bare feet and the stockinged feet brushed quietly past Stylianou, asleep on the other side of the thin wall.

Alex turned on the light. Susan and Libby woke instantly and stared at him. Effie drowsily shaded her eyes against the light and came up to the consciousness of the two men, both partly naked, in her bedroom. She clutched at the dirty quilt with which she had covered herself. Katia slept on. Alex slowly removed his hand from the light switch. He walked two paces across the tiny room and pushed Katia with a foot. He had to repeat it before she woke. He then turned, his elbows resting, stretched backwards, on Effie's bunk. "Right." He addressed Sue and Libby, and Sam, who lingered near the doorway. "My colleague and I," waving a hand from the wrist, elbow fixed, at Sam, "are going to have a little fun with your foreign friends. You two" – viciously – " will *keep quiet.* Sam, turn out the light." Darkness clicked back into the room. Libby first, then Susan, felt the palpable dark whispering in their ears. Both Ilgirs whimpered. Alex's trousers bumped to the floor, towed by the heavy buckle. Susan drew breath to fight the man, to raise the house, to protect the twins. But Libby was too quick for her. She rolled out of the lower bunk faster than Sam could



**"Would you like to hear a cock and bull story?"**

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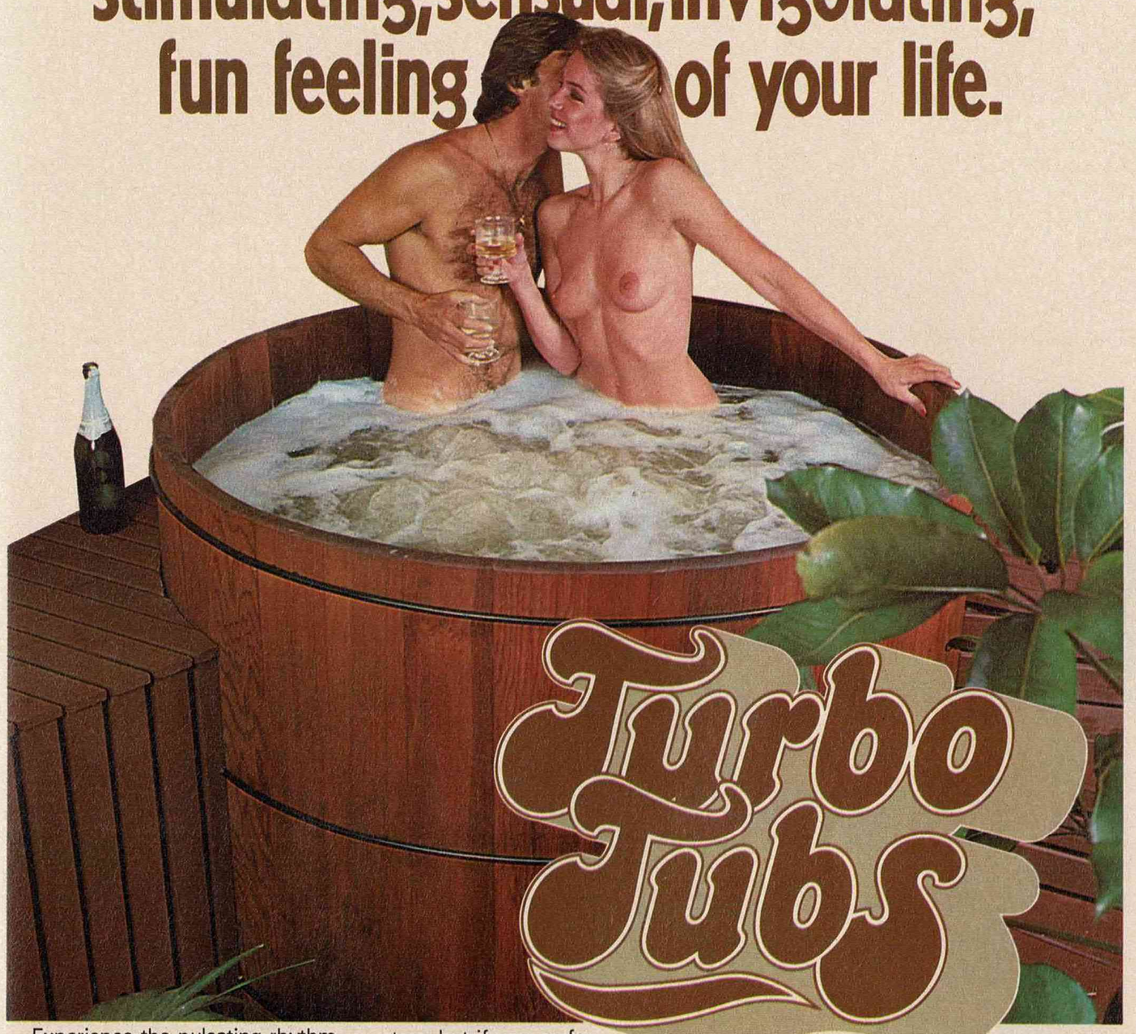


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react to grab her. But she stopped at the door, as Sam scuffled behind her, and turned on the light. Alex was naked. Libby stared at his penis. The Ilgirs whimpered again, and clutched white knuckles around their quilts.

Alex followed Libby's eyeline. "Like it?" he bragged. "Big one, eh?" Libby's voice interrupted him.

"Does it work?" Alex glared at her, outraged. "Don't be bloody stupid. It'll tire you out, little girl."

Libby unzipped her smart denim skirt. It dropped to her ankles. She wore no tights or panties and her pubic hair was bright ginger, redder than her hair. Sam stared at it. She shimmied out of her denim blouse. All she now wore was a big black brassiere. Alex chortled: "Not bad." Libby blushed. The Ilgirs were silent, terrified, protected. Susan would have started to cry, but for Libby flashing her a short, cruel, smile.

Sam pushed past her. He knew that he looked absurd, obscene, in his socks and dirty white underpants and his camouflage combat jacket. "There's Tom," he sighed to Alex, over his shoulder. "Best get back on guard." Alex smiled after him, at Libby. There'd been no footsteps in the sand. The little sod had chickened out. Well, he wouldn't. He wanted that girl. He drawled: "Show us your tits, then."

Libby's left hand wavered towards the light switch, then hooked up to her shoulder-blades, greeting her right hand with the last vestigial gentleness she would know. The light bulb was of one hundred watts and bare. Its cold glare flooded the room with incandescent brilliance. In this penetrating light, Libby slowly unhooked her bra. She stared at Alex's foot. She could not look at the twins, she would not look at Susan. Alex waited, his tongue licking upwards at the left corner of his ragged Kitchener moustache.

Libby's bust came away with her bra. For five years, not in showers, nor dressing-rooms, nor her bathroom at home, had anyone but her seen the little boy's chest she now revealed. The bra was full of hard sponge rubber. It bounced on the floor when Libby dropped it. Katia and Effie were too shocked to stop their stares. Libby, of the long legs; Libby of the boobs, around whom the boys at school flocked like dogs at a bitch on heat; Libby, they now realised far below consciousness, the virgin.

Libby now stepped forward a pace, bringing her trailing leg up to join the leading. Susan tried to turn her head to the wall, but the force kept her right cheek pinned to the smelly rubber pillow. She saw all of what happened.

The big man, even by his own vapid standards, was arbitrary and coldly vicious. There was no feeling. Alex loved it. Because she made no noise, he hit her face several times, open hand, closed fist. One of the fists broke her nose. Libby, tight-mouthed, remained silent, as Alex came. A child of darkness and violence was conceived then. Libby was not to bear the baby. Up to the minute of her death, she was not aware of having been pregnant.

•

Alex walked ponderously to the kitchen to collect his grip, heavy with ammunition, and his rifle. Coming back through the lounge, the rifle slipped on the strap over his shoulder and Alex stumbled, recovered it. Tom and Sam looked as Alex patted the magazine of the rifle, saluting. He grinned. Tom frowned. Alex lurched towards the blanket which separated him from the beds of Stylianou and Clark. Tom called sharply: "Alex!"

The big man turned slowly, unslinging his deadly rifle. Sam was frightened. Alex could hit seagulls,

*Styli so perfectly provided a diversion and Clark slashed at Alex's head with the steel bar he'd been nursing for two hours.*

diving at speed, with that formidable Armalite. His left thumb pushed up the safety catch of the .44 in his belt. Alex used the rifle to lean on. He replied quietly: "Tom?" He had never thought much of McLure, except in action. McLure asked quietly: "Where're you going, Alex?"

"To tell the fat kid to sleep on *his*" – the rifle bowed towards Sam – " on the chickenshit's airbubble. I want a bed for the night."

"Right," from McLure. "And Alex." *My leader speaks again.* "Lay off the grog tomorrow."

Alex cleared his throat. He said carelessly: "Go screw yourself, Tom." He hitched his rifle off the ground. And found himself staring into the blank blue muzzle of a .44 Magnum. McLure grated: "Put it down, Sam." Alex swung the rifle to his shoulder. He thought of the girl Sam hadn't had the courage to have. He added without acrimony: "Good night." He picked up his grip, lifted the blanket, stared in the dim falling light from the lounge at the sleeping figures of Stylianou and Clark, and let the blanket fall. In the new, stuffy darkness, he heard the fat boy lurch upwards. He turned defensively, swinging the grip. Alex dimly registered that the wide torso of the Greek kid had thrown itself sideways, away from him, no danger of attack, and then he thought no more.

Clark had tenderly fingered his skull for hours. He had located the pain centre exactly. He had prodded at what was later to be revealed as the fracture point and knew it was his infant soft spot. When Styli so perfectly provided the diversion they'd discussed, and Clark slashed at Alex's head with the steel bar he'd been nursing for two hours, he aimed at that same soft spot. Alex's mother was an outback laboring woman. She'd had no knowledge of the nutrition of gestation. She had drunk no extra milk, taken no calcium tablets, while she was pregnant. Alex's bones lacked tensile strength. His skull had little resistance to offer to real threat. Clark's hand and wrist followed the bar into Alex's brain. In its deadly downward stroke, the bar missed only two major cerebral centres before Alex died, a half of a second after impact. The first centre registered pain and the second controlled vocalisation. Alex screamed with lupine intensity as he died; he even, perhaps, for a quarter-second, screamed after he was dead, rolling downwards towards Stylianou. His rifle bumped into the deep groove in his head, and remained there, a billiard cue on a rest, on the floor. Clark was staggered by the effect of the blow, but recovered well. He was already moving to grab the Armalite when Sam's .44 jabbed into the back of his neck.

Tom McLure ducked under the blanket which Sam held up with one hand. He turned on the light and looked down at Alex. He whispered: "Holy Mary, Mother of God," and knelt to touch fingers to the shattered forehead. "Pray for us sinners now and at the hour of our death." Tom stopped dead. He looked from Alex's split skull to Stylianou, now standing; to Clark; past his chin to the Magnum; along Sam's arm, to the long nose, confused face, waiting. McLure stood up. He glared at Clark, saw the steel bar in his hand. Sam reached for the bar. McLure decided: he would chop off the teacher's hand. McLure thought of the axe in Ferdo's gear. Then he heard Ferdo scream. There was a terrible, eardrum-inverting explosion. Or was it that the explosion had come first? He felt a huge wind. The blanket billowed in towards him. Tricia screamed. Sam, off-balance, pulled the trigger of his vast hand-gun to dispose of the teacher who'd murdered Alex. Clark's head pain had been exacerbated beyond reason by the explosive noise. He swayed, and was falling as the bullet nicked the top of his left ear. It made a red-hot groove the size and shape of a lower-case "v". Undelayed, it smashed through the ceiling and fractured the hot water tank situated up in the loft.

•

Liu had taken the clip off the hand grenade an hour before, when Sam had gone to the girls' room with Alex, leaving the door unattended. But Sam had quickly returned, and the heel of Liu's sweating right hand had held down the explosive spring lever ever since. The circulation in his fingers was minimal when he heard Alex scream and then Tom's prayers. Then he sprang into action.

Liu decisively pushed both hands upwards under the blanket, releasing the safety lever on the longest fuse, six seconds, on the notch his thumbs had explored for so long, feeling for knowledge in the dark. He continued the upswing through both arms stretched straight in front of him. Ferdo and Don were both sitting up in bed, staring down the length of the room towards the hideous scream. At the last possible moment Liu gave a final extra push with his left, far hand, and the blanket descended, with the grenade wrapped in its folds, and settled over Ferdo's head. The Spaniard cursed, swept the malodourous wool away from his face with one defensive arm. Don, stupid with sleep, found the apparition at his feet vaguely amusing, redolent of ghost capers in the dorm. He transformed from nostalgic schoolboy to scared terrorist very quickly, however, when he perceived Liu moving, running, grabbing Stavros, also sat up on the sofa – like a good boy, waiting for nurse or Nana to bring him ice-cream – pushing Stavros, pulling him with more strength, far more strength than the elfin Oriental torso should have been capable of summoning. Liu's urgency communicated itself to Stavros on the shortest of circuits. He was on his feet, on his way, Liu's hand like grappling hooks in his clothes, in his hair, on his way to the door, when Don, swinging his feet to the floor, grabbed the Hyksos machine-pistol in the rucksack between them to shoot the Greek kid and the Chink.

Four seconds had passed since Liu had cast his hands upwards. In the first one-thousandth part of the following fifth second, Don and Ferdo perceived startling information. Don realised, as Liu had done a while ago, that his gun was strapped to the rucksack. Far from coming easily upwards in the steady, safety-catch removing arc which Tom McLure had taught him, firing sweet and straight by the time the barrel reached the horizontal, the Hyksos jerked and slid biting metal under the nail of the index-finger of his right hand. He had time, very briefly, to conceive the thought of a swearword before Ferdo announced what he had discovered: the hand-grenade, its firing lever sticking out at 45 degrees, definitively primed, in the remaining fold of the blanket, on his lap.

It is possible that had Ferdo remained calm, had he used the final tenths-of-a-second of his life to roll the blanket inwards, casting the fabric and the grenade together away from him – again, as Liu had done, just a little while ago – he could have propelled it far enough across the room to have given himself some chance of mutilated survival. But Ferdo chose instead to shout hysterically at Don, and to repeat the sweep of the arm which had first plucked the blanket away from his face. The effect was to slip the final flap of the fabric out from under the grenade. It moved slightly up the inside slope of Ferdo's left thigh, then rolled back again and nestled neatly, separated from his scrotum by the thickness of his pale green denim trousers and his paisley-patterned jockettes. From Ferdo's first uttered noise to the grenade's new stasis took


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**THE BULLETIN**
Australia's weekly news magazine.

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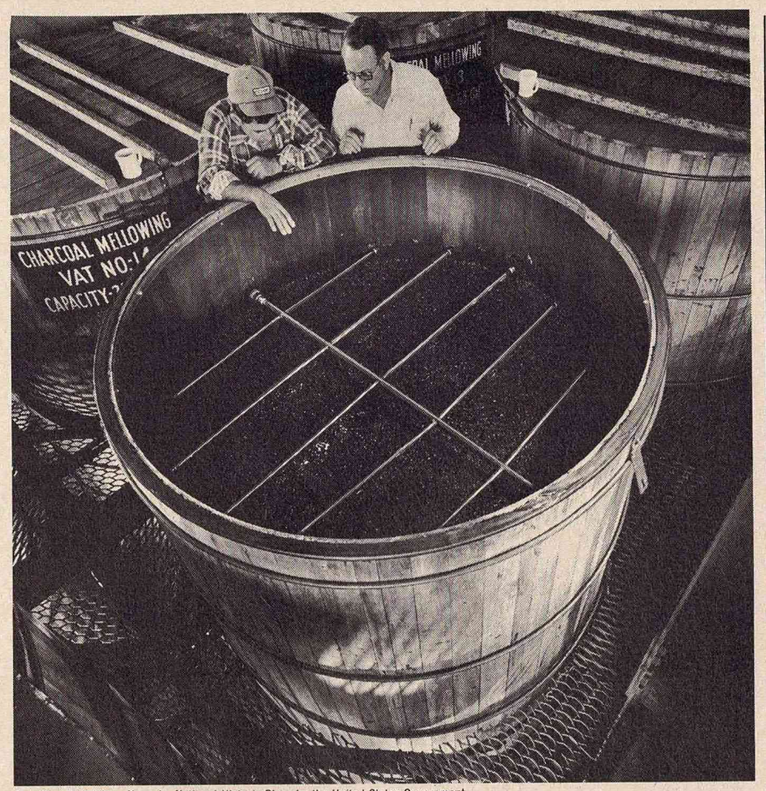


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AT THE JACK DANIEL DISTILLERY, we fill vats like these with hard maple charcoal to help make the world's smoothest whiskey.

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For over 110 years, we've done something special to our whiskey. We "charcoal mellow" it before aging. That means every drop must filter for many days through a vat of hard maple charcoal, ten feet deep—a process that takes a lot of time. But the results are worth it: a flavor so smooth it has won five gold medals in competition with other good whiskies all over the world. Once you try Jack Daniel's, we believe you'll appreciate its "charcoal mellowed" smoothness.

one point three seconds. In the last three-tenths of a second, Ferdo was moving both hands towards the little metal ball, and beginning to scream as the electrical circuits of his brain overloaded, fusing with flashes and sighs of "Too late. Too late . . ."

Don watched Ferdo's lap from more than a metre away. He sucked hard on empty air. He saw Ferdo hunch forward very slightly as his hands made for the grenade. Then he saw, in the infinitesimal fraction of a second before his own index-finger was severed, what appeared to be most of the grenade with, definitely, the firing-lever still attached at 45 degrees to a recognisable sphere, emerge from Ferdo's back.

The table-tennis-ball-sized piece of razor-sharp shrapnel which had spun out of Ferdo's lap and severed his finger then killed Don by spinning on through his trachea at 1000 revolutions and 1500 metres a second. The main part of the grenade, which had simply been blown straight through Ferdo's abdomen, was travelling less fast. As it sliced through the lumbar vertebrae its velocity in both interior and terminal ballistic measurements was only about 300 metres a second. It accelerated, however, for another two metres once free of the drag of Ferdo's body, diagonally upwards, until it hit the wall behind the bed and showered in a million needles of white-hot steel into the already mortified remains of Don and Ferdo.

•

Sam rolled from the floor. He had glimpsed blood pumping from the side of the teacher's head. *That one was dead.* Then he heard Tom shout for him. He ran to the door, tearing down the blanket-divider as he went. The Chinaman and the thin Greek kid running. He raised the .44. *Steady, get the hips easy and steady.* Tom said: "Do it, Sam. Now." He fired at the Chink, the closer one, first. Down he went. Good shot, even though possibly a bit low. Tom again, urging: "Get the kid, Sam. Get the kid." A fine shot. Range about 120 metres. A challenge to a marksman. Target beautifully outlined against a slope of pale sand. *But moving fast: very fast.* Square in the sight, squeeze the trigger . . . Sam dropped the gun. The pain in the back of his neck was now so excruciating that he fainted.

Clark sat up, holding his ear. Blood oozed between his fingers. The dividing blanket fell on him. He heard McLure shout about the two runners. God knows what the explosion had been. Stylianou dug in his Adidas bag, directly next to Clark's head. He pulled out his table-tennis shorts, offering them to Clark as a bandage. Clark grabbed the shorts out of Stylianou's hand, hissing through clenched teeth: "The darts, Mike, the darts."

They were at the space where the blanket had been when they heard the first shot. They threw a dart each through the main door. Clark's tapped McLure's right shoulder, a metre to the left of his aim; Stylianou's buried itself, like an arrow, deep beyond its tip, at the base of Sam's skull.

•

Tricia turned from the window. She deftly slipped the safety-catch on to the Hyksos. She knew the weapon was delicately balanced when set at the spring-loaded full fire rate. Clark and Stylianou were now sitting together on the floor, their backs against the far wall. Tom sat two metres from them, covering them with Sam's .44. He looked dazed. She called "Tom." He looked up, then stood and walked towards her, five paces. "Take this," handing him the machine-pistol. "I want to get dressed."

When she returned to the lounge, having donned a T-shirt and a sweater, plus socks and stout walking shoes, nothing in the scene had changed. McLure stood listlessly by the sofa, pointing the Hyksos at the teacher and the fat boy. He had stuck the .44 in his trouser-belt. Tricia now carried her own gun, the twin of McLure's, held loosely in the crook of her arm. She glanced briefly behind her, at the remains of Don and Ferdo. "You, fat kid," she barked. "Get these bodies into the room you were in."

Clark looked up at her, holding one hand to his ear, the other to the top of his injured head. He traversed his gaze to Tom McLure.

"Well," he managed to say quite evenly, "what now, Mister McLure?"

"Shut up!" Tricia shrilled.

McLure's head came up. He seemed surprised by the sound of his name. He stretched his arms upward, one of them holding the gun. Its strap hung to below his elbow. Then he yawned copiously. He settled back into the chair, very alert.

"Good question. What do you think, Trish, shoot Laurel and Hardy now? Plus one of the girls?"

My God, thought Clark, he is serious. He means every word of it. To Michael Stylianou's amazement, Clark replied in the same bantering tone which McLure had used.

"Now what good would that do you? You've only got six hostages. I reckon you're going to need every one of us to negotiate you and your friend with the terrific norks out of here."

"I told you to shut up," savagely, from Tricia. She stepped two paces closer to Clark, brandishing the machine-pistol. Further to Michael's consternation, Clark then looked up at her amiably.

"I'll shoot this creep now, Tom."

"No," replied McLure abruptly. "Siddown, Trish." She complied, leaning against the wall under the window where McLure had rested previously. "All right, teacher," McLure began. He had slept for one hour in the past 40. "What do you mean about negotiating?"

Clark drew a deep breath. "There's six of us and two of you. You can afford to sell us, so to speak, one at a time to get what you want."

"Or we can just hold you all until we get what we want."

Clark managed a chuckle. "Doesn't work. You know it. People have been pissed off with bargaining over hostages since the late '70s. Ever since the PLO and the IRA and Baader's lot got closed down by men with big guns."

McLure patted the pockets of his jacket. "Got a cigarette, Trish?"

"No."

"I have," Stylianou offered calmly, emulating Clark. "Over in my bag."

*A pair of 10cm blades cut deep into each of Tricia's kidneys. Her neurological systems simply fused. She passed out.*

"To hell with that," said McLure. "Christ knows what else you've got in there. A trench mortar, maybe. I gather the cosh that did Alex, and the darts, were both yours?"

"Yes," Stylianou agreed.

Tricia wheeled round, still kneeling. "Let me shoot that fat creep, Tom. And the sonofabitch teacher."

"And what would it *prove*?" jeered Clark. "You're supposed to be bloody revolutionaries, not bloody bandits or child molesters."

Tricia worked the manual bolt of the machine-pistol. The metallic rattle was terrifying in the small room. McLure announced loudly: "We *are* revolutionaries. We stand for the overthrow of the capitalist system and the nationalist state."

"To which end," Clark interrupted, "you ruthlessly shoot down schoolboys and old Chinamen."

Water from the grenade-holed hot water tank found an electric conduit. There was a bang and a shower of sparks from the ceiling above Tricia. The lights went out. McLure shouted to Clark and Stylianou to sit still. He was turning to retrieve his Hyksos machine-pistol when Susan came racing out of the corridor, both arms extended rigid in front of her breasts. On the knuckles of the bunched fists she had mounted both her own and Libby's nail scissors. She was running at full speed, had achieved maximum thrust, when her fists met the small of Tricia's back. A pair of 10cm blades cut viscerally deep into each of Tricia's kidneys. Pain-relaying axons and neurites clamored for attention from her brain. Like Sam's, 10 minutes before, Tricia's neurological systems simply fused. She passed out.

Tom McLure fired at the spectre that had hurtled from the darkness. But Susan's hands were holding on to the scissors which were attached to Tricia's kidneys. When she fainted and fell, Tricia jerked Susan down with her. McLure's shot flew 10 centimetres over her head and hit the wall. His next shot slashed through the ceiling as he crashed backwards over the armchair. Stylianou, leading with his left shoulder, half-rising from the floor, had hurled all of his formidable weight at McLure's knees. Clark lunged for the Hyksos on the floor, grabbing one-handed into the dark. His other hand, the supporting one, was struck by sliding metal: the .44, broken from McLure's hand as he fell. A second later Clark was on his feet, feeling like Errol Flynn with the machine-pistol in one hand, the Magnum in the other.

•

Stylianou bounced to his feet. Clark thrust the machine-pistol at him: "Do you know how these bloody things work, Mike?" He did not await the reply. He ran around the armchair to cover McLure with the .44. There was no need for urgency: Tom McLure had slammed his forehead directly on to the metal window frame. He was bleeding profusely, prostrate.

There was movement, hurry and bustle at the far end of the room. It was the scuffling Ilgirs, bearing Libby obediently away. The sun broke clear of the sea-horizon on his right. A shaft of pure light revealed the twins and their pathetic burden. In the next second, more light, to see Susan finally extricating her hands from under Tricia's lacerated body. Her hands and wrists were black with blood. Another second, and more light, to observe Stylianou searching, wracking his eyes and his brain for the catch which, released, would make operable the dreadful weapon he held. Ten more seconds, 10 squared units of light. Clark said quietly: "Katia, Effie, put Libby on the sofa. Michael, sweep the glass off it. You won't need the gun. We've got them all."

# LRB tops our FIRST Music Poll YOU LITTLE RIPPER!

RESPONSE to the first Australian PLAYBOY Music Poll showed that Australians are very aware of the music made in this country. Most of the entries were carefully and thoughtfully filled out, and the results reflect the emergence of our recording and music industry. More people are

## HOW YOU VOTED

**POP/ROCK**

| | |
|---|---|
| Group | Little River Band |
| Male Vocalist | Glenn Shorrock |
| Female Vocalist | Renee Geyer |
| Composer | Harry Vanda/George Young |
| Instrumentalist | Kevin Borich |
| Album | Sleeper Catcher (LRB) |

**COUNTRY AND WESTERN**

| | |
|---|---|
| Group | The Anne Kirkpatrick Band |
| Male Vocalist | Slim Dusty |
| Female Vocalist | Anne Kirkpatrick |
| Composer | Slim Dusty |
| Instrumentalist | Pee Wee Clark |
| Album | Shoot The Moon (Anne Kirkpatrick Band) |

**JAZZ**

| | |
|---|---|
| Group | Galapagos Duck |
| Male Vocalist | Leo De Castro |
| Female Vocalist | Kerrie Biddell |
| Composer | Don Burrows |
| Instrumentalist | Don Burrows |
| Album | Crossfire — Direct to Disc |

Photography by Colin Stead

buying local product and going out to listen to the wealth of local talent.

Millions of Australian and American record buyers can't be wrong, so it was not surprising that **Little River Band** took out top honors in the Pop/Rock Group section. The group's lead singer, **Glenn Shorrock,** also won the Best Male Vocalist award and the group's record, *Sleeper Catcher,* was voted Best Album.

Since its formation in 1975, LRB has established itself as Australia's most successful and internationally acclaimed rock act, with a string of hits to its credit.

**Renee Geyer** was voted Best Female Vocalist in the Pop/Rock category. Renee's distinctive voice and style have won her fans all over the world and many critics believe it is only a matter of time before she takes off in the US.

Rock guitarist **Kevin Borich** was voted Best Instrumentalist in Pop/Rock and the composer award went to **Harry Vanda** and **George Young,** the names behind many hits for other top rock people.

In the Country and Western category, **Slim Dusty** and family scooped the pool. Slim's daughter, **Anne,** was voted Best Female Vocalist and her band, **The Anne Kirkpatrick Band,** won the group award. Slim was voted Best Male Vocalist and Composer, for such songs as About This Hat, Glorybound Train and Country Livin'. The Anne Kirkpatrick Band, comprising Anne, Bill Graham, Colin Mcintosh, Graham Wardrop, Stuart Wilson and Jimbo Duke-Yonge, won the Best Album award for their expert performance on *Shoot The Moon.*

This album showed that although Anne has been influenced by rock and jazz, her music still has its roots firmly in country soil. The balance of songs on the record, from Don Gibson's Lonesome Me to Gram Parson's Grievous Angel, has won many non-country music listeners over to her individualistic style and sound. A recording of Slim Dusty and band, his wife, Joy McKean (who wrote The Biggest Disappointment), and daughter Anne, also polled well. This album, *The Entertainer,* was recorded at Sydney Opera House. **Pee Wee Clark** (steel guitar) was elected top Instrumentalist by our readers.

**Our first Music Poll proves that Australians are interested in local musicians and music. As winners, readers chose:** TOP LEFT: **Crossfire.** TOP RIGHT: **Slim Dusty.** CENTRE: **Little River Band.** ABOVE LEFT: **Anne Kirkpatrick.** ABOVE RIGHT: **Renee Geyer.**

**Galapagos Duck** was voted top Group in the Jazz section. This band is popular throughout Australia and has undertaken many successful overseas tours. Although based in Sydney, performing at The Basement, Galapagos Duck regularly plays at the top jazz clubs in most cities and is now enjoying the success of its sixth album, *Right On Cue.* In this category, full marks to the fans of Brisbane band Dr Jazz. We appreciated their buying hundreds of copies of PLAYBOY and sending in votes. Unfortunately, when we did a check of some of these votes, the people named as having sent ballots told us they had not participated. Nice try, gang, but it didn't work.

Sydney based singer **Leo de Castro** was voted Best Male Vocalist. He has been featured on national TV shows and with several top bands.

**Kerrie Biddell** topped the poll for Best Female Singer in the Jazz section. This singer's fine talents have made her popular with music lovers and highly respected by musicians.

Perhaps Australia's best known jazz personality is **Don Burrows.** Readers voted him Best Instrumentalist and Composer and some mentioned on their entries that it was very hard to vote for Burrows without voting for George Golla, the guitarist with whom Burrows mainly works. The original commercial album made direct-to-disc in this country – *Crossfire Direct To Disc* – was voted Best Album. The record features Jim Kelly (guitar), Doug Gallagher (drums), Mick Kenny (keyboards, flugelhorn and trumpet), Greg Lyon (bass), Ian Bloxsom (percussion) and Don Reid (sax and flute). Since its formation in 1975, Crossfire has been hailed as one of the most important jazz-rock bands in the country. Although this is our first poll, the Playboy Music Poll in America has, in two decades, documented the rise and fall of the greats of contemporary popular music and has become one of the most prestigious musical surveys in the world.

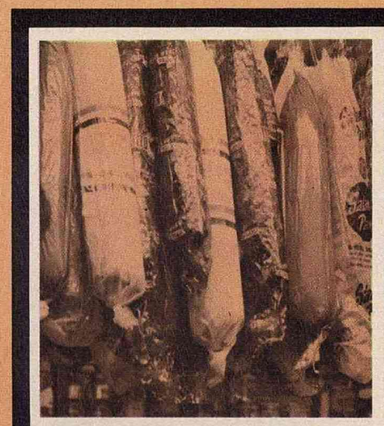
The success of the Australian poll gives us the opportunity to continue in this tradition.







# YOU'RE ALL INVITED TO A SLAP-UP PÂTÉ



A MEASURE of Australia's distance from Europe is the paradox that force feeding of geese to produce the liver so valued for pâté de foie gras is banned in this country, yet the goose's liver and the pâté can be imported into Australia.

It's a case of "she'll be sweet, mate", as long as somebody else does the dirty work.

The bloating of a goose for six weeks by forcing moistened corn niblets down its neck, as it stands in a cage so small it can't exercise, is probably one of the cruellest acts in epicurean history. And it's all to feed the desire of gourmets who like to tease their taste buds with the smooth, svelte layers of a goose's swollen liver. If animals were created as food for man – and the argument is interminable – then the geese of Europe, particularly Hungary, stand supreme. In Australian delicatessens, Hungarian goose livers sell for $35 a can and, like most tantalising cottage industry products, they're in short supply.

## NOW THE REAL THING

As your ardent deli snob knows, whole goose liver is superior to the more famous pâté de foie gras. If you want to eat it and can find a can, then you need French bread, too. Not the metre-long sticks you buy to brush with garlic for the barbie, nor the thick pod-shaped loaves we call French bread. In Sydney now (and perhaps soon in the other capital cities) Australians can buy real French bread. The new firm is Bread of France, owned by a Frenchman, of course, and it's baking light, delicately-sweet white bread in thin long loaves and dinner rolls, enclosed in the latest non-sticky European plastic wrap.

Discovery is the delight of deli-browsing, and you don't have to be in the caviar class to live richly. Coffee is a prime example. The very best in the world comes from Brazil, and the quality is immediately obvious. It has strength, yet lacks the burnt taste of local mixtures. And you will be pleasantly surprised at the price. Jacobs, the top West German brand, sells for $4 for 250g in all good delis. The excellent American S and W Columbian beans cost about $5 for 454g. Compare that with an average $2.50 for only 200g for the local brands.

The problem with delis is that most European food, instead of being fresh, has to come in cans because Australia's strict health laws bar most unprocessed and unpackaged imported foods. Some foods work in cans, others don't. Scottish haggis, for example, doesn't. If you're masochistic enough to try this mess of meat wrapped in an animal's stomach lining, then your everyday supermarket sells imported canned haggis, but it's nothing like the real thing. Baxter's whole pheasant from the game farms of England does very nicely on the journey to Australia, cushioned in its can by burgundy wine jelly. It costs more than the locally-bred birds, but then it's better. Serve it chilled or slice and lightly grill the pheasant.

The Swiss-based Hero company is canning the best vegetables in the world, and its petits pois and chanterelles fines are always recommended. (Check for the "Packed in Switzerland" label.) Hero also packages Swiss muesli, made to a centuries-old recipe, in handy resealable 368g cans.

Now wander over to Austria, to the province of Styria, in the magic faraway world of your deli. Here's a new specialty available only at the gourmet delicatessen, Cyril's, in Sydney's Haymarket, but soon to be sold around Australia. They say in Austria that the Styrians are the strongest, healthiest and longest living people on earth. And they attribute their remarkable longevity to a cold-pressed pumpkin seed oil they use for cooking and sprinkling on raw vegetables. It is now being imported into Australia with Huile de Citrouille on the can. The thick, brown oil costs $12.50 a litre.

## FROM RUSSIA WITH LOVE

There is always something new in the deli, because food buffs will try anything, at least once. Green peppercorns from Madagascar in recent years have become big business for importers. Now you can buy red peppercorns, as well as the green, black and white. From Russia come pressed date and walnut slices, prepared in the Ural Mountain regions, and so rich that a mouthful is enough to satisfy. And for sweet teeth, Holland is now sending us its gevulde koeken, little round tarts filled with nougat.

If your local deli doesn't keep all these products, then ask for them to be ordered. Prices of course may vary in different stores. To get the taste, try these gourmet shops in each State:

ADELAIDE: Pretzels; Don's Delis; Village Fine Food; David Jones'.
BRISBANE: Tom's Fine Foods; David Jones'.
CANBERRA: David Jones'.
HOBART: The Gourmet Delicatessen.
MELBOURNE: The Deli, Toorak; The Chocolate Box Gourmet Centre; Myer.
PERTH: Socomin Ltd.
SYDNEY: Cyril's; The Double Bay Deli; Paul's, Manly; David Jones'.

– CAROLYN NOAD

# The French Evolution.

How's this for a winning streak? 1978. The Renault A442B Turbo won Le Mans by five laps from Porsche.

1979. The new Renault 20TS upstages all luxury touring sportscars with features other makers will be copying for a decade.

The 20's too macho to be a luxury saloon, too luxurious to be a sports car. Has a lot of the Turbo's features. For example:–

- A new high performance engine – obviously not the same but with the same capacity and characteristic touches – like belt driven overhead cam and hemi-crossflow head. It's also all-alloy – a feature rare outside competition cars.
- Four wheel independent suspension.
- Ventilated front discs.
- Rack and pinion steering.
- Sealed cooling system.
- Michelin radials.
- Small padded steering wheel.
- Short, sharp, brilliant gear shift.
- Long wheelbase, wide-track. Low, wind-cheating, stable stance.

Of course, we've modified the body a little so your fellow Company Directors won't be shocked. Add...

- Power steering that phases out at speed to give you positive road feel when touring.
- Tinted windows – power operated in front. And laminated windscreen.
- Intermittent wiper control.
- Plush seats that fully recline.
- Stereo AM/FM radio cassette player.
- Courtesy lights everywhere – even in the ash-tray.

For your amusement – there are remote controls that adjust the headlight beams and external mirror. Most usual options are standard. And, astonishingly, those thick, contoured rear seats go through several configurations – may even be removed to leave you with a 1550 $dm^3$ (54.5 cubic foot) luggage area. Something of a switch for a prestige saloon. And brilliantly practical.

Renault 20TS. A large, substantial, ultra-sophisticated road machine with a quietly obtrusive demeanour, magnificent handling – and all the luxury you expect. Get full details from your Renault Dealer now.

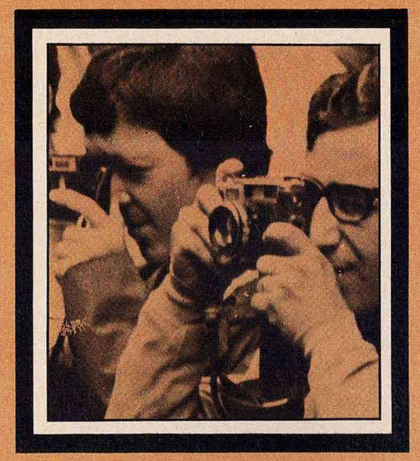
**RENAULT 20TS**
Touring Sports

From Renault, the world's largest manufacturer of front-wheel drive vehicles.

**N.S.W. Renault (Aust.) Pty. Ltd.,** 789 Botany Rd., Rosebery. Ph. 669 2366. **A.C.T. Corin Motors,** Cnr. Collie & Newcastle Sts., Fyshwick. Ph. 80 4409. **VIC. Renault (Aust.) Pty. Ltd.,** 771 Nepean H'way, Moorabbin. Ph. 557 5877. **QLD. Annand & Thompson Pty. Ltd.,** 132 Breakfast Creek Rd., Newstead. Ph. 52 0161. **S.A. Jacques Thoridnet Motor Centre,** 185 Pulteney St., Adelaide. Ph. 223 3155. **W.A. Eurocars Pty. Ltd.,** 11 Berwick St., South Perth. Ph. 367 6699. (Lic. 0771). **TAS. Val Dwyer Motors,** 74 Marine Terrace, Burnie. Ph. 31 5515. **Woodwards Fine Cars,** 160 Elizabeth St., Hobart. Ph. 34 6522. **David Lewis Motors,** 123 Invermay Rd., Launceston. Ph. 31 8177.

RENA0041R



# SECOND-HAND CAMERAS CAN BE A SNAP

DEMOCRACY has finally reached the marketplace, that is if you're into quality cameras. After an initial burst when every traveller to Fiji or Honkers came back with a duty-free special, and unfortunate lesser beings coughed up $700 to the local camera specialist, the compact 35mm single-lens reflex is starting to hit the second-hand market. If you're interested in getting a high-quality first camera, and are chary of making your initial investment a major one, then buying second-hand is a good way to hedge your bets. Second-hand gives you the chance to acquire otherwise untouchable equipment at what could be a fraction of new price. For example, a two-year-old Nikon can be bought for about $350 in Sydney. Nikon, Canon, Pentax and Minolta are the recommended brands in Australia because there are plenty of parts and agents to service them.

## THE BODY

Consider the camera as if it were a used car. Slam the doors. Give it a test ride. If you buy from a private seller, you should be able to take pictures with the equipment. If the seller is unwilling to let you do that, he may have something to hide. Cosmetics are important; they give a capsule history of the camera's use. Check the body for worn spots, chips, dents, scratches – they all could spell big trouble. Especially be on the lookout for marked-up exterior screws. If you find some, it suggests that someone tried to repair the camera and didn't know what he was doing. The back of the camera should unlock and lock cleanly and should fit tightly. If it doesn't, there could be light leakage, which would alter, if not ruin, exposures.

Next, test the shutter. The lower shutter speeds are particularly sensitive to damage, so go through the half-and full-second releases. Open the back, look at the light and run through the speeds, using your eyes and ears to detect a difference. The best way to determine whether the speeds are accurate is to have them machine checked. But allow a 15 percent tolerance. Even new cameras can vary that much.

In any case, the shutter should sound smooth and you should be able to detect a clear difference in the duration of the speeds. In the time-release setting, make sure the shutter opens when pressed and closes promptly when released. Should it hang open, or should the other speeds sound inaccurate, forget the camera. Shutter damage is the hardest and most costly to fix.

Load the camera with film. The transport lever should wind the film smoothly. Make sure that the film pressure plate at the inside back of the camera has retained its smooth surface. Scratches can wreak havoc with delicate film surface. Also make sure that the cloth or metal focal-plane shutter is free of rips, holes or thin spots and the shoulder strap is not too worn.

## THE LENSES

When buying a used lens, open the f-stop to its maximum aperture and check both front and back surfaces under a 100-watt bulb, not under fluorescent light. Look for small scratches on the lens or burn-outs in its coating. Make sure the iris opens and closes immediately upon firing. The lens mount should hold the lens firmly to the body.

The focusing action should feel like mercury. Any stiffness can indicate that the lens has been dropped, which may mean misalignment inside the housing. The attendant optical distortion will carry over into your pictures. Listen for the sound that dirt or grit makes in the housing – the previous owner might have taken a lot of pictures on the beach.

Check the definition at infinity by focusing on a distant object. Repeat the exercise at three metres and the minimum distance. If the distance calibration does not correspond, then the lens may have been damaged.

It's an encouraging sign when shopping for a lens if its owner has a UV filter on it for protection. A scratched filter is a lot cheaper to replace than a lens.

To check the total performance of the lens, tack up either a lens-resolution chart or a PLAYBOY centrefold. Using Kodachrome 64 or any other non-grainy color film, go through all the f-stops of all the lenses. A test roll will reveal if a lens is a little fuzzy around the edges at certain apertures.

## THE LIGHT METER

If the camera has a light meter, try to check it against a hand-held light meter or against the meter of a new camera of the same model. Also check several readings for several kinds of lighting situations. A meter may be giving accurate readings in its high range and be off at its low end. Be sure to install a new battery in the camera before making any judgments about the meter.

## DEALER OR PRIVATE?

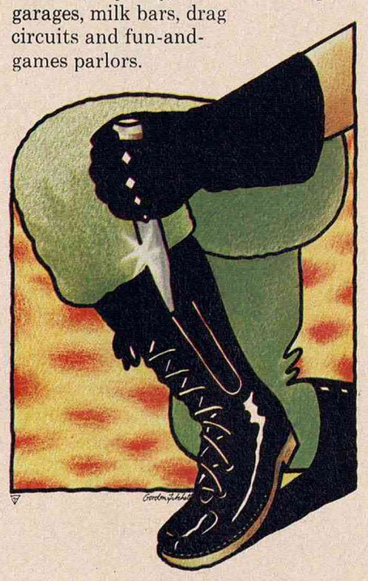
Reputable camera stores will usually give a guarantee on used equipment and will fix any problem that comes up during the agreed period. However, if you buy privately, chances are you can get a cheaper deal. You don't get a guarantee, so *caveat emptor.*

# PLAYBOY POTPOURRI

*people, places, objects and events of interest or amusement*

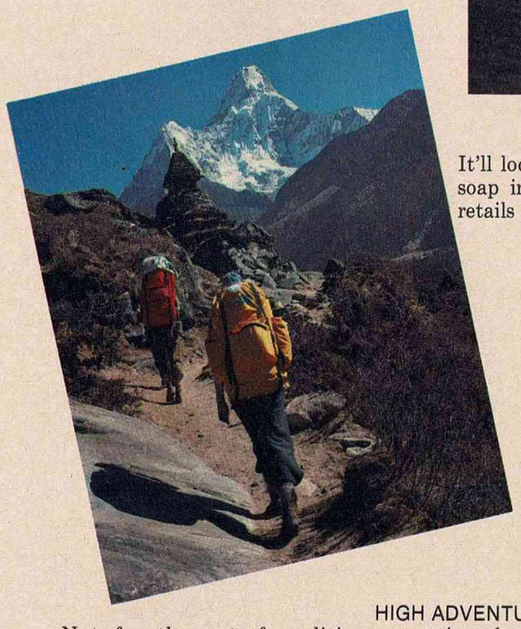
TOP GEAR

These boots are made for stompin', rompin', or clompin'. Hand made by William Cooks, the bikie specials sell for just $98. Stocked by the Gentry Cobbler, Sydney, or at most good garages, milk bars, drag circuits and fun-and-games parlors.



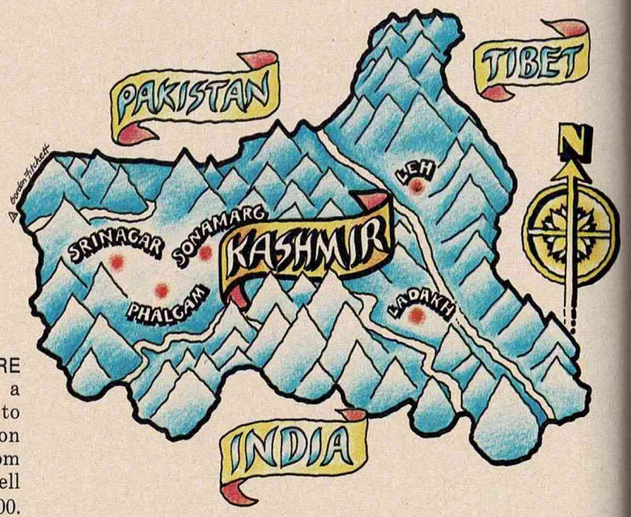
GET YOURSELF IN A RICH LATHER

It'll look like you've cleaned out a bank if you stash Million Dollar soap in your shower. Imported from the US by David Jones', it retails for $7 a wealthy bundle at the store's men's accessory bars.

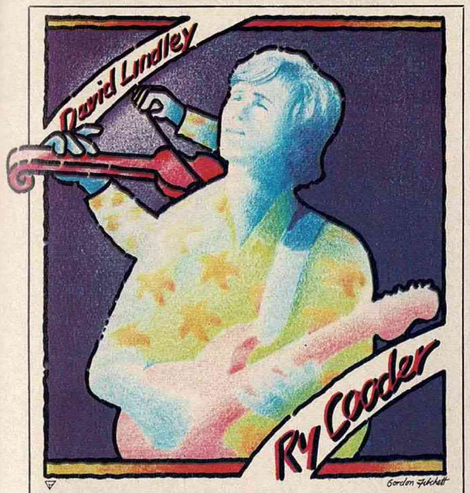


HIGH ADVENTURE

Not for the out-of-condition executive, but a blood-surging experience for the fit – an expedition to the Himalayas. Guides, porters, ponies, the works, on treks through Kashmir and Nepal. Details from Australian Himalayan Expeditions, 28-34 O'Connell street, Sydney 2000. Priced from $1490 to $2400.






HI DIDDLE DIDDLE!

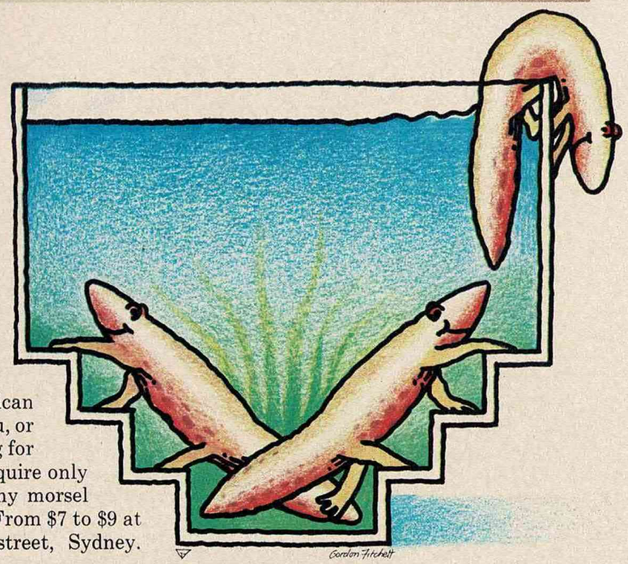
To hear a cool cat on a fiddle, grab a forthcoming concert by David Lindley. He'll be with guitarist Ry Cooder on what the promoters call "a strong underground tour" covering Sydney, Melbourne and Adelaide.

PLENTY OF BRASS

Men about town have taken a shine to these brass key rings. They can establish you as a habitué of the world's posh spots – Maxim's in Paris, the Savoy Grill, London, the Monte Carlo Casino. And in case you get into strife playing the tables, there's even one for your keys to Alcatraz Prison in San Francisco. You have a choice of six tags at $5 each in men's accessories bars at David Jones' stores around Australia.

KEEP ON TRUCKIN'

For big (and little) boys, authentic scale models of leading trucks from one of the leviathan leaders. Kenworth Truck Sales (NSW) Pty Ltd, PO Box 104, Cabramatta, NSW 2166, is importing models and kits of all the big rigs. The models sell for as little as $7. Write to Kenworth if you'd like a catalogue.



SEE, SI!

Not quite your average household pet, this Mexican walking fish can either stroll around looking at you, or you can walk around looking at it. If you're fishing for a mate, it would be a great piece of bait. MWF require only minimal care, live in fresh water and snap at any morsel of raw meat – but watch out for delicate fingers. From $7 to $9 at most pet shops or Toy Fisheries in George street, Sydney.

# NEVER WAS A PERFORMANCE SO WELL RECEIVED

**Dear Charlie,**

As one of the greatest performers of all time, you received accolades for every performance.

And, at NAD, we know how you must have felt. You see Charlie, we've recently received accolades from hi-fi reviewers around the world for our superb line-up of high-fidelity stereo receivers.

When you hear the way they receive a performance, the brilliance – the clarity – the transparency of sound well, you'll understand why.

But first, let us tell you how we achieved our state-of-the-art performance.

Our receivers are the brainchildren of our Research Director, Bjørn Erik Edvardsen – a member of the International High Fidelity Standards Committee.

In his receiver designs, he has included all the advanced devices for improving AM and FM reception.

Other manufacturers use dual gate Mosfet RF semiconductors, linear phase ceramic filters, special Integrated Circuits or phase lock loop multiplex stereo decoders. NAD receivers have them all.

And that's not all.

In the amplifier stage of our receivers, the NAD infrasonic circuit almost completely eliminates power-wasting noise below 20Hz.

That means all the power is available to reproduce the music.

In fact, even our most modestly powered receiver produces astonishing levels of undistorted sound.

But we've saved the best news till last, Charlie. Because our corporate overheads are low, we've kept the price of our equipment down to the point where everybody can afford to own a NAD receiver.

Because, Charlie, like you we realise a great performance deserves a big audience.

**NSW. Sydney Metropolitan:** Arrow Electronics Sydney, DME Hifi Sydney, Sydney Hifi, Audiocom North Rocks Eastwood Lindfield, Hempel Sound Chatswood, Hifi Junction Woollahra, Records International Bankstown, Selsound Hifi South Hurstville, Len Wallis Audio Lane Cove. **N/castle:** Eastern Hifi, Wardell's Sight and Sound. **W/gong:** W/gong Hifi. **Country:** Gold Coast Sound Tweed Heads, The Music Centre Murwillumbah, Lismore Hifi, Portsonic Hifi Port Macquarie, Wroth Hifi Bathurst, Hunter Valley Electronics Maitland, Albury Audio Lavington, Area TV Leeton, The Record Centre Griffith, Terry's Sound Lounge Bowral. **VIC.** Sound City Melbourne, Penny Lane Toorak, The Contemporary Sound Centre Hawthorne, Budget Hifi Wantirna. **QLD.** Brisbane Music Factory, Alsound Brisbane, Living Sound Centre Ashgrove, Chevron Sound Chevron Isle, Southport Hifi, The Sound Centre Coolangatta, Hi Fi and Video Centre Toowoomba. **SA. Adelaide:** Instroll Hifi, Truscott Electronics. **TAS. Hobart:** Belcanto Audio.

| Model No. | Power output Watts RMS/Ch into 8 ohms | Total Harmonic Distortion | Frequency Response ±0.5dB | SNR (Phono) | THD (Stereo) | FM Sensitivity | AM Sensitivity | Recommended Retail |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 7030 | 30 | <0.06% | 20Hz-20kHz | >82dB | 0.15% | 1.1μV | 300μV | $359.00 |
| 7045 | 45 | <0.04% | 20Hz-20kHz | >82dB | 0.15% | 1.0μV | 300μV | $449.00 |
| 7060 | 60 | <0.02% | 20Hz-20kHz | >82dB | 0.15% | 1.0μV | 300μV | $549.00 |
| 7080 | 90 | <0.008% | 20Hz-20kHz | >90dB | 0.15% | 0.9μV | 300μV | $699.00 |

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**Falk Electrosound group,**
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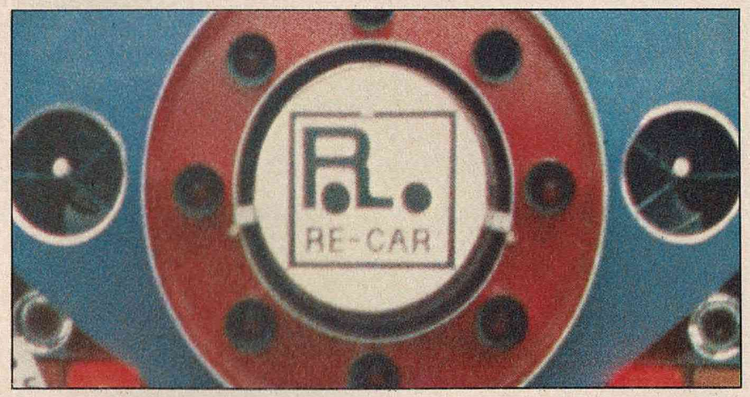
**Tel. (02) 5971111.**

NAD

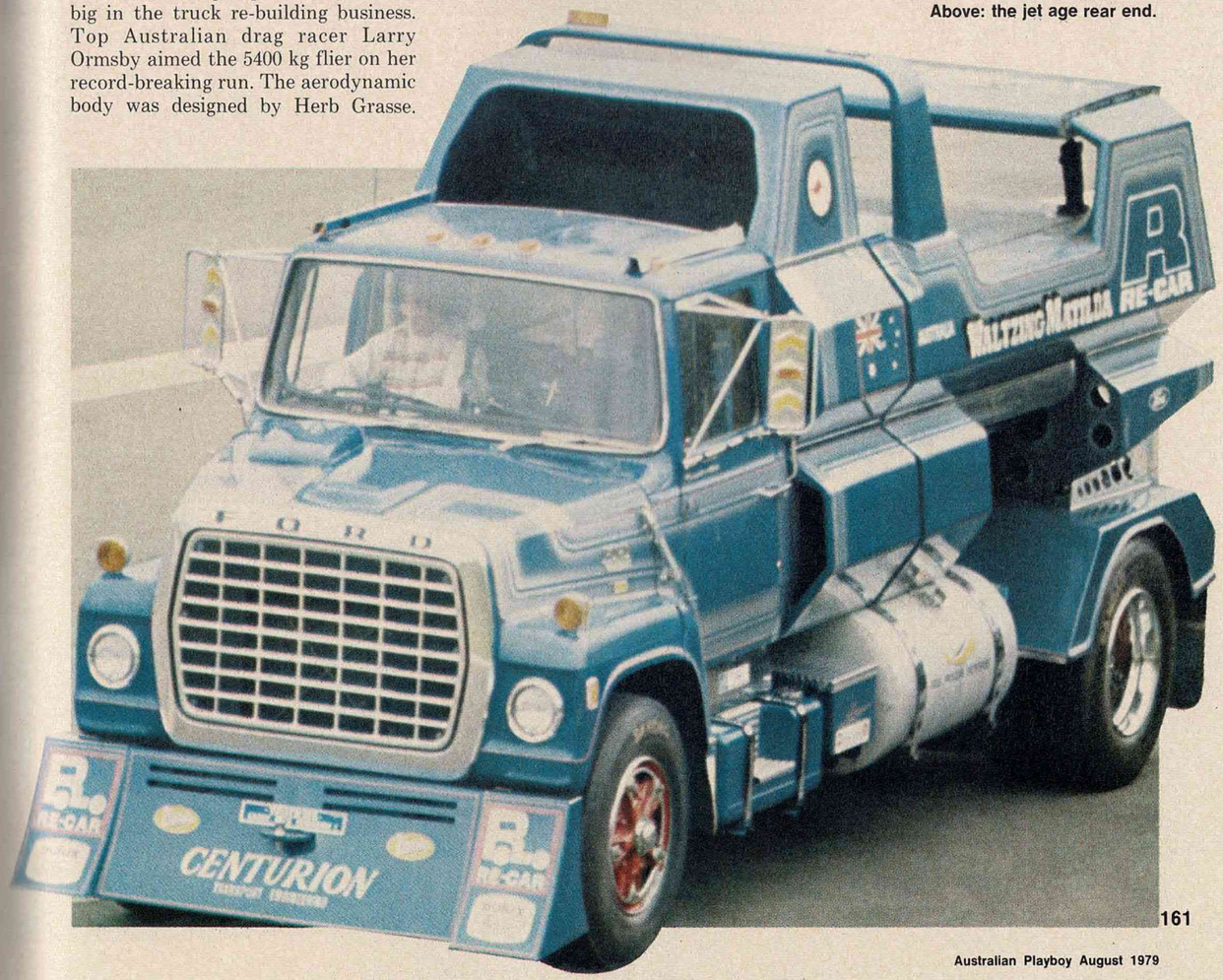



# JET-SET MATILDA

IT'S the ultimate macho machine – Australia's tar-blasting Waltzing Matilda, the world's fastest truck. Waltzing Matilda touched speeds of 322 km/h in the north-west of Victoria to set a flying kilometre record of 284.72 km/h. As well, the jet-powered monster cracked a flying mile of 172.65 mph over two runs to wrest the world title from American Tyrone Malone's Super Boss. Waltzing Matilda, driven by a Rolls-Royce Avon jet salvaged from a Canberra bomber, is based on a standard LNT 7000 Ford Louisville truck. She is the brainchild of Melbourne businessman Terry O'Hare, whose Re-Car group of companies is big in the truck re-building business. Top Australian drag racer Larry Ormsby aimed the 5400 kg flier on her record-breaking run. The aerodynamic body was designed by Herb Grasse.




**Above: the jet age rear end.**



# GIRLS ON WHEELS

*making the old look new*

WHAT with rising fuel costs, maybe muscle power is back. And what better way to tone them up than a spin on roller skates or a skateboard? The bird at the back is wearing gloves from Skateboard World, Burwood, NSW. They cost $12.95. The same shop supplied the elbow and knee guards ($7.95) and the made-to-order skateboard ($120) under the sport on the right. Rockin' Roller Skates, of Armadale, Victoria, put the girl at left on wheels ($59) and padded her knees ($9) and her elbows ($8). All the gear is available nationally at good sports stores.

Photography by Peter Randall-Kent

# When was the last time you hummed a catchy specification?

Our new amplifiers & tuners have superb specifications.

But so do many others.

What makes us better is the way we sound. More musical, with air between the instruments. Spacious, with extraordinary articulation that allows each instrument to register deep into your musical consciousness.

Why do our amplifiers & tuners sound that way?

It starts with ultrawideband frequency response and remarkably low TIM (transient intermodulation distortion) and SID (slewing induced distortion). But these are merely minimum design parameters for our engineers.

Of course, it is possible to build adequate amplifiers & tuners where others build them—in the laboratory. But that's not where you build exceptional ones. You make them in the listening room.

The fact is that transistors with the same specifications, but from different manufacturers, vary in ways that affect the texture of music. That's why our engineers actually listened for the *musical character* of every component—singly and in combination—that went into the audio chain of all our new receivers. Every transistor. Every capacitor. Every resistor.

They listened for the subtle differences in component parts that make the immeasurable differences in the final product—changing, refining, in effect tuning the instrument until it sounded exactly the way they want it to sound.

In short, we care a lot more about our great sound than about our great specifications.

Come listen. Guaranteed, we'll give you something to hum about.

Pictured: hk 500 AM/FM stereo tuner.
hk 503 integrated amplifier 40/40 watts.
hk 505 integrated amplifier 60/60 watts.

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Hear all of the music

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HA131/78


# MUSIC

*clapton's california sound is great, but the malady lingers on*

GIVEN the recent successes of the Aussie music mafia in Los Angeles, I suppose it was inevitable that footloose singer/songwriter Richard Clapton would go there to record. The result, *Hearts On The Nightline* (Infinity), is technically superb but lyrically disappointing. Clapton's mood has gone from Prussian blue to California gold, complete with Stevie Wonder street noise on Mainstreet Hustle, Bee Gees falsetto on Sometimes The Fire, and Tom Waits stumblebum imagery on the title track.

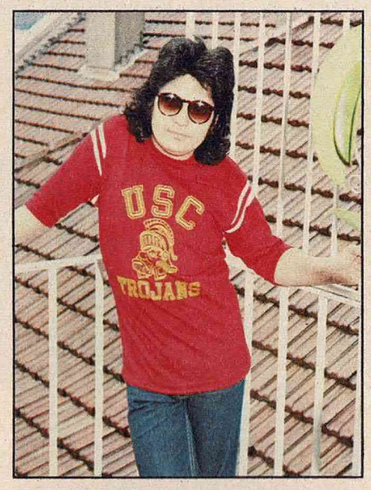
The moody introspection that made Clapton's previous work so compelling is still there, but you can't help feeling that too much of it is derivative, too many borrowed riffs and too much talk of freeways and New York City. It may be argued that songs about Byron Bay and being drunk on the Palm Beach road don't go over big in the international market place, but when he dealt with such mundane themes Clapton very nearly had his finger on the pulse of Australian youth in the '70s. The songs on this album could have been penned by the Eagles, or even Smokie.

Still, Nightline is good enough to win him new audiences who probably won't be aware of the song-poet's real skill. The band is tight, the harmonies are good (particularly so when he is joined by Renee Geyer on Out On The Island) and Clapton is in fine voice. Less of the Van Morrison-inspired scat singing, more down-the-line rock, but that's the direction in which Clapton has been heading for some time. Obviously he is no longer the "confused pilgrim" he sings about on Throw Me Down A Line. His goals are now out in the open.

•

So disco has made it. The Stones rang the warning bells three years ago, Rod Stewart confirmed our worst fears with Do Ya Think I'm Sexy? and now the Beach Boys have spelt it out. As a musical influence, disco can no longer be ignored. Here Comes The Night, the hit track off *Light Album* (CBS), is the dreaded wompadompdomp in its pure, unadulterated form.

Not since they put the kiss of death on psychedelic rock with Wild Honey a decade ago have the Beach Boys been so cruel to their legion of fans. If you're objective enough to dismiss this once-great band as just a bunch of fatties with psychiatric problems, then you'll find Here Comes The Night very, very funny. If, like this reviewer, Pet Sounds still plays on your mind every time you walk along a beach, you'll probably cry tears of blood.




**Richard Clapton: footloose Oz has borrowed too many riffs, talks too much of freeways and New York City, is now far too derivative.**

From the first synthesised bars you know it's going to be bad, but nothing can prepare you adequately for the Beach Boys' impersonation of Donna Summer. And it goes on and on. What's even sadder is that there is some good stuff hidden away on this album. Sumahama is lilting and lovely, Lady Lynda leans on the classics and sounds great anyway, and Goin' South has a nice spacey feel.

But I just can't play the bloody record. I have this image of the Beach Boys in their checkered lumber jackets and sneakers, surrounded by John Travolta clones in three-piece suits with colored lights flashing on and off. It's horrible, doctor. Help me, Rhonda, please get them out of my mind!

•

While the Beach Boys have been sweeping up riffs from the disco floor, another bunch of hardy perennials, the Grateful Dead, have conscientiously avoided anything that's currently cool on *Shakedown Street* (Arista). Deadheads and innocent bystanders alike will find something to cheer here.

A more consistent outing than Terrapin Station, *Shakedown Street* bops along from the old Rascals favorite, Good Lovin', to the moody Donna Godchaux vocal on France, to the ageless funk of the title track. It's an unpretentious, and perhaps transitionary, album from the Dead, a band that has endured so many highs and lows. The nucleus remains intact. Jerry Garcia is still capable of some enchanting, almost bluegrass, guitar runs, and trading licks with Bob Weir against Phil Lesh's pervasive bass he seems not to have noticed that it is almost 10 years since the Dead went the acoustic way.

•

Not since the Shadows made it without Cliff has a backing band received as much attention as The Rumour. On *Frogs, Sprouts, Clogs and Krauts* (Stiff), its second outing minus diminutive front man Graham Parker, The Rumour shows that the attention is well deserved. Products of the British pub rock scene, the five members of The Rumour can turn their hands to a variety of musical styles.

Here, as on their first effort, *Max*, they seem intent on transcending the new wave label. Lush orchestration and intricate harmonies vie for time with hard rock licks. The combination works, and while there is nothing here as surprising as Do Nothing Till You Hear From Me, there is enough to establish The Rumour as rock and roll survivors – and Graham Parker as the luckiest rock star in the business.

•

Melbourne sharpies and skinheads of eight or nine years ago will recall a man called Geoff Duff, whose powerhouse vocals rocketed a band called Kush to dramatic – if shortlived – stardom. Duffo's big number was MacArthur Park, a high camp production during which he clutched his genitals, sweated, and generally got the front rows wondering where his sexual preferences lay.

Well, Duffo didn't die; he went to London, from which centre of glitter influence he has produced his own self-titled album, *Duffo* (Warner Bros). In addition to producing, Duffo wrote the songs (among them Duff Record, Duffo and Duff Odyssey) and appears, looking suitably twisted, on front and back sleeve. He has adopted Ian Dury's Cockney vocal style and David Bowie's discarded Ziggy Stardust thematic content, and proudly presents them as his own. Not only is he too late, he is too obvious. – PHIL JARRATT

•

Dobie Gray is back with a new album, *Midnight Diamond* (MCA), and this time the production credits go to Rick Hall of Muscle Shoals fame.

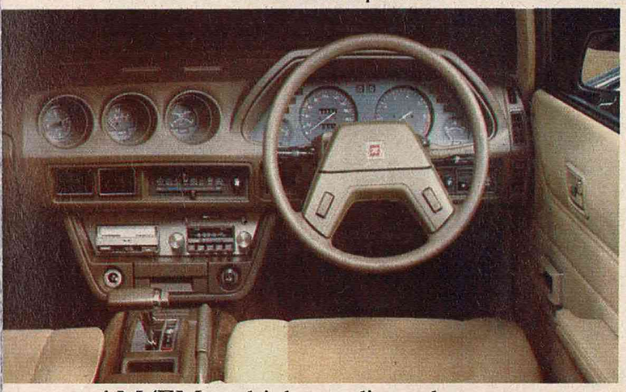
Gray has always had an honest approach to his recordings, and the

# Introducing the ultimate - Datsun 280ZX.

Introducing the ultimate — the 280ZX. It's the ultimate in sportscar style, luxury and performance.

Datsun's engineers and designers set out to create a classic. And they did. They produced the ultimate — the 280ZX.

With extra power. The 280ZX has a fuel-injected OHC six cylinder 2.8 litre engine driving through a 5-speed manual or the optional 3-speed automatic.



With extra performance. Integrated power steering,* high performance steel radials, wide alloy wheels, disc brakes all 'round and improved independent front and rear suspension.

With every refinement. The 280ZX is a 2 + 2 with integrated air-conditioning, power windows, auto. return power antenna, AM/FM multiplex radio and stereo cassette with four speakers, quartz halogen headlights, and exterior mirrors that are electrically remote-controlled.

The 280ZX has a range of standard equipment too long to list here. Features like tinted windows, laminated windscreen, independent fold down rear seats, luxury velour cloth trim, front seat walk-in device with pre-set memory, driver's seat lifter and lumbar support, rear window washer/wiper, headlight washers, and more.

And the ZX has extra style. The sort of style you can only appreciate when you see the 280ZX, slide behind the wheel and drive it. Experience the 280ZX at your Datsun Dealer now. It's the ultimate.

**The new 280ZX, from Datsun.**

DATSUN

Nissan Motor Company (Australia) Pty. Ltd.

DAT316

*made under ZF licence.


majority of the tracks on this album are no exception. The warm, rich voice shines through on the standard I Can See Clearly Now and the ballad Sharing The Night Together. At this time in his career, Gray needs a hit of the magnitude of his rock standard, Drift Away, and he tries here with You Can Do It, a Bee Gees-cloned disco song. It's a pity that such a sincere, experienced artist of Gray's stature needs such stuff.

But it is the slower songs that shine. They reflect Gray's other love – acting. Two years with Hair and about 20 other stage productions have left their mark: Gray sing-acts his songs successfully. Let This Man Take Hold of Your Life and Miss You Nights are adequate proof of this.

It may have just been the review copy of the album, but the quality of the pressing left a lot to be desired.

•

Emmylou Harris has never tried to cross over from country to the quick buck of the pop charts like three of the backup singers (Dolly Parton, Linda Ronstadt and Tanya Tucker) on her latest album, *Blue Kentucky Girl* (Warner Bros).

The strikingly-beautiful, Alabama-born singer-guitarist makes simple, warm country music. Featured songs include Willie Nelson's Sister's Coming Home and a heart-felt, poignant version of Gram Parson's Hickory Wind. Another highlight is the Rodney Crowell composition, Even Cowgirls Get The Blues.

Emmylou's excellent performance is backed by Glen D. Hardin, Emory Gordy, James Burton, Albert Lee, Rodney Crowell, Ricky Scaggs, Bill Payne, Don Everly, Ronnie Tutt and other great players. This is country music at its best.

•

Those people lucky enough to be among the 150,000 at Bob Dylan's magnificent concerts here in mid-'78 eagerly awaited his new double for CBS, *At Budokan.*

This was recorded in Japan on the first leg of the tour which brought Dylan here. His backing group, for lack of an official name, was dubbed The Far East Thunder Review, and consisted of Steve Douglas (sax and flute), Rob Stoner (bass), Steve Soles and Billy Cross (guitars), Ian Wallace (drums), Alan Pasqua (organ), David Mansfield (violin) and Bobbye Hall (congas). Joanna Harris, Helena Springs and Debbi Gibson provide the neat background vocals.

*At Budokan* is by far the best live collection Dylan has assembled. There is a feeling here that goes beyond grooves in vinyl. There are fresh arrangements of many standard Dylan songs which make you feel that you are hearing them for the first time. After one listen to this superb live record you realise that no one can touch Dylan's ability to evoke almost any kind of feeling and experience in life.

His presentation is the best yet. I Want You is quite spellbinding in its simplicity and features a haunting flute. Knockin' On Heaven's Door gets a reggae treatment and all the songs, including the newer Going Going Gone and Is Your Love In Vain?, feature the wailing sax of Douglas, Mansfield's violin and Dylan's timeless harmonica.

**Emmylou Harris: folksy country at its best as she sticks to the rural side of the fence. Bob Dylan: now way beyond the grooves and vinyl.**

Dylan has come the full circle back to the touring troubador – sometimes gentle, sometimes spitting out prophetic commentary and enlightenment. With his make-up, white suit and black Fender, Dylan is truly a living legend. – ANN CAMERON

•

An impressive batch of records from CBS is headlined by *Live,* the latest from Chick Corea's stunning group, Return to Forever. Recorded in concert in New York two years ago, the mixture is much the same as we heard in Australia in 1978 in what must rate as definitely the premier jazz event of that year.

In spite of the impressive line-up of soloists including Stanley Clarke, Joe Farrell and Jim Pugh, Corea himself is still the star, surrounded by a battery of electronic keyboards that produce a bewildering range of sounds at the command of one of the true masters of modern music. I particularly liked his unaccompanied acoustic piano solo track. To me, like all Corea's music, it left Keith Jarrett for dead. Hopefully CBS will soon release the thrilling duo set on which he joined forces with Herbie Hancock.

Meantime, this is worth getting as, in fact, is every product by Chick Corea, one of the most talented and imaginative musicians around.

•

One of the all-time great improvisors of jazz, tenor king Stan Getz, has put out a new two-record set, *Another World* (CBS) – and whatever Getz releases is invariably tops.

He has a knack for picking and developing new talent. Over the years some of his discoveries have been Chick Corea, Gary Burton, Joanne Brackeen and Steve Swallow. Maybe he has another in young keyboard player Andy Laverne. The beautiful Getz sound ranges from lyrical on Blue Serge to stomping on Club 7, both of which display the unique inventiveness of a musician who has never been less than excellent for the past 25 years.

The quintet used on this album includes two other "youngsters" in bass player Mike Richmond and percussionist Efrain Toro, while veteran drummer Billy Hart gives it all a tremendous charge.

Some may argue that four sides by this group are two too many, but I have found the Getz brand of jazz constantly fascinating and exciting, though I think he should have left the atmospheric Echoplexing of the title track to John Klemmer.

•

Thirty-seven-year-old vibes player Bobby Hutcherson has a new release, *Highway One* (CBS), that boasts colorful orchestrations by George Cables and Cedar Walton, who perform here in an eight-piece group that includes the flutes of Hubert Laws.

Secrets of Love, a haunting Eastern theme at times reminiscent of Delius, on which Hutcherson and Laws are the stars, is sensitively rendered, giving an aura of mystery to the extended performance.

On other tracks, strings and brass are added. Freddie Hubbard and his

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flugelhorn contribute to Sweet Rita Suite, a ballad in three-four time that consolidates Hutcherson's stature on vibes. A constantly rewarding LP that must be about his best to date.

•

A Canadian group of great ability is led by the keyboard player Dale Jacobs on *Cobra* (Epic). The names are all new to me, but undeservedly so, as their music is impressive throughout.

My favourite track – and this was a difficult decision – is On the Wings of a Song, which also features Wayne Kozak's Herbie Mann-like flute (until he switches over to tenor) and Tom Lavin's guitar. Patch Bay reveals some pleasant vibes from Ralph Dyck as well as the leader's incredible playing, which gives the quartet a truly huge sound. Surely we must hear more from Cobra.

•

Similar sounding pastoral type music is on *Jan Akkerman – Live* (Atlantic), utilising a barrage of electronic sounds from three keyboard players under the guitarist leader. It was recorded at last year's Montreux Festival, and achieves admirable sound quality under the circumstances, even if at times I found Bruno Castelucci's drums a shade too obtrusive. Overall, however, there was not sufficient variety for my tastes, one track being almost an extension of the last.

•

Some of the biggest names in modern music appear with Michel Colombier on his first record since *Wings* of eight years ago. Herbie Hancock, Lee Ritenour, Michael Brecker, Steve Gadd, Airto Moreïra, Jaco Pastorius and Tom Scott are amongst the impressive line-up on *Michel Colombier* (Chrysalis).

Queens Road is a dancing theme that features Colombier. Dreamland is just that as the spot shines on the talented Pastorius. If you have a taste for fusion music, get this one. I imagine they do not come much better, and the musical variety makes it a worthwhile listening experience with a pleasant blend of melody and driving rhythm.

•

Since his historic South American tour of 1962, Charlie Byrd has been recognised as the leading exponent of Latin-flavored guitar. He is one of that rare breed, which includes Herbie Mann and Dave Brubeck, whose music reaches out to a huge audience embracing jazz, pop and classics.

On *Byrd in Hand* (Fantasy), a selection of 12 tunes recorded between '73 and '75 has been released covering every shade of Charlie's talents – from the trio setting in live performance to the lush sounds achieved by the addition (at a later date, I suspect) of strings, flutes and horns.

Among the tunes are Jobim's Wave, Irving Berlin's Top Hat, White Tie and Tails, and more recent compositions like Killing me Softly, We've Only Just Begun and Feel Like Makin' Love. A good cross-section and an ideal introduction to the sounds of Charlie Byrd.

– KYM BONYTHON

•

If there's one thing I'm certain of, it's that some copies of Cher's new album, *Take Me Home* (Casablanca), will be bought for the cover. But there's a lot more to this record than just a very sexy picture of the artist. A slick performance and good arrangements take Cher from today's disco to yesterday's ballads, and this transition is helped by Kai Winding, Wah Wah Watson, Victor Feldman and Will Lee, to name just a few support artists.

**Cher: for the record, a slick lady shows she can really hit the groove, even if the cover is a diversion.**

Best tracks include the soulful My Song, written by Cher and Mark Hudson, and the rocky Git Down (Guitar Groupie), one of four songs by Michele Aller and producer Bob Esty, who also sings background vocals. All in all, a good, well-produced album (with an eye-catching cover!).

•

Australia has a special place for any artist with exceptional ability – it's called Obscurity. It's a fairly well-populated place, inhabitated by such people as Dutch Tilders, Graham Lowndes and, until recently, Doug Parkinson.

Dutch ventures out occasionally for the odd gig or to produce an album to satisfy not only his recording company but a select band of blues purists known as fans, then slips back where he came from.

He's a brave lad, almost as courageous as his recording company, Eureka. The stylish blues singer and guitarist who migrated from the Netherlands 24 years ago has released a direct-to-disc album of basic blues, a brilliant potpourri of classic songs and self-penned pieces, all recorded sans percussion.

Not that that's a bad thing. As songwriter Danny O'Keefe (he lives in Obscurity, USA) remarks in one of his songs: "The voice is a marvellous instrument, so is the heart and the brain." What more does a blues singer need?

Dutch, of course, has some assistance on the album, *Dutch Tilders Direct,* in the form of some inspired playing from Jimmy Conway on harmonica and Bob Bertles (remember the Meteors?) on alto and soprano sax. The only other musician is Peter Howell on bass. So much for the teeny-bopper market.

But Dutch has captured more of the essence of the blues on this album than he did on his first Eureka release, *Break.* Any city influence that might have been evident then has given way to more folkish, country blues and Dutch gets down to the nitty gritty. It is no wonder that Brownie McGhee, the great American blues man, rates Tilders as one of the top three white blues exponents in the world today.

The album is divided into acoustic and electric sides. Dutch's style is deceptively simple – the most effective medium for country blues. The construction is basic with elementary harmonies fused by intricate guitar work and well-timed vocals. Dutch's boogie arrangement of the traditional Corina, Corina is a delight and his skilful playing behind the melody of the standard Glory of Love can only be described as masterful. His arrangements and interpretation of songs by Brownie McGhee and Sonny Terry, the traditional pieces and his own work are first class. And Jimmy Conway's rolling harmonica solo on Simple Rag is something even Stevie Wonder would envy.

–IANMOORE

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# BOOKS

## *if you carry toilet paper in your hip pocket, then welcome to the ratbag club*

A RATBAG, says Barry Humphries in his foreword to Keith Dunstan's delightful book, *Ratbags* (Golden Press), spends five minutes every morning transferring his Virginia cigarettes into a menthol packet to avoid an expensive round. A ratbag never leaves home without checking his hip pocket for toilet paper. When the garbage man says "Merry Christmas" and holds out his hand, a ratbag shakes it.

Humphries, a ratbag himself, comes up with 20 or so definitions of our national anti-hero, all of them supported by the grand collection of real-life ratbags whose ratbaggery Dunstan, the veteran columnist and humorist, has chosen to document. Dunstan has taken his ratbags from all sections of public life this and last century, but he has carefully avoided so labelling the ratbags currently in positions of real power. Maybe he has in mind a sequel, "Dangerous Ratbags".

Most of the RBs listed here are of the harmless, humorous variety. Like Bea Miles, the grande dame of Kings Cross who terrorised taxi drivers. Or Xavier Herbert, the novelist who finds inspiration by walking on his hands. Dunstan tells their stories with a great deal of warmth and admiration, for, as he later confesses, he too is a ratbag. In fact, if we accept just half of the definitions offered here there are few of us who aren't. Those who don't make the grade can seek solace in one of Dunstan's earlier books, *Wowsers*.

The great danger we, as a nation of ratbags, now face is that ratbaggery will become trendy. Already wine buff Len Evans, who of course occupies a chapter, has suggested that a club be formed – a notion which, to genuine ratbags, must be as alien as joining an apathy club. –PHIL JARRATT

•

The Ginger Man has finally graduated from Trinity College, left Dublin for Ireland and his wife's good, and settled in Sydney. He has forsaken Guinness and pigs' heads for flagon wine, scotch and seafood cocktails and is masquerading as Digby Heller, the sometime artist and lecher in Gary Langford's latest novel, *Players in the Ballgame* (Macmillan).

Heller might not be quite as bloody-minded as J. P. Donleavy's eternal student, but it is a damned close run thing. Set exclusively in Sydney city and its eastern harborside suburbs, *Players* is a funny-sad tale in which Heller sidles from one outrage to another. One suspects *Players* is, at least in part, autobiographical, but, if it is, then the young New Zealand poet and novelist has got it off in some quite bizarre encounters. Langford writes in a sardonic style so typical of modern New Zealand writers. Maybe it is the influence of the dismal weather or economic climate or a combination of both, but contemporary New Zealand authors consistently write in a mood that is a paler shade of black.

**Barry Humphries: one of Dunstan's Australian ratbags, he falls into the harmless and humorous category.**

For all that and Langford's journey into familiar territory, it is a readable book, and he does temper the litany of male chauvinism with an episode or two in which Heller finds himself on the receiving end of sexual outrage. *Players* was written with the assistance of a special grant from the Literature Board of the Australian Council and, in the final accounting, Langford has certainly justified the investment of taxpayers' money. – RUSSELL DEILEY

•

If you ever, as a child, feared to go to sleep in case you never woke up, or dreamt you were dying and woke in a cold sweat, Charles Panati's chilling psychodrama *Links* (Eyre Methuen) will bring it all back to you. Panati, an accomplished science writer and an expert in hypnosis, takes the cold, scientific approach to a somewhat hackneyed theme – murder by hypnosis – and the result is a thoroughly believable thriller. Consider this: a slightly crazed psychologist experiments in deep hypnosis using his fiancée and a research student as guinea pigs. Fiancée has been having rather a bad time in the nightmare department and welcomes the opportunity to straighten out her psyche. Research student, on the other hand, secretly harbors a death wish. As the trance deepens the student telepathically moves in for the kill. The battle which ensues for possession of the young lady's mind and will to live makes absorbing reading. Definitely not a book recommended for heavy sleepers. –JACKIE SADLER

•

*The Butcher Bird* (Angus & Robertson) is not a fashionable book on several counts. Jack Bennett dares to present an African scenario through the eyes of aged white empire-builders, with almost no socially relevant comment on the birth traumas of the United Republic of Tanganyika and Zanzibar. Instead, we see the pedlars, beggars and lepers, the government minister in his Mercedes, through the bottom of a beer glass being emptied on the terrace of the New Africa Hotel.

This gathering of old and new Africa hands serves as a wonderfully apt foundation for the meat of the book: the death of an old back-country Colonial Service administrator in his pathetic and futile hunt for a type of immortality sometimes sought by men with no families – the record kill.

A book filled with the meanderings of a man dying in the jaws of a big-game trap sounds suspect – after all, the "as I went down for the third time my life flashed in front of my eyes" theme is hardly new. What Bennett gives us is a rare and poignant series of insights into a middle-class Englishman in the days when the white man's burden was an unfunny reality to a nation inculcated with an immutable sense of destiny.

As Dick Woodward lies trapped on the game trail near the waterhole, counting his Mauser cartridges against the time needed for rescue and inexorably reducing the equation to zero, we see the foundations of his life laid at an average school and as an officer with an average regiment in the horrific Gallipoli trenches.

Bennett has the incisive eye for detail needed to give life to these chronologically alien landscapes. We are able, after seeing Woodward's old school chum rotting for weeks on the Turkish wire, to appreciate his deep

alienation when he tries to pick up the civilian traces again.

There's a touch of Beau Geste in his hopeless failure to understand women and subsequent retreat to the Colonial Service, but at no time are we left with the feeling that Woodward's ineptitude is a reflection of the author's. What is brilliantly evoked, from the first to the last page of a concise story, is loneliness. Mulling over the powerful sense of desolation, two questions linger: is it that Woodward's type of alienation is incurable (even to a macabre mixup over his remains)? Or is this in fact Bennett's comment on European colonisation of the African continent – a savage exorcism of the unwelcome presence, a presence which had been essentially and always isolated, with never a chance of really belonging to the land? –JOHN HAMPSHIRE

•

After Watergate and innumerable revelations of the perfidy of the CIA, it comes as no surprise to delve into *A Matter of Risk* by Roy Varner and Wayne Collier (Hodder & Stoughton) and find that the department of dirty tricks has been at it again.

*A Matter of Risk* purports to be the inside story of the Glomar Explorer's attempt to raise an aged Russian submarine from the depths of the Pacific early in the 1970s. Authors Varner and Collier have certainly gone into their subject well, documenting each step in an incredible story which ended up costing the US taxpayer $500 million for an as yet totally unsubstantiated benefit.

What *A Matter of Risk* does reveal is the lengths to which the CIA went to deceive the public, how eccentric millionaire Howard Hughes allowed his empire to be used as a front for "deep-sea mining" and how tenacious pressmen can be when they smell a lead.

The crushed remnants of an outdated Russian submarine weren't the only nasty things that were lurking in murky depths. –JOHN COCKERILL

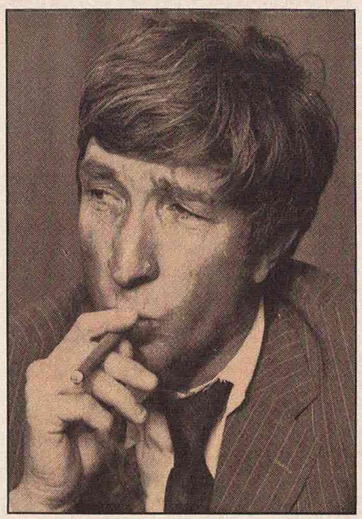
•

One could almost imagine that John Updike is endowed with an oracular prescience on reading his latest novel, *The Coup* (University of Queensland Press). The story describes the imposition of Islamic Marxism on a desert country ruled by a corrupt and despotic monarch. And, while the Ayatollah Khomeini's takeover of Iran could hardly be described as a blueprint, the parallels – and possible future implications for rule by the aptly quoted Koran – are intriguing.

The central theme is the messianistic vision held by a young African, Hakim Félix, of the emergence of his gratingly poor country from the fading yoke of French imperialism. And the message: give the poor a taste of Coke and they'll never want to drink mere water again.

With exquisite imagery and breathtaking understatement, Updike puts us inside the mind of Colonel Ellelloû (the Berber word for freedom), President for Life of the arid nation of Kush – and alter ego of Hakim Félix, student, soldier and dissident – whose panegyric memoir the book is. Depending on his state of amused schizophrenia, Ellelloû's narrative switches from the first to the third person singular with masterly effect.

The reader sees America give freely of its tertiary education to the revolutionary who shuns its open arms, seduces (and even marries) one of its



**John Updike: some oracular advice for those who might choose to seek a violent future in Islamic revolution.**

white-skinned she-devils, espouses Malcolm X et al and zooms off with a B minus in Government to bring salvation and damnation to the unfortunates of Kush.

This involves assassinating a general and, in person, decapitating the king, an ill-advised piece of public exhibitionism which is used against him by his former allies, the Russians, who seize the severed head, fill it with electronics, and install it in a distant cave, from which the royal visage spouts anti-Ellelloû propaganda.

Woven through this fantastic allegory of political unlikelihoods which, somehow, makes sense is a bizarre series of sexual adventures (remember, the disciples of Islam may take four wives). Locked in sweaty embraces in the drought-stricken outposts of Kush, Ellelloû the omnipotent seems often in danger of becoming Ellelloû the impotent. In his zealous endeavor to turn his abject nation into a model of Islamic purity, the good colonel spurns foreign aid, even going so far as to set fire to a mountain of US food which would help save his starving subjects. Galloping megalomania or laudable zealotry? The citizens of Kush, guided by Ellelloû's smooth, scheming second-in-command, decide on the former.

The Americans are secretly allowed to drill for oil and build a pre-fab boom town complete with chemical lavatories and junk food. The long-suffering population, given a taste of decadent Western consumerism, turns a deaf ear as the savior of Kush fulminates in favor of truth and starvation. So do his acolytes: the President for Life is finally undone.

It's an intriguing story, beautifully woven, with an unexpected ending. So much of it is contradictory and symbolic that you have to concentrate hard to keep track. There are delicious touches of reality from the emerging nations and leaders of Africa and Arabia intertwined with utter hyperbole. The prose is stunning, which is enough for me; but I suspect there's a strong lesson in religious revolution for those who understand. I commend it to budding Ayatollahs. –PAUL DAVIS

•

In 1944 a B-24 overshot the mark and dropped gold bullion worth $4 million in Italy's Lake Garda. Several men knew of it. One of them was garrotted in Hong Kong 15 years later at the point of climax after having been ridden by a practised Chinese whore. Talk about comings and goings. Another has his face aced by a soft-nosed .38 the day after his release from doing an 11-year stretch in jail. That timing wasn't so good.

William Diehl's book *Sharky's Machine* (Hutchinson) is slick and sexy, humorous and horrific. Its central character, Sharky, is a cop who gets busted from the narcotics squad because he cures any thoracic complaint a heroin pusher might have had with a Police Magnum. His superior doesn't look kindly at the fact that he did it in a crowded bus, and the next thing Sharky finds himself relegated to the vice squad.

It's here that he comes in contact, unwittingly, with the third man who knows of the bullion, who's got hold of it, and is using it to push a crooked politician (the only thing straight about him is in his trousers) into the President's chair.

The characters are colorful. There's the stunningly beautiful hooker, Domino ("when she walks into a room, even the clock stops tellin' time"). And the vice squad boys – Friscoe, The Nosh, Twigs, Papa, Livingston – who form the whirling cogs in Sharky's



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"machine." The conversations and comments are colorful and explicit.

*"What I'm saying is if the shooter isn't an out-of-towner, it's going to hit the fan. I mean there'll be a shit storm that'll make Hurricane Alice look like somebody sneezed."* Papa's assessment of the seriousness of the situation tells it all.

Then there's the laconic humor contained in the passage when Friscoe falls exhausted into bed at 4am after an 18-hour stretch.

*His wife rolled over and said sleepily: "Barney?"*

*"No, it's Robert Redford."*

*"Oh, how nice."*

*"If he was as tired as I am, you could forget it."*

The humor is countered by the sensuality and violence. Everyone, but everyone, gets screwed – one way or another. It's a book you couldn't put down if it weren't for the fact that it necessitates the odd cold shower. Gathering tempo as it nears its unpredictable and bizarre climax, it has a sensational ending. As one admiring colleague remarks when the show is finally over: *"Sharky, you run a helluva machine."*

•

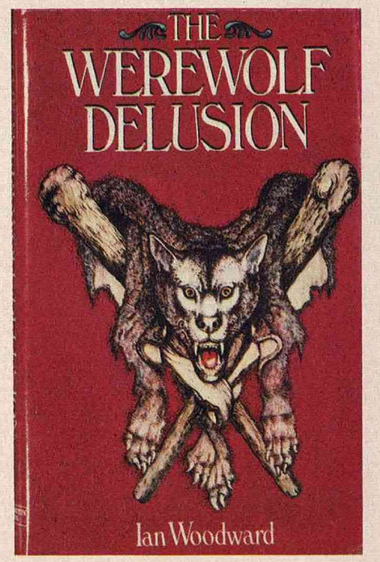
I have read several reviews of Ian Woodward's *The Werewolf Delusion* in which the writers, for some reason which entirely escapes me, seem to find it a work of humor. The fear, torture and death which have been associated with this centuries-old belief certainly were far from amusing, particularly for the victims.

That there never was such a creature, as portrayed by Lon Chaney's celluloid wolfman, there is little doubt. Woodward himself states: "The 'werewolf delusion' – my own term for a terrible hypochondriacal condition in which the patient believes irrationally and falsely that he is transformed into a ravening beast – is doubtless purely mythical."

What is equally beyond doubt, however, is that there were – and still are – people who believed they were wolves, and behaved accordingly. These people were victims of *lycanthropy*. They refused to eat anything other than raw meat, let out bestial howls, and attacked and sexually ravaged any victims they were able to overpower.

The treatment these demented half-humans received at the hands of their captors and inquisitors was possibly even more frightful than the injuries they inflicted upon their victims. In every case they were tortured before trial. So it is little wonder that under the influence of the rack, thumb-screw and branding iron they were dragged before the bench already convicted out of their own babbling mouths. Burning at the stake – believed to be the only way to stop them turning into vampires – was a foregone conclusion.

Understandably, the belief in the presence of werewolves flourished most vigorously in countries where the wolf existed and, in a state of near-starvation, roamed in packs, attacking and mutilating unwary travellers. In other countries, where different creatures were seen as a threat to human populations, equally bizarre were-animal myths grew. Hence we have the were-tiger, were-eagle and were-serpent in Mexico, Peru and Central America; the were-bear in Europe and northern Asia; and the were-hyena and




**The Werewolf Delusion: raw meat, bestial howls and frenzied attacks add up to a very exciting story.**

were-tiger in Africa. Whatever the original source of this belief – insanity, gullibility, susceptibility, superstition or murderous accusation – the fact is that the belief in the presence of werewolves has existed for 2000 years. Ian Woodward has not treated this subject lightly. He has researched it thoroughly, and produced a strange and compelling account. The choice of whether you believe in the existence of werewolves is one you alone can make. Woodward has certainly provided more than enough evidence and reasoned argument from which to form a conclusion. – DERRIL FARRAR

•

During World War Two and its aftermath, author Ted Allbeury served as a counter-intelligence officer in the British intelligence corps. He has since worked in an advertising agency, run a pirate radio station and been a public relations consultant. All of which has equipped him to add the ring of authenticity to his latest spy thriller, *The Alpha List* (Granada). The setting switches from Germany to France and England, embraces industrial espionage and a respected member of parliament suspected of leaking secrets to Russia. A reasonable book to help while away a few hours by the fireside, but hardly a classic.

•

Did you know a droob is a sad, hopeless-looking person? Or that, if you are enthusiastic about something, you can be described as shook on the subject? Just a couple of the hundreds of slang expressions in *A Dictionary of Australian Colloquialisms* (Sydney University Press) by G. A. Wilkes. Wilkes, Challis Professor of English Literature at the university, has dipped far back into Australian history for his reference material, drawing on old novels, newspapers and plays. A dictionary to be read, as well as an addition to any reference library, *Australian Colloquialisms* makes abundantly clear how English has blossomed under the Southern Cross.

•

A few years back a well-known Sydney underworld figure claimed he had in his possession the remains of the Peking Man. It was a wild claim, splashed avidly by the sensational press. Now a former member of the Department of Anatomy at Peking Union Medical College, Claire Taschdjian, has come up with an ingenious explanation about what happened to the bones of one of the world's most famous archaeological finds.

In *The Peking Man is Missing* (New English Library) she develops the story of the disappearance of the remains into a complex and unpredictable thriller of blackmail and intrigue.

The tale begins in a limestone cave near Peking where, over nine years from 1928, fragments of skulls, limbs, jaws and teeth were found. The discoveries startled scientists when the fragments were dated at more than 500,000 years.

When World War Two threatened China, the remains were carefully packed into two chests and consigned to the US for safekeeping. They never arrived. A frantic international search by Japanese and American authorities failed to clear up the mystery.

Claire Taschdjian elaborates the facts into a gripping tale of murder, plot and counter-plot. What adds the final dash of realism is that she was the last person in authority to see the Peking Man – when she packed him for the journey which ended . . . well, read the book. –TOM COLLINS

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# MOVIES

## *searing, sordid, but there just might be a message*

I FIND myself in something of a dilemma over *Mad Max,* the already-notorious Australian film about marauding bike gangs and their bloody, wild encounters with equally-vicious squads of highway cops. Is it a work of mindless escapism, an exploitation of violence for its own sake, or a film with a serious (though somewhat obscure) social purpose?

The director, George Miller, has gone on record as saying that *Mad Max* is not as violent as it seems – a comment which reminded me of Mark Twain's remark that the music of Mahler is much better than it sounds. According to Dr Miller, his film has a violent "feel", but little actual violence is shown on the screen.

Well, you could have fooled me. Apart from a dozen or so spectacular road stunts, including full-frontal collisions between souped-up cars, motor bikes and trucks, I observed the following: a woman pursued along a highway by a gang of bike riders who run her down and kill her child; a patrolman trapped in an upturned car and tormented by his captors, who finally burn him to death; a bikie's hand torn off in a chase; a pack-rape by a gang after a couple's car is waylaid and torn to pieces with hammers and crowbars. One could go on.

I suppose Dr Miller would make the point that we don't see the actual rape, merely its sickening aftermath. One would also concede that the opening sequences are comparatively tasteful: a fatal car chase and a copulating couple observed through the sights of a telescopic rifle.

Dr Miller's highly questionable distinction between "felt" and explicit violence is altogether too artful for any taste, and I fear it would escape the impressionable young audiences at whom this extraordinary film is aimed.

It may well be that in *Mad Max,* Miller and his producer, Byron Kennedy, have made the first genuinely-degrading film to be produced in Australia. A lot has been said about the local film industry, but I am by no means an unqualified admirer of all its works; it has yielded some awful rubbish. But the endearing and admirable quality of even the corniest Australian movies has been an honesty of purpose and a curious blend of compassion and decency – if you like, innocence.

It is this, I think, that has appealed not only to Australian audiences but to critics and moviegoers abroad. The violence in a local film like *Jimmie Blacksmith,* appalling as it was, was essential to the film's message of pity and sorrow. Even in a movie as crudely made and morally shoddy as *The Money Movers,* the violence was partly redeemed by the film's pretensions as a work of documentary realism.

It is difficult to think of any justification for a film like *Mad Max.* On the surface it operates at the lowest level of audience titillation, and makes *The Money Movers* look as cosy and harmless as a Julie Andrews musical. One doesn't need to be squeamish or puritanical about this. Films are commercial entertainment, and the business survives by putting bums on seats. Australian movies compete on a tough market and have to sell internationally. All that is admitted.

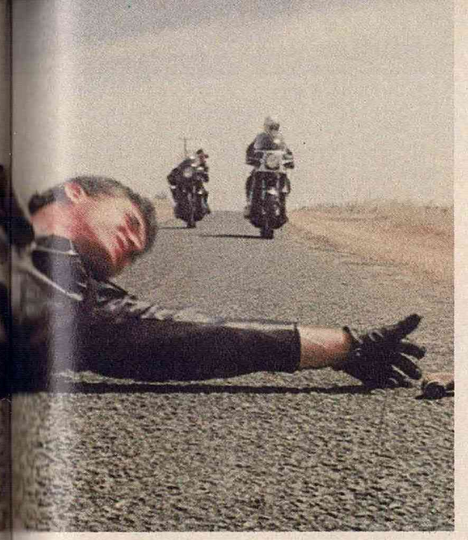
We also know that public tastes change, that the cinema is and always has been a uniquely efficient medium for portraying violence in a way that is not possible on the stage or permissible on television. At an objective level there is probably more violence in a Tom and Jerry cartoon than your average R-rated feature. The Keystone Cops provided audiences 50 years ago with much the same sort of mechanised mayhem and kaleidoscopic carnage that the Toecutter's bikies serve up in *Mad Max.*

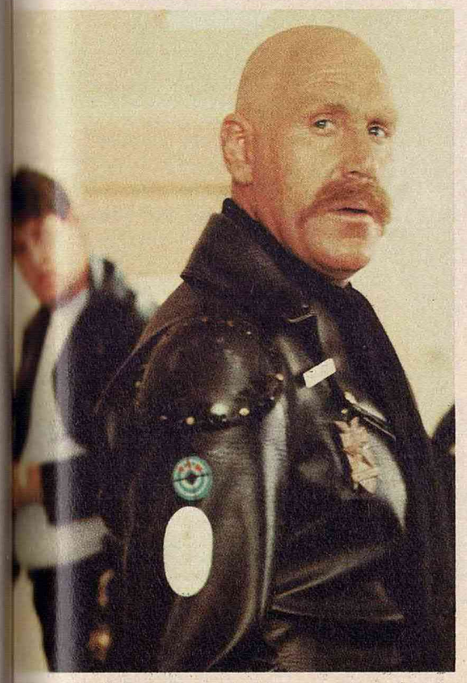
But that's about as far as the argument will go. What makes *Mad Max* objectionable is its total lack of moral or intellectual discernment. It is the ultimate voyeuristic spectacle. Nothing I say about the film is likely to discourage potential audiences, and I may succeed only in attracting more of them. So why go on about it? Because however appalling the film may be, it is alarmingly well made and seductively good to watch. It may lack scruples, but it does not lack a certain rat-like intelligence. And there's the rub. When violence or pornography are churned out by mugs and amateurs it's either boring or funny; when violence and pornography are made by highly-competent directors with technical skills and heavy financial backing we start to get queasy – whatever serious purpose may be lurking far in the background.

*Mad Max* is set in the near future – as the blurb informs us, "a few years from now", when urban society is in terminal decay. The flat, barren highways around Melbourne have become a surrealistic battleground for gangs of nomadic bike riders and hard-pressed cops in high-powered pursuit cars. The bikies terrorise the civil population. No one is safe, least of all the passing motorist. Mel Gibson (whom I last saw on the Sydney stage as Romeo, of all people) is Max, a young cop who kills a crazed bikie called The Nightrider. Max and wife Jessie (Joanne Samuel) are hunted by The Toecutter (an unctuously menacing performance by Hugh Keays-Byrne), whose followers are bent on revenge for the death of their mate. That's pretty much the whole of the plot. And it's quite enough for Doc Miller and his crew to adapt for their ugly purposes.

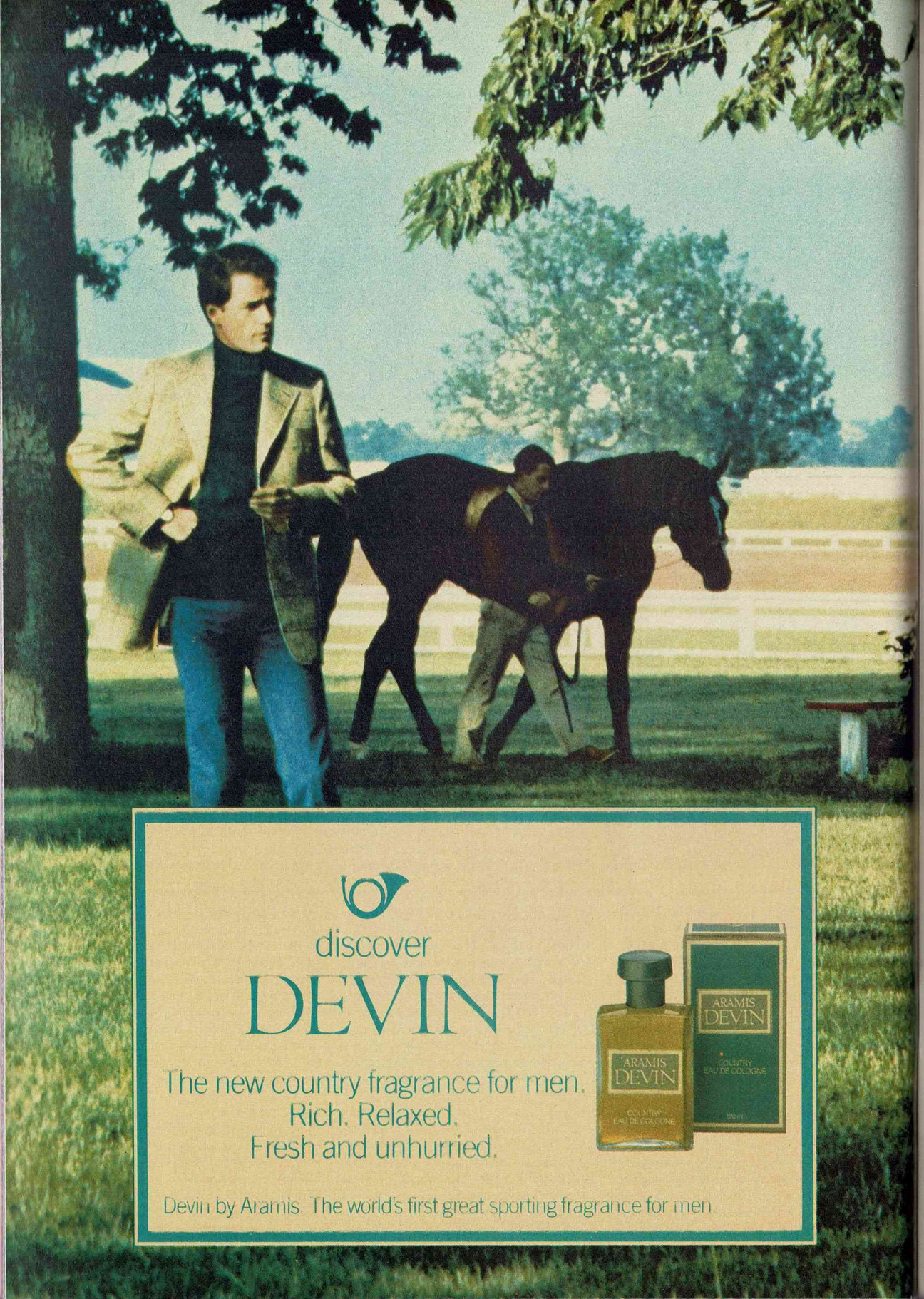
The pity is that for all its emptiness and cynicism, *Mad Max* is a dazzling technical achievement. Miller has cast his film with unnerving skill. Many of the bike riders were recruited from the ranks of real-life motorcycle freaks: a more sinister and forbidding bunch of highway predators would be difficult to imagine. Photographed by David Eggly in images of gleaming clarity, the film's exterior has all the beguiling sheen of a TV commercial, positively drooling on the glossy chrome surfaces of bikes and cars. These machines are the film's true characters, as central to the story as the actors themselves, and just as capable of arousing our emotions. It is the ultimate subversion of our moral sense. In Miller's world of mechanised responses, the spectacle of machines being smashed, ripped and bludgeoned to pulp is neither more nor less shocking than the agonies inflicted on human beings. If anyone deserves credit, it's the team of stuntmen led by Grant Page, who have brought off half a dozen or so of the boldest action sequences I have seen. It is sobering to reflect that such highly skilled performers – and by any test they are brave men indeed – should risk life and limb to bring this farrago to the screen. At least two stunts – the riders' plunge from the bridge and the raid on the road tanker plundered for fuel – must be seen to be believed. But I would feel more comfortable watching their exploits in a circus tent, divorced from any moral context, than as part of a work of commercial entertainment whose only apparent purpose is to exploit a seemingly inexhaustible public appetite for violence and cruelty. I have said that *Mad Max* is an intelligent film, and in the very worst sense it is: expertly cunning and shrewdly calculating in its perception of our foibles. It is just possible, I suppose, that the film has a serious social purpose. It is just possible that Miller and his co-writer, James McCausland, have set out to warn us about the breakdown of urban society and the impending overthrow of recognised civilised values.

Allegorical hints crowd in: the anonymity of the setting, characters' names (both outlaws and law-enforcers) heavy with symbolism. "The Silver Tongue" and "The People's Observer" are low-level, satirical creations. And this worried me: if the film is an allegory, it is unreasonable to object to the violence. Do we accept it,





**TOP LEFT: Mad Max (Mel Gibson) lies on a lonely highway riddled by bullets fired by a bikie gang. MID LEFT: Brutal, maybe mindless, but some terrific stunt work. BOTTOM LEFT: Try this for kicks. LEFT: A bald Roger Ward plays a harassed police chief who neatly encapsulates the brutality of an uncivilised and tyrannous bureaucracy. ABOVE: Mad Max takes time out from his running war with the gangs to seek solace with his wife, Jessie (Joanne Samuel).**





as in Godard's *Weekend,* as an indictment of rampant materialist values, symbolised by the severed limbs and blazing car wrecks littering the highways? There are moments when the script rises above the monosyllabic banalities of bikie-world to make a sharp point about social corruption. "Keep the paperwork clean and do what you like with them," says the harassed police chief (Roger Ward), neatly encapsulating the brutality and self-deception of a tyrannous and mindless bureaucracy.

It would be satisfying to believe that some dark and apocalyptic vision had inspired Dr Miller's fantasy. But I doubt it. The image that returns to me after seeing the film is not one of disintegrating bikes, airborne riders or blazing corpses, but the sign above the entrance of the police depot: a rusty, dilapidated metal arch bearing the ironic legend "Halls of Justice". It is a recurring shot that reminded me of faded wartime photos of the hideous gates of Auschwitz.

The connection may be fanciful, perhaps ludicrous; but the ethical values of Miller's characters are not far removed from those of the Nazi roughnecks, and the moral tone of his film has more than a hint of totalitarian nihilism. The most charitable interpretation of *Mad Max* is that this impression is deliberate: that Miller intended his leather-jacketed morons to be nightmare symbols of a new race of stormtroopers, harbingers of death and social despair. If this is indeed the message of the film – or at least the excuse for it – I very much fear it will escape the audience.

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Hollywood (if one can still use the word to describe the American film industry) has come a long way since the days of the late Senator Joe McCarthy, who spent much of his time spotting harmless left-wing actors and pinky film writers lurking under studio beds. The industry these days would have Joe and the Un-American Activities Committee working overtime. The best American films are about heavy social issues, and the villains are not Russian spies, Mafia mobsters or subversives but sinister corporation bosses, paragons of the capitalist virtues, who manipulate their webs of intrigue through high-placed contacts in politics and finance.

Your villains nowadays are crooked senators, fanatical super-patriots, corrupt tycoons, white supremacists, paranoid military brass and establishment politicians. Your targets for satire are the armed forces or the FBI. Your favourite themes are political corruption *(Chinatown),* corporate conspiracies and the invasion of civil liberties *(The Conversation),* high-level assassinations *(Executive Action, The Parallax Error),* and the writhings of the modern American conscience over the war in Indo-China *(Coming Home, The Deer Hunter).*

Your heroes are cynical cops and underdogs, radical activists and investigative journalists. A film like *All the President's Men* was not only a superb recounting of a political scandal in the upper reaches of the Republican Party but also a tribute to the anti-establishment news media. All of which is fair enough, I suppose (as a woolly-minded liberal I'd be the very last person to complain); but the point needs to be made and recognised that the American commercial cinema is today the most radicalised of all the entertainment media.

**Jack Lemmon can't believe a pretty reporter (Jane Fonda) could get the goods on his nuclear nasty. Below: his gun waves for all the good guys.**

It's a long time since Uncle Sam was portrayed on the screen in his true blue patriotic colours, and an old-fashioned right-wing movie like the *The Green Berets* seems more and more like an aberration.

When word got around that Columbia was making a film about an accident in a nuclear power station, it was a pretty safe bet that it would be an anti-nuclear film. Anything about a nuclear accident would be bound to embarrass the industry, and the presence of Jane Fonda in the credits of *The China Syndrome* was a cast-iron guarantee of the movie's radical credentials. Jane is a gung-ho, liberated TV reporter, Kimberly Wells (splendidly red-headed for the role); her cameraman is a bearded former campus activist. They find themselves on a routine assignment at a power station near Los Angeles, dutifully recording the bromides of a smiling PR man when nasty things start happening in the reactor's innards. There's the expected cover-up, followed by the expected tracking-down of the awful truth. The bad guys (crooked businessmen again) sip Scotch in a chandeliered boardroom.

Jack Lemmon (looking his age for once) is the seasoned pro in charge of the control room, pacing around banks of consoles with coffee mug in hand and peering at ominous dials over the top of his specs. (I wasn't sure what to make of Lemmon's presence: he's far too likeable to be a villain and anyone who remembers *Some Like It Hot* – and who doesn't? – will find it hard to accept him in any role that is remotely serious.) Here he plays the dedicated, disillusioned idealist who can't believe that anyone would falsify nuclear safety checks or that greedy businessmen would risk a catastrophe for the sake of their sordid investments.

It's a good, meaty, thoroughly engrossing movie, revelling in the sinister details of nuclear technology and confident of its irreproachable moral stance. James Bridges directs with a sure hand, having also helped with the script by Mike Gray and T. S. Cook. There can be no doubt that Harrisburg was a godsend to all concerned: without that sobering reminder of nuclear fallibility still fresh in our minds, the film's impact would be a good deal weaker. One suspects, too, that the consequences of a nuclear mishap lose nothing of their direness in Mr Bridges' telling.

A physics professor assures us that the fate of California will depend on which way the wind is blowing. Perhaps it could. I am unable to say whether "an area the size of Pennsylvania" would be rendered uninhabitable by a nuclear incident, and frankly, I never want to find out; but in any good science fiction thriller questions of scientific accuracy matter least.

*The China Syndrome* has an excellent story and some first-rate performances. Much of the action is seen on TV screens and studio monitors, and the general air of electronic immediacy, with events timed to the

second and tending to outpace their participants, carries chilling implications. If anything, the TV studio is a more convincing set, with its clutter of screens and dials and frantic fumblings, than the nuclear plant itself. But Fonda is marvellous moving with great assurance from the eager, young reporter on silly-season interviews to the frightened woman confronted with forces and realities beyond her experience.

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*A Wedding* is a new work by Robert Altman, who gave us the brilliant *Nashville* four years ago, and I suspect that if *A Wedding* had been made first we might be more disposed to acclaim it a masterpiece. (Would Orson Welles have been called a genius on the strength of *The Magnificent Ambersons,* assuming he had made it before *Citizen Kane?)*

By any standards *A Wedding* is a brilliant achievement, a grave, austere, superbly polished comedy, quivering with ideas and implications: the most intelligent American work for the commercial cinema I have seen for years. And it is marvellously acted. As in *Nashville,* Altman dissects a contemporary social institution and builds on a whole edifice of social criticism. No director has got closer to the heart of America's malaise. In *M.A.S.H* he penetrated the surrealistic follies of the military mind; in *Nashville* the hilarious nightmares lurking in America's commercial and political institutions; now in *A Wedding,* his sights are turned to an entire social class, to a whole developed culture of materialist ambition, snobbery, intolerance and greed.

Once again he manipulates an enormous cast. The film begins in an ornate cathedral as a lavish society wedding is about to begin. One by one we are introduced to the bride and groom and their families. We have time to study the turning, staring, zombie-like faces caught in attitudes of curiosity, nervousness and total self-absorption.

The bride's father, a nouveau riche southern businessman (Paul Dooley), whispers to his daughter as they move up the aisle: "Look at your sister, isn't she beautiful!" A senile bishop keeps fumbling his lines. Children giggle. Everyone is fractionally overdressed, over-groomed, over-lacquered, hiding imperfections. The bride says "I will," to reveal bands on her teeth. A film crew works on the sidelines, pointing lenses and microphones. "Jesus Christ!" says the bishop, when the service is over.

The wedding ceremony is by way of a prologue for the more elaborate and convoluted rituals of the reception, in which Altman combines and separates his multitude of characters, regulating their encounters and partings, squabbles and flirtations as precisely as the steps of a mediaeval dance. The splendid country mansion in which the reception is held is both prison and stage – the characters are trapped, powerless to leave while their emotional lives are examined and exposed. In an upstairs room the bridegroom's grandmother (Lilian Gish) dies before the reception; her death is hushed up so as not to spoil the occasion, and sundry characters rush upstairs to chat emptily to the "sleeping" corpse.

Downstairs the whole excruciating charade is being stage-managed by Miss Billingsley (Geraldine Chaplin), a fluttering, panicky mistress of ceremonies who insists on the full, formal, traditional bit. There are even hints for the bride on the technique of cake-cutting ("one straight thrust followed by a series of shorter thrusts"). The sole wedding guest wanders down a "presentation line" and steals the bishop's walking stick while shaking hands. Armies of guards and security experts, including a frightening Amazonian lady, lurk at every corner with walkie-talkies. One of the wedding gifts turns out to be a nude portrait of the bride.

No wedding was ever quite like this, but Altman's exaggerations are never so absurd that they lose the ring of truth. The futility of these extraordinary rituals, the folly and vanity of the characters and the emptiness and sadness of their lives are set against a background of wealth and opulence. Most of it is very funny, but it is never safe to laugh too loudly in an Altman film, for fear of discovering ourselves in the next scene. We are never sure what lies below the surface. The respected family doctor (Howard Duff) is an alcoholic; the bride's sister (Mia Farrow), whom the groom has already "impregnated," is a nymphomaniac; the groom's mother (Nina van Pallandt) is a junkie; even the romantically-minded Miss Billingsley is revealed as a homosexual.

Nothing is quite as it seems: the violence near the end turns out to be an ironic practical joke. "Thank God!" murmurs one of the characters when the news comes through that the groom's ex-roommate has been burnt to death in a car crash; and such are the moral ambiguities of the film that even this callous remark can appear both logical and humane.

The screenplay, which covers the events of a single day, was developed by Altman with help from John Considine and Patricia Resnick (who has a small part in the film). It is cool, adult, subtle and disciplined.

Not perhaps a great film, but 10 times as provocative and rewarding as most contemporary American movies.

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The French director, Francois Truffaut, has always shown a special fondness for children in his films and a particular rapport with child actors. His first, unforgettable feature, *The 400 Blows,* looked with clear-eyed compassion and a total absence of sentimentality at the anguish of a child delinquent. In 1971 he made a remarkable semi-documentary feature, *L'enfant Sauvage,* about the so-called Wild Child of Avignon, a small boy who lived and mysteriously survived in the woods near a French town until a kindly doctor adopted him and tried to mould him in the ways of polite society. Truffaut's latest, *Small Change,* is again set in a French provincial city and looks at life in the local school – kids, teachers, parents. It's an unabashed celebration of the elusive joys and lurking traumas of childhood, brimful of humor, warmth and wisdom.

The whole film (with its final credits over a screenful of smiling, jostling kid-faces) could well have been commissioned by the International Year of the Child secretariat. It's lightweight fare, but Truffaut has plainly enjoyed himself as much as we do, and there's no denying his talent for getting kids of all shapes and sizes to perform without smirking or giggling or looking at the camera – an object lesson for home movie makers.

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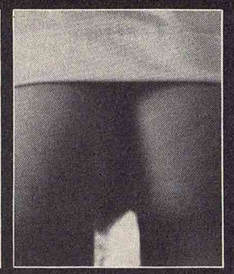

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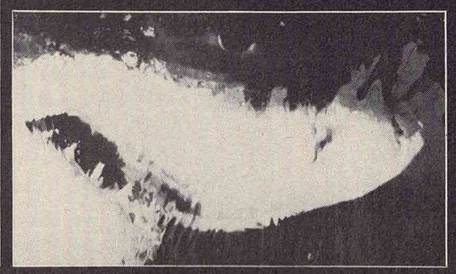

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